THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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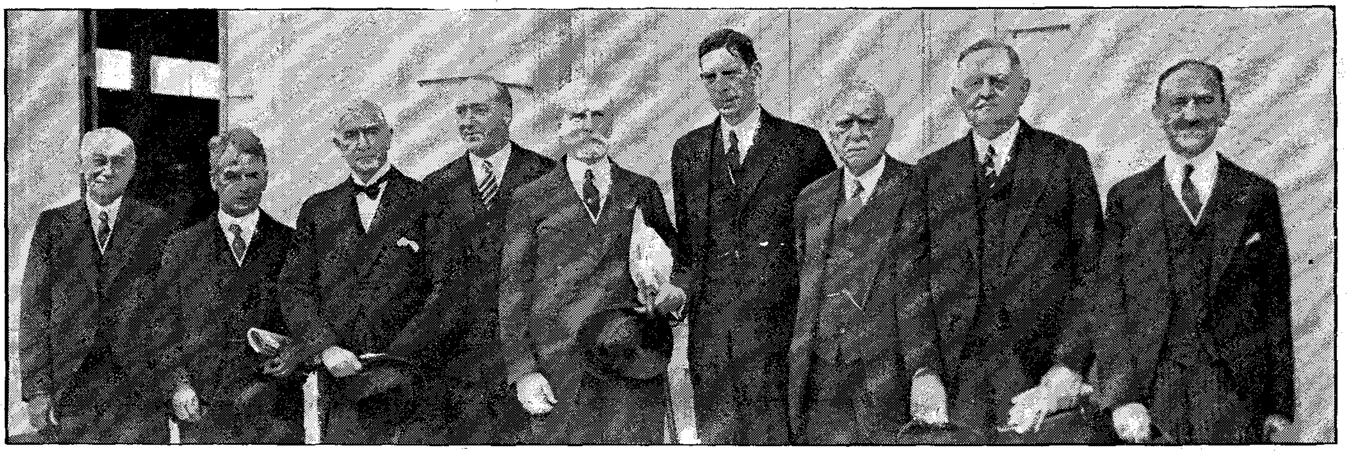


Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE SUCCESSFUL AND DISTINGUISHED DELEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT HAVANA

This photograph shows from the reader's left to right: James Brown Scott; Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy; Noble Brandon Judah, Ambassador to Cuba; Charles E. Hughes, Chairman; Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University; Judge Morgan J. O'Brien; Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, and Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director-General of the Pan-American Union.

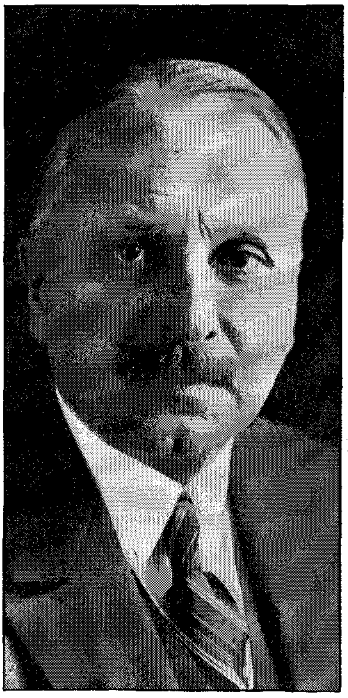
INTERVENTION'S VICTORY AT HAVANA

THE UNITED STATES COMES FROM HAVANA with the unimpaired friendship of its neighbors, with all the attacks on its Caribbean intervention policy thoroughly squelched, and with increased diplomatic prestige, many editors and correspondents join in saying. The great achievement of the Sixth Pan-American Conference, in the view of one Latin-American diplomat, was the development of a "Continental Conscience." It was the most important of the series of Pan-American conferences and, in the opinion of one editor, is likely to go down in history as the beginning of a new era in international politics. First of all, the conference was a success, as the Havana correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* puts it, as measured "in the somewhat intangible but essential terms of good-will." And such an atmosphere, declares a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, "is well worth all the conference cost, even if there were nothing to show in concrete results." And there were three important factual results as well, points out the New York *Times:* "reorganization of the Pan-American Union, a beginning in codification of international law, and the first step toward the establishment of compulsory arbitration, which is to be further considered in conference at Washington next year." It might be added that there were still other significant achievements of a distinctly practical nature which did not appear very conspicuously in the head-lines, such as the conclusion of an international aviation treaty, coordination of sanitation work, and progress in preparing for Pan-American railway and highway routes.

The success of the conference is naturally proclaimed by our delegates and by the Administration in Washington. Both our own and other delegates at Havana, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondence, "believe that the greatest drive Washington has ever made to cement friendly relations with the republics to the south has succeeded beyond even the strongest hopes which may have actuated President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg when they sent the highest calibered delegation the United States has ever sent on a diplomatic errand to Havana."

In particular, the choice of Mr. Hughes as the head of the delegation is hailed as a stroke of genius. Now that the conference is over, writes William Hard in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "the Latin Americans think more of us because of Mr. Hughes." A rapid glance over the newspapers since the beginning of the conference, in January, shows that Mr. Hughes had something to say on nearly every one of the many controversial points that came up, and that he almost invariably spoke impressively, pointedly, and decisively. For the happy outcome of the conference the American people, says the Brooklyn *Eagle* for a host of our dailies, "are largely indebted to the tact, the ability and the generalship of Charles Evans Hughes." Lewis S. Gannett, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, declares that Mr. Hughes "put the stamp of his individuality upon the entire Pan-American Conference." And the Springfield *Republican*, speaking as a politically independent newspaper, observes that Havana "revealed once more to the American people in the person of Mr. Hughes their greatest living statesman."

It was in meeting the one sensational attack upon United States policy that Mr. Hughes rose to his full height as orator and diplomat, say the correspondents. The paramount issue at Havana, observes the New York *Evening World*, was intervention. All through the conference a persistent and strenuous effort was made by certain of the ablest Latin-American delegates to put the assemblage on record to the effect that "no State may intervene in the internal affairs of another." Right here was an embarrassing situation for the American representatives. Various incidents in the last thirty years have been breeding southern distrust of the "Northern Colossus," notes the Springfield *Republican*—"the Panama Canal route seizure, the receivership of the Dominican Republic, the long occupation of Nicaragua by United States marines beginning in the Taft Administration, the intermittent interference or clashes with Mexico over a period of a dozen years, the Haitian occupation, and the final Nicaraguan intervention at the very time of the Havana Conference."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HE WALKED OUT

Honorio Pueyrredon, who resigned as delegate from Argentina and also as Argentine Ambassador at Washington because he could not persuade the Havana Conference to put itself on record against high protective tariffs in Pan-America.

The no-intervention program was voted down after heated debates. It also proved impossible to agree on the precise form of a general statement outlining the rights and duties of nations. So the committee decided to put the whole matter over to the next conference, five years hence. It seemed, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* words it, that the question of intervention was buried—"but it proved a thoroughly lively corpse." For, on one of the closing days of the conference Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, of Salvador, who had led the committee fight against intervention, jumped up in the plenary session and with applause from floor and galleries introduced a resolution declaring against intervention. Mr. Hughes countered with what the Chicago *Tribune's* correspondent calls "a speech that will not soon be forgotten in the twenty-one American nations," and which was followed by the withdrawal of the Guerrero resolution. "We want no aggression," asserted Mr. Hughes; "we do not wish the territory of any American Republic"; "we do not wish to govern any American Republic" or "to intervene in the affairs of any American Republic"; "we simply wish peace and order and stability and recognition of honest rights properly acquired so that this hemisphere may not only be the hemisphere of peace, but the hemisphere of international justice." Mr. Hughes went on to say in an eloquent peroration:

> "I am too proud of my country to stand before you as in any way suggesting a defense of aggression or assault upon the sovereignty or independence of any State. I stand before you to tell you that we unite with you in the aspiration for complete sovereignty and realization of complete independence."

This ended for five years, at least, any concerted Latin-American attempt to hinder, control or rebuke the United States in connection with its policing moves in the lands about the Caribbean. The fact that there was so little support in the final showdown for the sensational attacks upon our intervention policy is something that our editors and writers find it rather hard to explain. The Jersey City *Journal's* interpretation is that "the Latin-American Republics may not like intervention by the United States into their domestic affairs, but apparently they think it is good for them." The Chicago *Tribune* calls attention to two factors working in favor of the United States on this issue:

> "One is the distrust of the Latin-American States for each other, a feeling that surmounts any mutual distrust of the United States. The other is the recognition on the part of the stronger States who have something more to protect than the right to start a revolution, that the policy of the United States in Latin America and the Caribbean has made for peace, prosperity, and protection; that intervention and stability is preferable to sovereignty and insurrection; that a self-constituted policeman who works for nothing is no target at which to throw stones."

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HE REVIVED THE CORPSE

After the intervention issue was supposedly shelved, Gustavo Guerrero, delegate from Salvador, jumped up suddenly in open session and tried unsuccessfully to force the conference to declare against all intervention by one nation in the affairs of another.

Now that the effort to condemn our policy has failed, says the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "the United States should and will set itself vigorously to demonstrating the fairness and intelligence of its policy." The Minneapolis *Tribune* wonders "if the United States would not do well to promote a campaign of publicity throughout Latin America, explaining this habit of intervention and its relationship to the Monroe Doctrine." Our intervention policy is strongly defended by a number of papers which consider it simply a part of a disagreeable and expensive but necessary police duty. There is a vast deal of difference between aggression or imperialism, observes the Hartford *Courant*, "and the temporary intervention which we are occasionally obliged to exercise in this hemisphere."

On the other hand, such intervention meets with attack by papers like the Birmingham *News*, which interprets our policy as being based on the theory that "there is no such thing as the naked right of national sovereignty; under that contention is thinly veiled the monster of imperialism—a monster that is justly feared nowadays by almost every sovereign nation from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn." "We do not intervene to protect lives," insists *The Nation;* "the primary concern of the State Department and the cause of our military policing is property." Several dailies, including the New York *World*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, and El Paso *Times*, argue strongly to the effect that either intervention should be the work of a group of nations or United States intervention should be somehow submitted to the approval of other Latin-American Powers.

These brief quotations indicate the enormous interest aroused by the intervention issue at Havana. Other issues that came up may perhaps best be mentioned in calling attention rapidly to the chief happenings at Havana. It will be remembered that the conference opened on January 16, with an address by President Coolidge of the United States. The first decision of the conference did away with secret committee sessions. Dr. Bustamente, the Cuban jurist, was chosen to preside over the conference. On the 21st Mr. Hughes made his notable speech before the American Chamber of Commerce in Havana, in which he insisted on the non-aggressive nature of our Caribbean policy. Discussion of various topics by committees—especially intervention—made more or less impression on the outside world. On February 8 Lindbergh came in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, to add to the general feeling of good-will; he left on the 12th. On February 10 it was decided not to give political powers to the Pan-American Union which might turn it into an American League of Nations. On the 13th of February Mr. Hughes made a speech which put an end to the strenuous efforts of delegate Pueyrredon of Argentina to force a declaration for tariff equality into the preamble of the convention reorganizing the Pan-American Union. As a consequence of this defeat, Dr. Pueyrredon a few days later resigned both as delegate to the conference and Ambassador to the United States. On the 16th Mr. Hughes made another of his eloquent speeches putting the United States on record to the effect that "there shall be no war of aggression in America." In this speech he offered an arbitration plan which with some modifications was subsequently adopted. This arbitration plan officially accepts obligatory arbitration as a Pan-American policy and provides for the meeting of a conference in Washington within a year to draw up an arbitration treaty. The arbitration plan is accepted with considerable enthusiasm by our press. It is a noble pronouncement, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and the treaty "should prove to be one of the most effective of all agreements for the prevention of war." Of course, many difficulties may lie between the adoption of the resolution and the actual establishment of the arbitration machinery, but, says the Baltimore *Sun*, "it remains true that we have started to plow a furrow in which the seeds of real Pan-Americanism should find fertile soil." On February 17 the committee decided to drop the subject of intervention which, however, was brought up in plenary session next day with results already noted. On the 20th the conference ended with the signing of the convention which is to place the Pan-American Union henceforth on a treaty basis.

The general acclaim over the conference has already been spoken of. Attention should be called, however, to one or two less enthusiastic comments. The New York *World* fears that Mr. Coolidge's speech and Mr. Hughes's "pleasant manners" will not leave a lasting impression or defend us against criticism for all time. For that reason it takes the liberty "of believing that what looks like a great diplomatic triumph at Havana may be in fact a magnificent opportunity lost." The Washington *News* characterizes the conference as "six weeks of palaver of no unusual interest or importance." William Randolph Hearst writes in his papers that:

> "The conference at Havana has done nothing except give the United States and the Latin-American nations an opportunity to air and to accentuate their differences; and the failure of the conference from a practical point of view will do nothing unless it serves to unite the Latin-American nations against the interests of the United States, and make them realize the community of their interests and the difference, to a great degree, of the United States' interests."

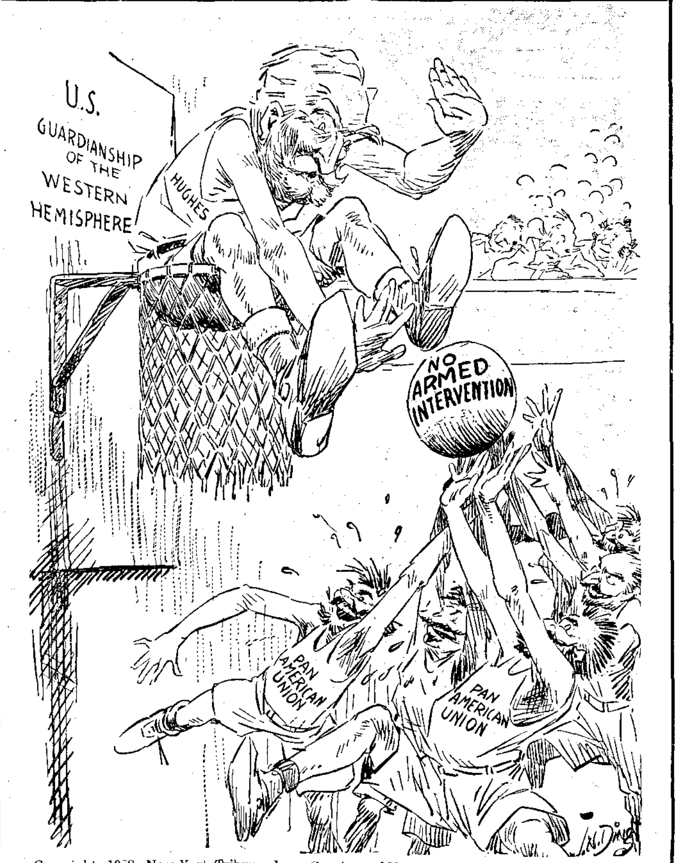
But other writers insist that the conference is most important because it has demonstrated that the Latin-American nations are not a unit against the United States. The Latin countries have shown, we read in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "that they are not united on any policy, least of all on any policy directed against the United States."

Turning to the practical results of the conference, Mr. Hughes says, in an official statement as head of the American delegation:

> "An important convention has been adopted with respect to private aircraft. Gratifying progress has been made in the codification of international law. A sensible procedure has been established with respect to the perfecting of plans of conciliation and arbitration, which promises more for progress in this important field than any action heretofore taken in this hemisphere."

A Chicago *Tribune* Havana dispatch sets down the four outstanding accomplishments of the conference as follows:

> "1. A provision for a special conference to draft a convention for the compulsory arbitration of disputes of a juridical nature among the American republics.
>
> "2. Agreement on a convention regulating international commercial aviation in the Western hemisphere, with provision for barring airplanes from the neighborhood of the defenses of the Panama Canal Zone under terms of a prospective accord between the United States and Panama.
>
> "3. Agreement on a convention for reorganizing the Pan-American Union on a permanent basis with the understanding that it shall exercise no political powers, but be confined to advancing the mutual interest of the American republics.



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GUARDING THE BASKET

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

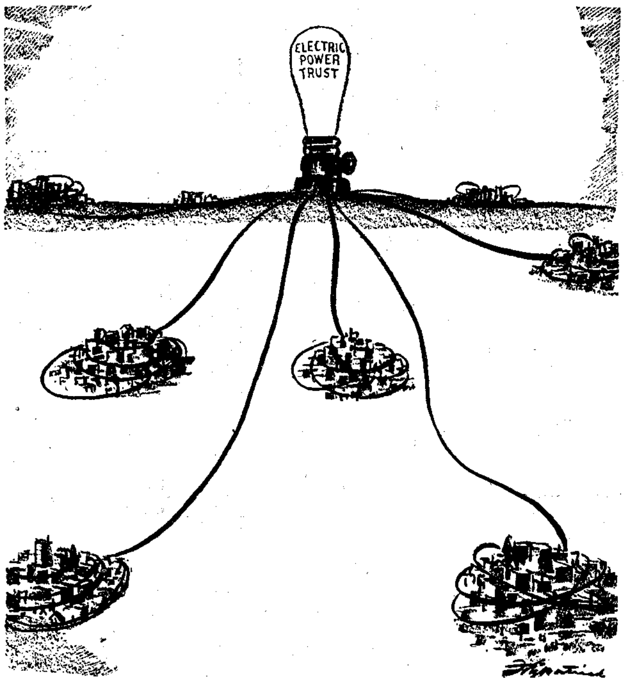
> "4. Agreement on a convention modifying the rules of maritime neutrality in time of war and several other branches of international law."

It is unfortunate, says Mr. William Hard in one of his dispatches, that the "practical work" of the conference has not been played up in the news:

> "There is no excitement in the plan here perfected for a Pan-American Geographical Institute. Yet the labors and findings of that institute are going to allay and assuage many grievous geographical boundary disputes between American States. There is no excitement in the impetus given to the Pan-American sanitary bureau, the Pan-American recurrent special conferences on sanitation, and the Pan-American new successive meetings of national directors of public health. Yet the 'dull' work here of the committee dealing with sanitation will mean the saving of hundreds of thousands of American lives each year in the period between now and the convening of the next international conference of American States.
>
> "One piece of 'practical' work done in this conference was, indeed, fairly striking. That was the conclusion of the treaty on international aviation. This conference has made the 'air linking' of the North and South American continents an international reality, which is perhaps sufficiently spectacular."

FIGHTING FOR CONTROL OF THE "POWER TRUST"

A NEW AND RAPIDLY GROWING GIANT towers upon the horizon, and the problem of making a good and useful citizen of him promises to supply our legislators with a major political issue for some time to come. Concerning this new colossus, the so-called "power trust," Gifford Pinchot, former Governor of Pennsylvania, has said: "Nothing like this gigantic monopoly has ever appeared in the history of the world. Nothing has ever been imagined before that even remotely approaches it in the thoroughgoing, intimate, unceasing control it may exercise over the daily life of every human being within the web of its wires. It is immeasurably the greatest industrial fact of our time. If uncontrolled, it will be a plague without previous example. If effectively controlled in the public interest, it can be made incomparably the greatest material blessing in human history." This creature came into being, and continues to grow at an amazing rate, we are told, by the consolidation of companies engaged in supplying electric power.



THE NEW OCTOPUS
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

That the fight to tame this "new octopus" (to change the metaphor), is now well under way, many observers agree, is evidenced by the attempt of Sen. Thomas J. Walsh (Dem.) of Montana to procure a Senatorial investigation of the financial organization and control—especially when exercised through holding-companies—and the propagandist activities of inter-State "public-utility corporations supplying electrical energy in the form of power or light." While Senator Walsh's resolution was defeated in the Senate by a somewhat unusual combination of Republican and Southern Democratic votes, and was supplanted by an amendment fathered by Sen. Walter F. George, Democrat of Georgia, which transfers the investigation from the Senate to the Federal Trade Commission, many journalistic commentators interpret these events as merely the opening battle of what may be a long and bitter political war. Of the acrimonious debate that preceded the voting down of Senator Walsh's resolution, David Lawrence writes: "Altogether it was one of the most violent struggles on the floor of the Senate in recent years, and reminded one of the battle waged by the railroads before they finally were brought under Federal regulation."

Under the George resolution, which was adopted by a non-partizan vote of 46 to 31, the Federal Trade Commission is directed to inquire into, and report to the Senate upon:

> "The growth of the capital assets and capital liabilities of public-utility corporations doing an interstate or international business supplying either electrical energy in the form of power or light, or both, however produced, or gas, natural or artificial.
>
> "The Commission is hereby further directed to report particularly whether any of the practises heretofore in this resolution stated tend to create a monopoly or constitute violation of the Federal anti-trust laws."

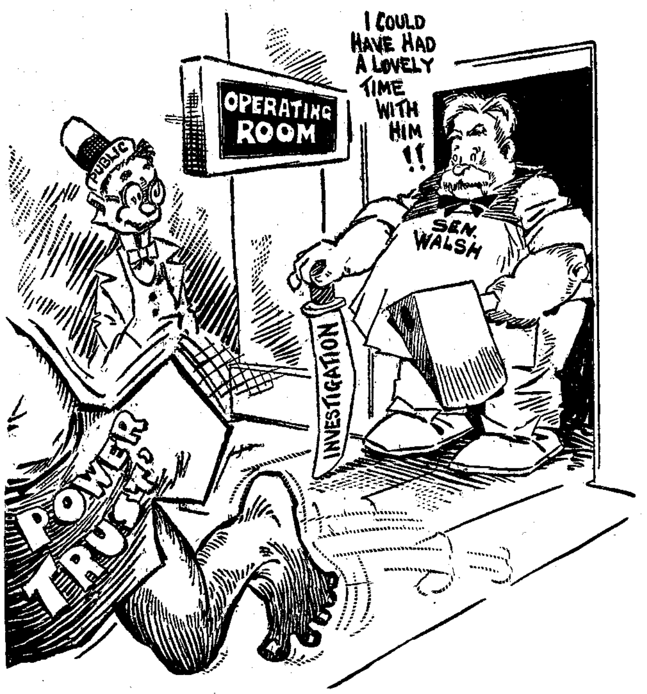
Is this so-called power trust a "good" trust, as its friends declare, willing to serve the public faithfully, and opposed to Senator Walsh's style of investigation only because it fears that the political repercussions will be bad for business? Or is it, as its critics imply, a greedy monster, eager for swollen profits and secret political power, unwilling to come out in the open and make terms with the people? Both these views of it are reflected in the comment of our press on the defeat of the Walsh resolution. But before listening to these conflicting editorial opinions, let us glance at some of the available figures in the case.

The rapidly growing electric-power industry in this country, we are told, already represents a value of many billions of dollars. A year and a half ago a survey by the conservative New York *Times* found that:

> "To-day twelve corporations dominate 65 per cent. of the industry. The five largest control almost half the entire electric business of the country. And the end is not yet. The technical and economic forces which have drawn together these masses of capital are still at work; some say the end will be one gigantic corporation, which will furnish power from coast to coast."

According to a statement issued by the Anti-Monopoly League, and quoted in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "The Federal Trade Commission in its first report to the Senate last year on the electric-power industry stated that certain holding company interests showed rates of earnings on common stock equities, after paying interest on borrowings and dividends on preferred stocks, ranging from 19 per cent. to 55 per cent. in 1924, and from 21 per cent. to 40 per cent in 1925. It comments that 'unquestionably the opportunity of making such high rates of profit on common stock equities' is the first reason for such holding companies.



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BUT THE PATIENT GOT AWAY
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

> "In 1925 the average rate charged domestic users of electricity in the United States on the 25,000,000,000 kilowatt hours

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What objections are made to Lindbergh's flights? (p. 12).
2. What is a wangan? (p. 42).
3. Where is "Brothers College" to be, and why is it so named? (p. 30).
4. How many States are there in the German Republic? (p. 16).
5. What plane has flown 67,000 miles since its construction? (p. 41).
6. Locate the quotation: The "crow made wing to the rooky wood." (p. 27).
7. What is the present relative strength of Socialism and Communism? (p. 18).
8. How many boys are there in the Boy Scouts of America? (p. 29).
9. Define "carelessness." (p. 22).
10. To what orders are women admitted in the Methodist Episcopal Church? (p. 30).
11. What substitute is found for finger-prints in detecting criminals? (p. 21).
12. At what German city was the Constitution of the German Republic adopted? (p. 17).
13. By what means is television broadcast? (p. 20).
14. Who painted 30 portraits of Lady Hamilton? (p. 25).
15. How many millions of dollars has Congress appropriated to fight the corn-borer? (p. 62).
16. Who was Chancellor of the German Republic in 1925 and 1926? (p. 17).
17. In what important invention of Edison's was Brazilian bamboo once used? (p. 48).
18. Is it a rule or exception for church agencies to engage in political conflicts? (p. 29).
19. How is modern life making large dwelling-houses superfluous? (p. 24).
20. How many continents have the French flyers, Costes and Lebrix, visited? (p. 34).
21. What descendant of a famous Methodist family predicts the early collapse of Protestantism? (p. 28).
22. Where is Reynolds's portrait of "Siddons as the Tragic Muse"? (p. 26).
23. How long was Lindbergh's "good-will" tour of Latin America? (p. 13).
24. What new league has recently been established in Europe? (p. 17).
25. What is used to break up a log jam? (p. 42).

they consumed was 7.9 cents per kilowatt power hour, as compared with 2 cents in Ontario under the publicly owned plant. A reduction of 2 cents per k. w. h. would have saved our domestic consumers $500,000,000."

On the other hand a special article in *The Christian Science Monitor* informs us that, while the price of some commodities has "increased as much as 120 per cent. since 1923," the price of electricity in the same period has "decreased something like 18 per cent." Nevertheless Senator Walsh avers that 17,000,000 American households are paying the power trust more than they ought to pay for power and light. According to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the unexpected opposition of certain Southern Democrats to the Walsh investigation is due to the fact that "the South has been one of the chief fields of hydro-electric development in recent years, and is not eager to turn off the power that makes it grow."

A victory for the "power trust" is what many editors see in the transfer of the investigation from the Senate to the Trade Commission. Senator Walsh himself, a Washington dispatch tells us, believes that the investigation has been virtually killed, because "an opinion of the Attorney-General already has been rendered which will prevent the Commission from making blanket investigations for either House of Congress." "It is, for all practical purposes, a complete victory for the power lobby at Washington," declares the Providence *News* (Dem.), and in this the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) and Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) agree. There is no excuse for the Senate's evasion of its responsibility in this matter, thinks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.). And in the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) we read:

> "Much harm has been done that no investigation can undo. The power lobby sparred for more time, and got it. The public's eyes are now turned on the Federal Trade Commission. It recently pointed out some evils of the utility situation. It now has authority to look for more. Honest business has nothing to fear. Whatever dishonesty there is in the utility business, it is to be hoped, will have much to fear.'

But "the victory of the power lobby, while disheartening, is not final," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.):

> "The battle is not lost. It has upon its side right and the protection of the people, and no such battle is ever finally lost. In sending the inquiry to the Federal Trade Commission the Senate was recreant to a trust. It yielded to a great extent, we fear, to enormous pressure, some part of which was exerted by fear that the whole utility industry would suffer from an investigation. It is probable that this would have been true to a degree. The question is whether it would not have been easier to purge the industry now than it will be when the lobby has again been driven out of Washington and another Senate, more responsive to the popular welfare, gets around to it. A similar investigation into the railroad business came too late to save a tremendous investment made by the people in watered stocks.
>
> "The people are paying for the fight that was made against them. They are buying securities whose eventual value is doubtful. They are paying the supercharges of the holding companies. They are paying more than they should pay for service. It was thus doubly a defeat for them to have the inquiry sent where it becomes a mere matter of routine and can be tempered by appointees of the President put there for the purpose of stifling such outcries against the predatory interests. The Federal Trade Commission ought to be a proper body to make such an inquiry into a business matter. If it is not—and the commission has twice criticized, with some show of feeling, what is going on in the world of public-utility finance—that is because Mr. Coolidge has impaired its usefulness by bad appointments. The power inquiry needs a great prosecutor such as brought out the primary and the oil scandals. It will not have one before the Federal Trade Commission, and the enemies of the inquiry knew it."

At the most the power trust has gained "a brief postponement," says the Des Moines *Register* (Ind.), which adds the following admonition:

> "In this distinctly friendly era toward giantism in industry, when there is really no public bitterness toward bigness because it is big, when even organized labor has about-faced on the whole issue of trust-busting, the merging public utilities will have only themselves to blame if they recreate the hatred of size because of methods they employ politically, as well as the methods they employ financially."

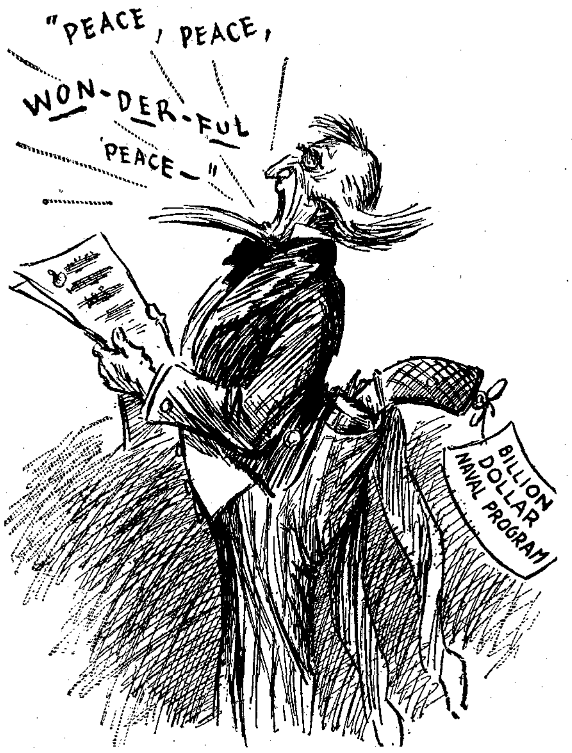
Champions of the utilities corporations, on the other hand, insist that the Trade Commission will be able to lay all the necessary facts before the public, and that the Walsh investigation was opposed only because it promised to be a "political" investigation. "An investigation of this character, ending in a report to Congress, will serve all the legitimate purposes of a Senate inquiry, with the added advantage of not being at all affected by political influence," thinks the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.). As the Omaha *Bee-News* (Rep.) points out:

> "When specific charges are made, the Senate investigations are often carried to extremes, and the feeling is that they are too often dictated by politics, but to start out to delve and hunt and dig on a general snooping expedition into such an industry as the public-utility industry would have been the height of folly. The Federal Trade Commission hearings are to be open.

Anybody may attend them, and the Senate is standing on the sidelines to make sure nothing will be covered up, but the element of partizan politics will be absent, and the people of the country can look upon the proceedings with equanimity.

"The public-utility companies of the country have grown rapidly within recent years to be among the leaders in the national development. Hundreds of millions of public-utility securities are in the hands of the public, and hundreds of millions in the coffers of savings banks and life-insurance companies as security for savings on deposit or for life-insurance protection.

"To raid companies of this character simply because a national election is in the offing might have brought with it great loss to thousands of men and women."



A FUNNY THING TO TAKE TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL!
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

Little good, and probably much harm, would have come from a Senatorial blanket investigation of the utilities corporations, declares the Schenectady *Gazette* (Ind. Dem.); and it goes on:

"First of all, there is no popular demand for an investigation in this form. Occasionally, in specific instances, there may be, but certainly not for the whole country.

"Hence, where it is apparent that some good may come from an examination of a definite enterprise, such action can be authorized. That is always possible, and where warranted will doubtless be promptly voted for by those Senators who opposed the Walsh resolution.

"Again, we must realize that the public at large has become a heavy stockholder in utilities. Tens of millions of dollars of ordinary citizens are invested in these securities.

"A blanket inquiry would cast a cloud over every utility in the nation. People would be forced to believe something seriously wrong, when in reality that is far from the truth. The reaction upon these securities would be marked, and many thousands of citizens would suffer, at least temporarily.

"We may as well admit now what is daily more obvious—the people themselves are becoming the owners of our corporations. As a rule, especially with the utilities, the stock is not practically all in a few hands. Instead, some of them have tens of thousands of owners.

"And things that belong to the public at large must be doubly safeguarded. They must not be discouraged by unnecessary and useless investigations from placing confidence and savings alike in securities of these concerns.

"Unqualified credit must be given to Senator Walsh for his splendid work in the Teapot Dome and other affairs. But in his proposed blanket investigation of public utilities, the general view is that he erred."

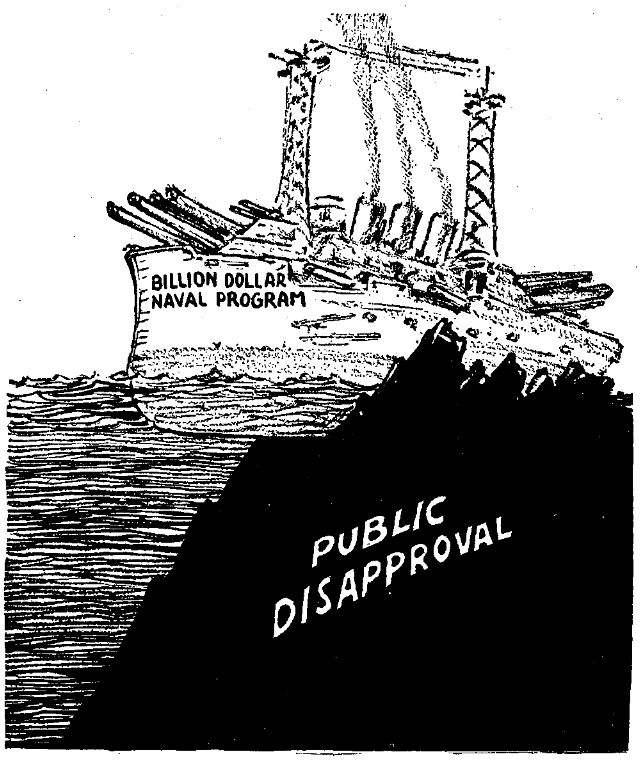
THE "BIG-NAVY" CONGRESSMAN HEARS FROM HOME

PUBLIC OPINION HAS WON AN EMPHATIC VICTORY against the "big-Navy" advocates in Congress. This is the conclusion reached by those astute observers at Washington—the newspaper correspondents. As one of them, Frederic William Wile, reports in the Philadelphia *Record: "Vox Populi* has torpedoed the $740,000,000 naval program squarely amidships. The project has not been sunk, but it has been hit hard, and when it returns for final consideration by Congress, it will be found full of gaping holes." So President Coolidge and the "big-Navy" leaders in the Senate and House have come to the conclusion that "half a loaf is better than no naval-expansion bread." Both Congress and the Administration are surprized at the volume of protest against the naval program that has appeared, adds W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*. "Both," we are told, "are beginning to yield to this pressure. The fact that the Administration has agreed to a cut of $300,000,000 in the $740,000,000 program, even before the fight in Congress begins, is significant."

How is this about-face to be accounted for? Educational and church organizations and the folks back home who foot the bills, is the answer usually supplied by editorial writers throughout the country. According to Representative Butler, Chairman of the House Naval Committee:

"In all my experience in Congress, covering a period of thirty-two years, during which time I have been a member of the Naval Committee, I have never known such wide-spread protest to be registered against any measure under consideration or about to be considered. These letters and telegrams, all voicing opposition to the bill we now have before us, come from all over the United States. They represent all classes. They are not confined to professional pacifists. Many come from church people. Many come from business men. Women are prominent among the opponents of the bill.

"The reasons advanced for opposition are as varied as the localities whence they emanate. Many writers express the fear that we are preparing for some war or other, which they are unable to account for. Many oppose on principle any further preparation for the settlement of international disputes by force.



ON THE ROCKS
—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

A great many citizens are against the bill because of the enormous amount of money it calls for. Some recall President Coolidge's statement two years ago that the United States is second to no other nation than Great Britain in naval power, and that we do not intend competing with that country."

Among the recent protests that have received considerable newspaper publicity are those from religious and educational institutions. Representatives of the Church Peace Union, the World Alliance for International Friendship, and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions have appeared before the House committee to protest against the Administration's naval program. Talk of a big Navy, they declare, sets people to thinking about war. To quote one of them, Prof. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore College:

> "Whatever denial may be made that the naval program is competitive, it is obviously in line with naval competition with Great Britain, and it is inevitably so regarded by the British people. If it is continued, therefore, it must result, as did the similar competition between Great Britain and Germany before the war, in the enormous increase of naval armament in both countries, and very probably in the fear, suspicion and hatred which resulted in the war."

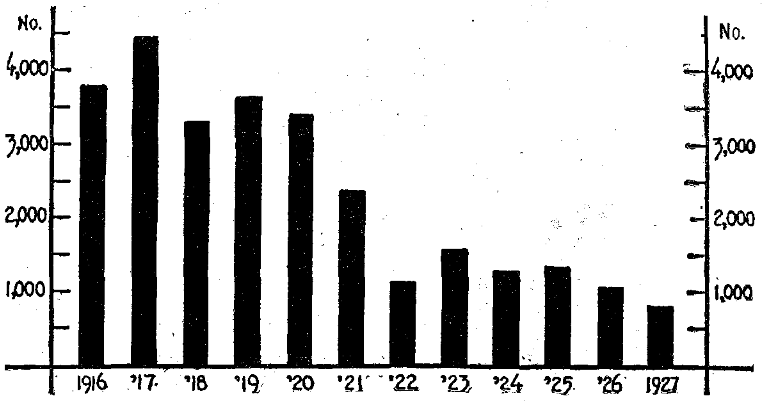
In the opinion of the Detroit *News*, "it may be a good thing to have an incident of this kind occasionally to remind the world that the people of the United States have very definite opinions in matters of policy, especially in matters which threaten the world's peace." Other widely scattered dailies which welcome the protest from the people, judging from their editorials, include the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Birmingham *Age-Herald*, Schenectady *Union-Star*, Baltimore *Sun*, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Says *The Eagle:*

> "The 'big-Navy' people overreached themselves. They are going to get less than they might have had if they had asked for less. The reaction against huge naval expenditures has become so strong that President Coolidge has announced his willingness to have everything except cruisers eliminated from the bill.
>
> "To realize what a change in temper has come over the Administration, one must recall the action of the House Naval Committee when it first received the Navy bill. Almost unanimously the Committee voted in favor of three general principles: The program must be completed within a fixt time. It must follow a fixt yearly schedule, to be dictated in this year's bill. The President must not be permitted to curtail it because of any future naval reduction conference. When the country realized the bellicose temper underlying these proposals, it reacted against the naval program.
>
> "No one questions the need of additional cruisers to round out our Navy and provide replacements. If, instead of launching a jingoistic program in a jingoistic way, the Administration had contented itself in proposing what it proposes now, home opinion would have approved and an incalculable amount of mischief in misleading foreign opinion would have been avoided."

On the other hand, the cut that has been agreed to appears "altogether too drastic" to the Providence *Journal*. "The spectacle put on at Washington by the professional pacifists," thinks the New York *Evening Post*, "was most harmful to the cause of a proper naval-building policy. It was the other extreme from that represented by fire-eaters like Admiral Plunkett, who also do their share of harm. Between these two bodies of extremists lies the great body of American opinion—a great bloc which wants neither the largest Navy in the world nor a Navy too small to defend us." The "unpatriotic and irrational outcry" that has been made "by such extreme pacifists as Professor Hull" is also regretted by the New York *Herald Tribune*. To the Indianapolis *News* and Grand Rapids *Herald*, there is nothing warlike or challenging about the Administration's original $740,000,000 program, and the Chicago *Tribune* believes that "if it is the aim of Congress to please the country, it can throw the pacifist telegrams and petitions in the waste-basket."

A NEW EFFORT TO END STRIKES

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS MAY BE SAVED and millions of work-days usefully employed, observes the Newark *News*, as a result of the movement launched by the American Bar Association to find a way to end industrial warfare. After several years of patient inquiry, a subcommittee of the Association has presented for the consideration and approval of capital, organized labor, and the public a formula designed to obviate strikes and lockouts and to promote peaceful adjustment of industrial disputes. The idea is simply that where the workers and employers agree upon a system of arbitration, the law shall give this agreement the standing of a valid contract, so that the arbitration and its findings may be enforced. The formula contemplates no pressure to compel employers to make such contracts; it merely would give them a legal sanction now lacking. To quote a part of the Bar Association committee's tentative platform:



Courtesy of the Cambridge Associates, Boston

LABOR DISPUTES ON THE DECLINE

The actual number of labor disputes in 1927, in proportion to the number of firms engaged in business, was probably the smallest in the nation's history, say the Cambridge Associates, of Boston. There were recorded 764 disputes which reached the strike stage, as against 1,035 in 1926, and 4,450 in 1917.

> "To promote good-will among those investing capital, those participating in management, and those who render service in industry, and to facilitate the moving of commerce without wasteful interruption of industry, it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States . . . to promote the peaceful adjustment and prevention of industrial controversy by encouraging the making . . . of contracts for the adjustment of their relations, through negotiation and arbitration, such contracts . . . to be lawful and binding and the provisions for settlement of differences by arbitration to be irrevocable and enforceable."

That both employers and workers have much to gain by the peaceful settlement of industrial disputes "goes without saying," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*. And the public, adds this metropolitan daily, "has still more to gain from any plan that would prevent strikes and lockouts." Continues *The Eagle:*

> "The difficulty, heretofore, has been to find a satisfactory formula that did not call for the sacrifice by employers or employees of constitutional rights. The courts have repeatedly upheld the rights of workers to organize and to strike. The employers' right to refuse to employ workers is quite as well established. But when both sides voluntarily agree to arbitrate differences, there is no good reason why such agreements should not have the binding force of law behind them.
>
> "The legalization of such changes may at first appear to favor employers more than workers, since it will insure the continued services of workers and eliminate the uncertainty that still exists in many branches of industry. It would end the so-called 'outlaw' strike and make for general stability. For organized labor to argue that it would lose by the arrangement, however, would imply that labor does not regard its contracts as binding under all conditions, and accepts arbitration only when it promises what labor wants.
>
> "From the broader point of view, any plan that assures

stability to employers and gives arbitration contracts legal force will automatically remove one of the basic objections of employers to unionization. This alone should prove a great boon to organized labor, which could, under such conditions, vastly extend and consolidate its hold in many industries where it is now strongly opposed."

In a second editorial, *The Eagle* explains that—

"Extremists among the labor men suggest that the peace move is nothing but the beginning of a drive for 'antistrike legislation,' while certain employers are afraid the real effect of the plan will be to destroy the 'open shop' and consolidate the position of organized labor in industry.

"The answer to labor extremists is simply that no legislation is proposed that will prevent strikes except in cases where labor organizations have voluntarily agreed to substitute arbitration for strikes in the settlement of disputes. The answer to overcautious employers is that the plan does not affect any workers not already organized, and will have no bearing on industrial relations except in cases where employers have voluntarily made agreements carrying compulsory arbitration clauses.

"Critics who see in this effort to evolve an effective plan for settling industrial disputes merely a scheme that might work out disadvantageously to one or the other party miss the main purpose of the proposal. Many industrial agreements now freely entered into contain arbitration clauses. To give legal validity to such contracts, always voluntarily made, should be regarded as nothing more than an earnest of good faith. It is perhaps too much to expect the principles underlying the Bar Association formula to be accepted at once, but it is a hopeful sign that it has received so much favorable attention."

While William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and James E. Emery, counsel for the National Manufacturers' Association, do not commit themselves nor their organizations to any legislative proposal that may develop as a result of the Bar Association's activities, they are said by the New York *Herald-Tribune* to approve the formula for eliminating industrial warfare, with such modifications as the interests of their respective organizations appear to require. Among the newspapers which welcome the formula are the South Bend *Tribune*, Washington *Post*, Buffalo *Courier-Express*, Chicago *Daily News*, and Philadelphia *Record*. As the Indianapolis *News* explains:

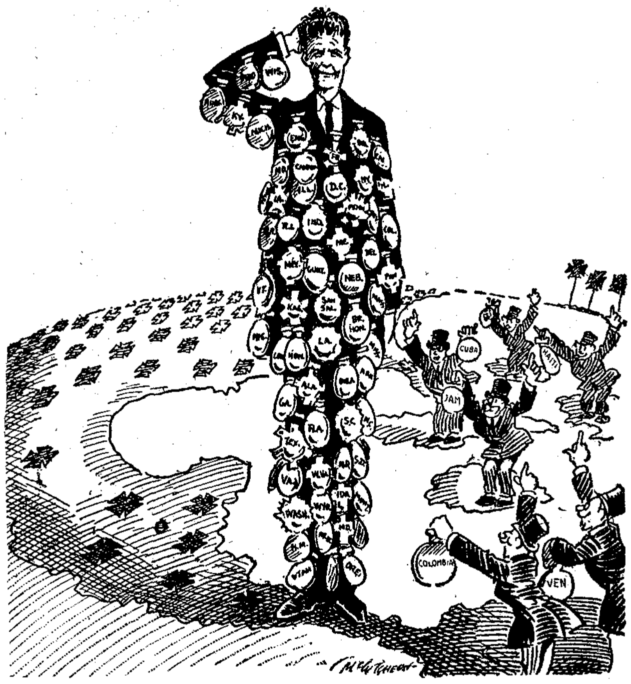
"The road to permanent industrial peace is long. If what appears to be in the making seems somewhat vague and indefinite, it is well to remember the antagonisms that must yield gradually, or not at all."

The other side of the question is perhaps best set forth in the New York *Sun*, which says "it is doubtful whether more laws are needed to give effect to arbitration awards." Besides, it fears that—

"Most of the plans for 'outlawing' industrial disputes are 'just talk.' Like discussions about the outlawry of war, they too often conceal a desire to 'outlaw' the other fellow's attempts at warfare by giving the protagonist of peace greater liberty of action. Programs and protestations will not eliminate industrial disputes, because their causes are rooted in a fundamental opposition of social and economic classes."

SHALL LINDBERGH'S WINGS BE CLIPT?

COLONEL LINDBERGH, who is becoming rather well-known as an aviator, is being urged from every quarter of the globe to abandon extra-hazardous flying, such as speeding in his Ryan monoplane over trackless jungles, shark-infested Caribbean waters, active volcanoes, snow-capped mountains, and the heaving surface of the Atlantic. "Lindbergh is much too valuable to aviation and to this country" to indulge in "stunt" flying, thinks Secretary of War Davis. "If anything should happen to him now, it would be a most serious blow to aviation," Mr. Davis told the members of the Young Republican Club at Jefferson City, Missouri, on February 13. When Colonel Lindbergh's superior came to St. Louis, the "home town" of both, Mr. Davis announced that he intended to ask the flyer to forego future flights over dangerous terrain and long stretches of water, and to confine his activities to "ordinary flying." And a day or two later, say St. Louis dispatches, Mr. Davis told the flying Colonel of the concern felt by the nation as a whole for his continued well-being. "There was nothing remotely resembling criticism," the Secretary explained, "for Lindbergh has a world of common sense, and does not need much advice."



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IT'S LUCKY THAT LINDY IS LONG

✠ shows where he broke all records for crowds.

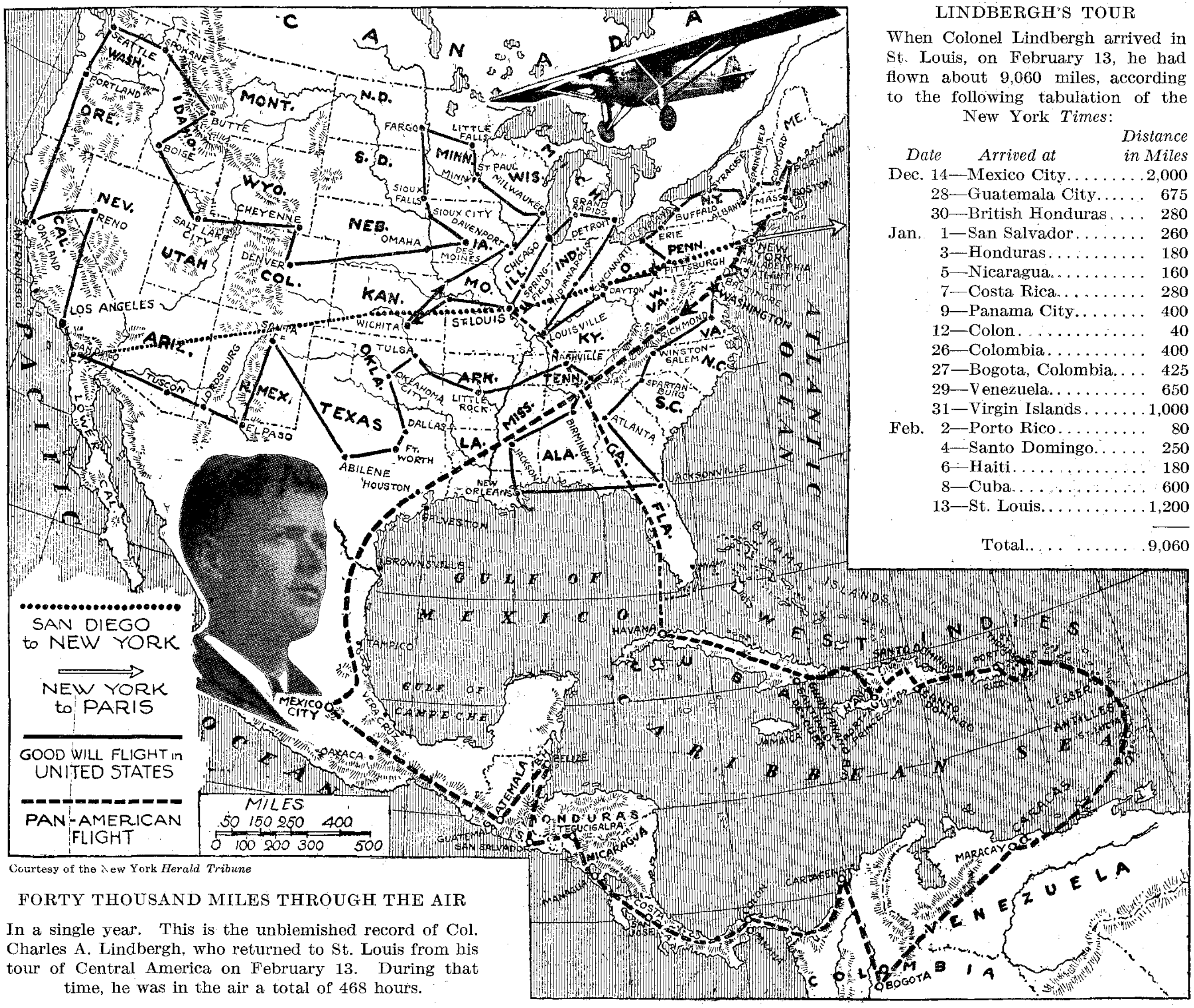
In the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, "Secretary Davis is quite right in urging Lindbergh to cease flying over trackless jungles. The country is grateful for Lindbergh's work as a foreign ambassador, and it doesn't want to lose him just yet." This is also the view of the Boston *Post* and New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. Moreover, maintains the Washington *News* and other Scripps-Howard dailies, "the Secretary will have the moral support of several millions of American citizens who, more or less, held their breath during the time the 'good-will ambassador' was flying over the mountains, jungles, and seas to the South, and whose hearts skipt several beats during the hours that preceded his safe arrival from Havana on February 13." According to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"Lindbergh's latest feat, a tour of Central America, more daring in some respects than the one upon which his greatest fame rests, is now history. He has visited our nearest neighbors to the south, and wherever he has appeared he has been in very truth an ambassador of good-will and friendship. He has done much to cement good relations with our sister republics in this hemisphere.

"Now he has completed his assigned task. He has circled the United States and has achieved his objective of arousing interest in aviation. He has carried the olive branch to suspicious Latin nations. He has done superlatively well. He deserves the thanks of his countrymen. He deserves also a rest from the limelight and some relief from the perils of too much flying.

"We can not afford to risk his life further. We need Colonel Lindbergh. Such a man must not be allowed uselessly to risk his life. Let us keep him on the ground a while."

"Lindbergh is worth too much to the youth of this country, as an example worthy of emulation, not to take every precaution," believes the Atlanta *Constitution*. The country, declares



Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

FORTY THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE AIR

In a single year. This is the unblemished record of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who returned to St. Louis from his tour of Central America on February 13. During that time, he was in the air a total of 468 hours.

LINDBERGH'S TOUR

When Colonel Lindbergh arrived in St. Louis, on February 13, he had flown about 9,060 miles, according to the following tabulation of the New York *Times*:

Date	*Arrived at*	*Distance in Miles*
Dec. 14	Mexico City	2,000
28	Guatemala City	675
30	British Honduras	280
Jan. 1	San Salvador	260
3	Honduras	180
5	Nicaragua	160
7	Costa Rica	280
9	Panama City	400
12	Colon	40
26	Colombia	400
27	Bogota, Colombia	425
29	Venezuela	650
31	Virgin Islands	1,000
Feb. 2	Porto Rico	80
4	Santo Domingo	250
6	Haiti	180
8	Cuba	600
13	St. Louis	1,200
	Total	9,060

the Hartford *Times*, "would like to see him take a long rest from the air." He has been most fortunate, it adds, "but a proper respect for the law of averages should urge him to stop taking chances." In this paper's opinion:

> "If anything tragic should happen to Lindbergh, the mourning would be as keen as it was in the North when Lincoln went to the ages; it would simply turn a whole nation cold in grief. When any one is as precious as that, we simply have to begrudge the hours hereafter that he may be flinging aloft again. Inspiring it is, and the nation has a great confidence in him, and he has done a world of good with his flying, but it is enough for the time."

Perhaps, however, we ought to consult Lindbergh himself. Before he had his talk with Secretary Davis, the Colonel is quoted as having said:

> "I do not consider that the flying I have been doing is unduly hazardous. There are still many things to be done in the field of experimental flying, and some one must do them. Any man who engages in such activities must take the risks that go with it.
>
> "At the outset, when new methods of transportation are coming into use, there must be pioneers to show the way, and some of them are killed. But the ones who do the pioneering are the last ones to think of the hazards."

"To take Lindbergh out of the air to protect him," observes the Camden *Courier*, "would be like taking a fish out of water for fear it might drown." "Let him do exactly as he wishes," suggests the Hartford *Courant*. "Lindbergh," explains the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "can hardly be expected to relegate himself to an easy-chair and slippers at the age of twenty-six. Besides, if he turned to idleness he would rust." And, demands the New Haven *Register:*

> "What kind of example to the young manhood of America would he be if he gave up his profession simply because some one was afraid that he might get hurt in the pursuit of it?
>
> "Lindbergh is essentially a pathfinder and pioneer, and such men can not spend their lives in safety and seclusion. He has proved that he is perfectly competent to take care of himself.
>
> "Lindbergh has become a national hero. Any accident to him would be considered in the nature of a national calamity. But Lindbergh would not be Lindbergh if his wings were clipt."

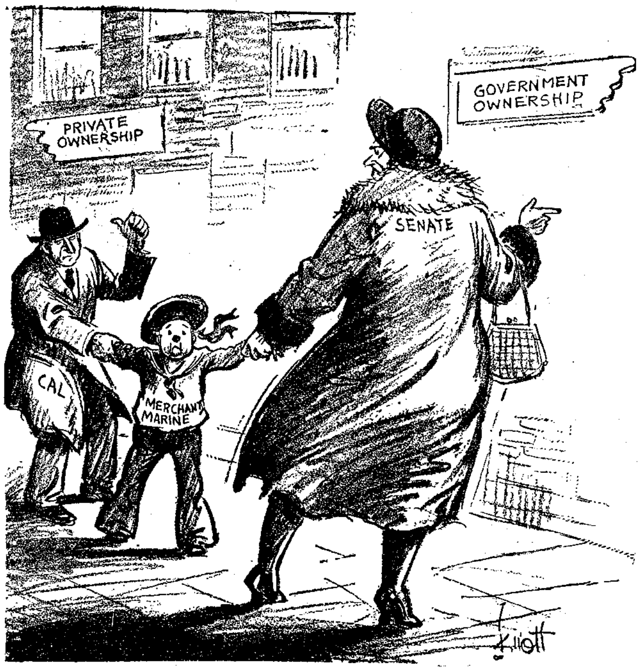
Lindbergh, believes the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "is entitled, after all, to live his life as he sees fit." According to the New York *World:*

> "He has said a great many times that his chief interest in life is to prove that flying in airplanes is a safe and reliable means of transportation. In order to convince us that aviation is not dangerous, he has done many things which in themselves held an element of danger. To quit now, to admit that his life is in danger every time he takes off, would be to defeat nearly everything that he has done."

Colonel Lindbergh returned from Havana on February 13. Beginning with a non-stop flight of two thousand miles from Washington to Mexico City, he made a "good-will tour" of more than 9,000 miles, according to the New York *Times*. And now that he has returned, points out the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "his head is no larger than it was when he set out from San Diego, less than a year ago, to fly across the Atlantic."

FIRST BLOOD IN THE SHIPPING BATTLE

THE STUBBORN DISPOSITION OF CONGRESS, and especially the Senate, to run counter to the wishes of the Coolidge Administration was again demonstrated by its recent approval of the Jones merchant marine bill. Nineteen Republican Senators, thirty-three Democrats, and one Farmer-Labor member joined forces in voting for the measure, and its passage by a vote of fifty-three to thirty-one is said to place the Senate squarely on record in favor of government ownership and operation of shipping. Moreover, this action of the Upper House is generally interpreted as a "slap in the face" of the President, inasmuch as he said in his last annual message that public operation of ships "is not a success," and urged Congress to authorize the sale of the vessels to private interests as rapidly as possible. In view of this, the San Francisco *Chronicle* is convinced that Mr. Coolidge will feel compelled to veto the Jones measure if it passes the House in its present form. But if he does, points out the Houston *Chronicle*, the Senate may be able to muster the two-thirds vote necessary to override a Presidential veto.



THEY DON'T SEEM TO AGREE ON ANYTHING

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

The position of Senator Jones, Republican of Washington, is thus set forth by the Cincinnati *Post:*

> "He states the problem simply. Either the Government or private interests must supply ships. Private interests will not build ships without government help. The Government will give no help. The inevitable result, as Jones sees it, is that American shipping will disappear unless the Government operates and builds vessels. This will cost money, he says, but if the country wants a merchant marine, it will have to pay."

President Coolidge is strongly opposed to the major provisions of the Jones bill, namely, retention of the government merchant fleet by the Shipping Board and the sale of vessels only by unanimous consent of the Board. According to the Chief Executive, this would amount to one-man control of a body of seven members selected from various parts of the country. As W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, explains:

> "Under existing law the Shipping Board is particularly directed to dispose of the government merchant marine as rapidly as practicable. The new bill would change all this. It declares it to be the American purpose to maintain permanently a merchant marine adequate for the proper growth of our foreign and domestic commerce, and for the national defense.
>
> "By way of striking contrast with existing law, the bill provides:
>
> "'The Board shall not sell any vessel, or any line of vessels, when in its judgment the building up and maintenance of an adequate merchant marine can be best served by continued ownership of such vessel, or such line, by the United States.'
>
> "In addition, the bill provides that the Board shall build new ships whenever they are necessary to make the service 'fully adequate.'"

In the opinion of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "the Jones bill would fasten the Shipping Board on the country with an even stronger grip than it has now." Furthermore—

> "It would commit the nation to tremendous further expenditures in the shipping business, which has already run us into such losses. It would start in all over again to create new fleets to be operated at staggering losses to the Government. And, by requiring a unanimous vote by the Board to approve the sale of any ships, it would make the Shipping Board a perpetual nuisance. It will be a good thing for the shipping business and the country generally when the Government gets out of what is essentially a private pursuit."

A bureaucracy, agrees the Chicago *Daily News*, "can not operate or maintain an adequate merchant marine." The reasoning of the Senate in passing the Jones bill to avoid a ship subsidy reminds *The Independent* (Boston) "of the man who enters a lion's den to escape a thunder-shower." The widely scattered dailies which condemn the idea of government ownership of shipping include the New York *Herald Tribune* and *World*, Detroit *Free Press*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Chicago *Tribune*, Grand Rapids *Press*, Indianapolis *Star*, Baltimore *Sun*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Grand Rapids *Herald*, and Houston *Post-Dispatch*.

Against this formidable array of dailies, however, and in favor of the Jones measure we find the Detroit *News*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Omaha *Bee-News*, Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*, New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, and Dallas *News*. To quote the Washington *Star:*

> "Opponents and proponents of the Jones bill agree that without governmental assistance, private capital can not be expected to develop an American merchant marine. Competition is not only keen, but it is unfair competition. It costs 50 per cent. more to build a ship in American yards than it does to build the same ship abroad. The differential in operation is almost as much. Unless the Government makes up the deficit, Americans can not operate their ships, because the loss is too great. And this deficit can be met in only two ways. One is by a government subsidy, in both building and operating ships; the other is active participation by Uncle Sam in the shipping business."

In the opinion of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> "We need a merchant marine for the sake of our foreign trade. We need it also so that in the event of war our naval vessels should have an immediate supply of merchant ships to use as auxiliaries. We can, and we should, employ our governmental powers to assist our merchant marine and enable it to meet the competition of the ships produced and owned in lower-waged countries."

"President Coolidge," thinks the New Orleans paper, "should offer a practical substitute plan for the maintenance and development of a merchant marine, or refrain from vetoing the Senate plan." Besides, argues the Charleston *Gazette*, there are worse things than government ownership. Government ownership at a loss "amounts to subsidy," observes the Dallas *News*. But, it goes on, "of the two alternatives—government ownership or private subsidy—the former is doubtless preferable." Finally, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

> "President Coolidge wants the ships sold. But who will buy them and operate them without government aid? Who wants to put money into old ships when capital will not risk money in new ones? Public ownership is objectionable on general principles, and unquestionably private ownership is much to be desired. But if private ownership is impracticable without government assistance, and it is impossible to get that assistance, what is to be done?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

How's Heflin going to take the Al out of Alabama?—*Dallas News.*

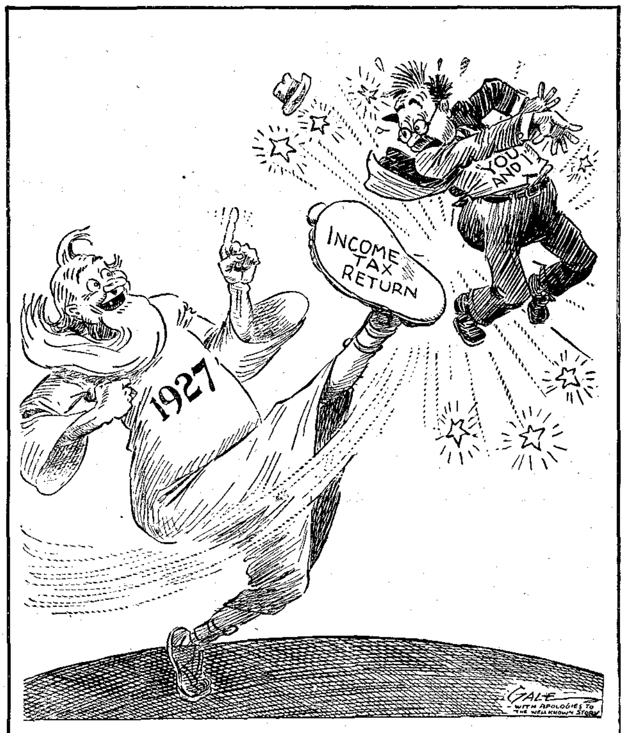
America did finally get panned all right at that Pan-American Congress.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

How much more pleasant bridge would be if people would be dumb instead of acting dumb.—*Duluth Herald.*

We don't know who owns the air, but Colonel Lindbergh has homestead and discovery rights to a lot of it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

And now the Soviet union is selling bonds in America, in competition with our struggling wall paper industry.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Wilbur Glenn Voliva's theory about the world being flat seems much more plausible during the income-tax-paying season.—*Detroit News.*


1927
INCOME TAX RETURN
YOU AND I
GALE
—WITH APOLOGIES TO THE WELL KNOWN STORY

"JUST SO YOU WON'T FORGET ME!"

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times.*

We will get the navy and the shipyards get the gravy.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

The prohibition question is causing considerable ferment in Congress.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Colonel Lindbergh would be wise to keep in the air during the greater part of leap year.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"Wilson Peace Award Is Urged for Lindbergh." That's right. Why not give the boy something?—*New York Evening Post.*

Uncle Sam's rôle at the Pan-American Conference seemed to be an attempt to make olive branches grow on the Big Stick. —*Beloit News.*

Scientist predicts the discovery of intra-atomic energy that will permit one to hop to the moon. This will be the first break the pedestrian has had in a long time. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

We recognize this year as 1928; the Mohammedans call it 1346; the Jews, 5688; the Japanese, 2587, and the Byzantine calendar says it is 7436. The chances really are that it is about 1,000-000,000.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A New York bandit was cured of criminality by three operations, two more than were performed by the old-time Vigilantes. —*Detroit News.*

A professor finds that a girl baby triples her weight during her first year. And tries to halve it during her fortieth.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Marian Talley, youthful singer, earned more than $300,000 in two years. Her notes, evidently, draw big interest.—*Marshall County (Minn.) Banner.*

By this time two American admirals must be dumb with amazement. Senator Borah has criticized them for talking too much.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Civilization is the condition in which one generation pays the last generation's debts by issuing bonds for the next generation to pay.—*Boston Herald.*

Girl boasts that she can change a tire as quickly as a man, but that isn't surprizing. Look at the practise a girl gets changing attire.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

That new telescope which reveals objects 840,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles away will be a handy thing with which to watch for a verdict in the Fall-Sinclair case.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The tariff wall erected to keep outside products out is keeping inside produce in.—*Asheville Times.*

Where there's plenty of parking space, nobody wants it; and ideas seem to feel that way, too.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Heathens are slow to accept the white man's religion, but they see the need of it after they adopt his vices.—*Easton Express.*

A contemporary states that there are two Russian lunatics who think they are Trotzky. It does not say which one of them is right.—*Punch.*

Thomas A. Edison has been awarded a prize for coconut growing. It wouldn't be out of place to hang a few medals on him for coconut using.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A murder is committed every forty minutes in these United States; it is perhaps a mere coincidence that that is also the length of the usual after-dinner speech.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fall and Sinclair may find that what they thought were Liberty bonds were something else again.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

The dollar may not go as far as it did before the war, but its acceleration is much better developed. — *Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

We trust there is no truth in the rumor that President Coolidge will adopt a resolution against a third term for Senators.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Television across the ocean is the latest achievement. Mayor Thompson can now keep an eye on King George's activities. — *Minneapolis Journal.*

Pussyfoot Johnson has called a conference for world Prohibition to meet in Africa. The condition of the Sahara is said to have made him unusually optimistic.—*Detroit News.*

With 2,000,000 more women than men voting in England, Sir Frederick Hall predicts a "petticoat government." Sir Frederick should take another look.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

It is said that the next war will cost the United States $500,000,000,000. Is Tex Rickard going to stage it?—*Louisville Times.*

If Darwin was right, maybe the turtle is one of nature's abortive efforts to produce a safe pedestrian.—*North Adams (Mass.) Herald.*

Perhaps the magazine publishers are back of this movement for a brand-new calendar with a year of thirteen months.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Altho this is leap year, a writer thinks that women will not make proposals of marriage. They will simply continue to insist on receiving them.—*Punch.*

An Englishman named Spender is studying American newspaper methods. It's a game in which a spender can learn a lot in a short time.—*Palm Beach Post.*

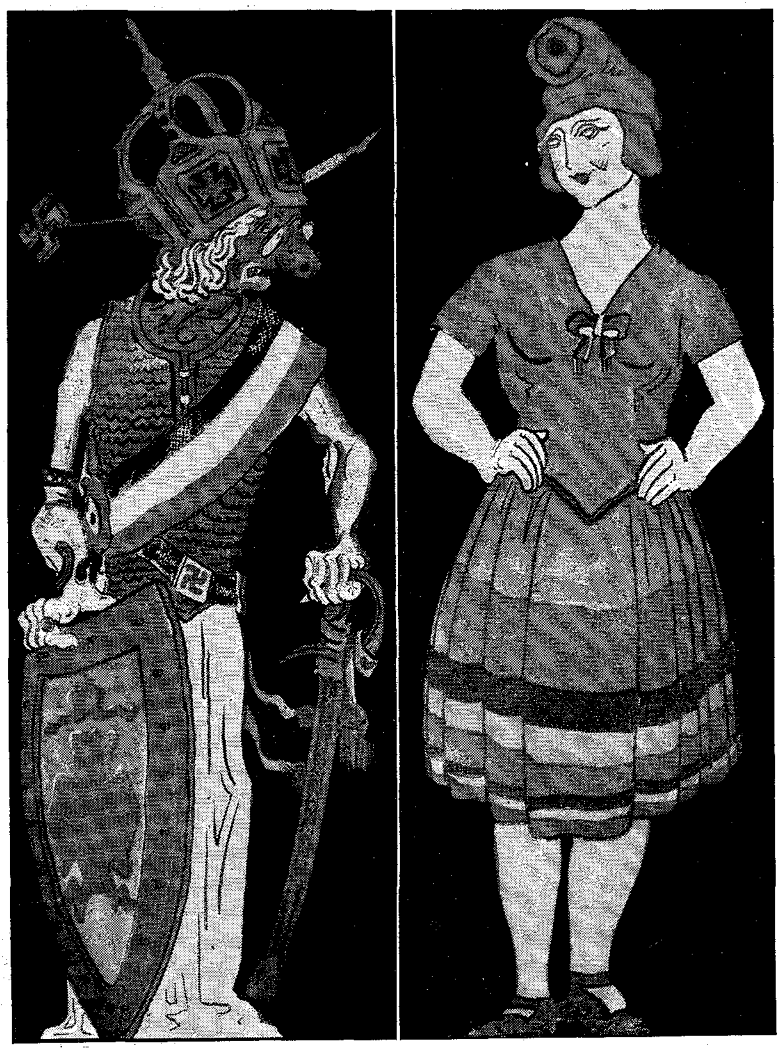
Us Mosesless Democrats can not derive much comfort from a scientific article in the Lit. Dige. explaining why lost people travel in circles.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

A chain of American hotels is now placing in every guest-room a 500-page volume of familiar poems. Including, it is assumed, the clerk's favorite, "Charge, Chester, charge!"—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

BUILDING THE UNITED STATES OF GERMANY

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT political anachronisms of to-day is the geographical structure of the German Reich, and the enormous financial waste and administrative overlapping due to that structure, we are told, and that is why a congress of the Prime Ministers of the German Federal States was held in Berlin. Not without reason, it is admitted, does Germany boast herself a thoroughly modern practical, efficient nation, yet as some see it the map of the German Federal States "makes the most complicated jig-saw puzzle look simple by comparison." Most of the eighteen States possess "islands" of territory entirely surrounded by the territory of other States, notes the London *Daily Telegraph*, which cites its Berlin correspondent as giving the number of these enclaves at nearly two hundred. One of Prussia's "islands" has a population of nine persons, and it appears that one of Brunswick's isolated fragments consists of a copse with an area of some twenty-five acres. The number of such political scraps has been reduced in the past by solemn treaties, we are advised, but more than enough remain, and many are of dimensions large enough to interfere gravely with road, drainage, and canalization schemes, and enormously to complicate administration, according to this newspaper, which proceeds;



A GERMAN JIBE

The transformation of the German Empire into the German Republic still is a matter of puzzlement.

—*Lachen Links* (Berlin)

> "All this is a legacy of the Middle Ages, when kings, margraves, dukes, and all the smaller fry of the potentates of the Holy Roman Empire struggled for accretions of territory by means of warfare, marriage, or bargaining. All Germany was brought under one headship when the Hohenzollern Empire was founded; but Bismarck himself could do nothing to sort out the mad confusion of the Federal States, and even now that the dynasties, great and small, have perished, it promises to be no easy task.
>
> "The disappearance of the enclaves is, however, so obviously an economic necessity that the congress may be expected to produce a satisfactory scheme to that end. But so much accomplished, the real unification of Germany by the merging of the Federal States in a single political organism will not be in sight. 'Particularism' has still a formidable strength, and tho some lambs might be prevailed on to lie down with some lions, the lions themselves, and especially the Prussian and Bavarian specimens, are unlikely to be bed-fellows for many a day to come."

A Swiss daily of authority, the *Journal de Gèneve*, declares that the congress of the State Premiers at Berlin marks an important stage in the constitutional evolution of the German Reich. One would have thought that the war would result in a triumph of the federative idea, it is said, because war alone is capable of reconciling the political interest of nations, which is to govern themselves in great national unity. We go on thinking that federalism is true democracy, and that it would be the most desirable of all things to see it regnant in the greatest possible number of countries, but this newspaper goes on to say:

> "Events moved along a different line. The vanishing of Austria, the creation of new States, ardent in their national unity, and the victory of France, whose Constitution served as a model for most of the new countries, had the effect of giving a serious set-back to the progress of federalism. For other reasons, the same thing happened in Germany. In appearance the Constitution of the German Republic preserved the federative form of State, but without its content.
>
> "Until 1918 the German States were founded on a dynastic base. They were much less differentiated by the patriotism of their citizens than by the existence of ancient houses, which were historically bound to the people.
>
> "The substitution in all these States of the same kind of republican institutions for the old courts took away from them what really provided their reason for being. This is not all.
>
> "Even under the Empire there was something unhealthy about German federalism, because it depended wholly on the balance between the States themselves. Prussia, because of its size, exercised a preponderating influence, a veritable domination over the other States.
>
> "For all that the difference between the organization of Prussia and of the Empire resulted at length in maintaining a separation between them. While the Reichstag was elected by universal suffrage, the Prussian chambers were elected by a system of limited suffrage. If the Prussian Government always opposed any change of this system, it was not because of a reactionary spirit, but because of the perfectly just conviction that this

system formed the only safeguard of German federalism and the independence of Prussia face to face with the Empire."

But the Constitution adopted at Weimar, we are then advised, changed all this, for in giving to the Empire and to Prussia the same democratic institutions, the National Assembly did away with any justification for the duality of the two governments and of the two administrative machines. It will be recalled that an effort was made to cut Prussia up in order to reestablish the internal equilibrium of Germany, which had been destroyed by the War of 1866. But this attempt failed, and the idea of separatism persisted for a long time in Hanover, in Upper Silesia as well as in the Rhenish Province. We read then:

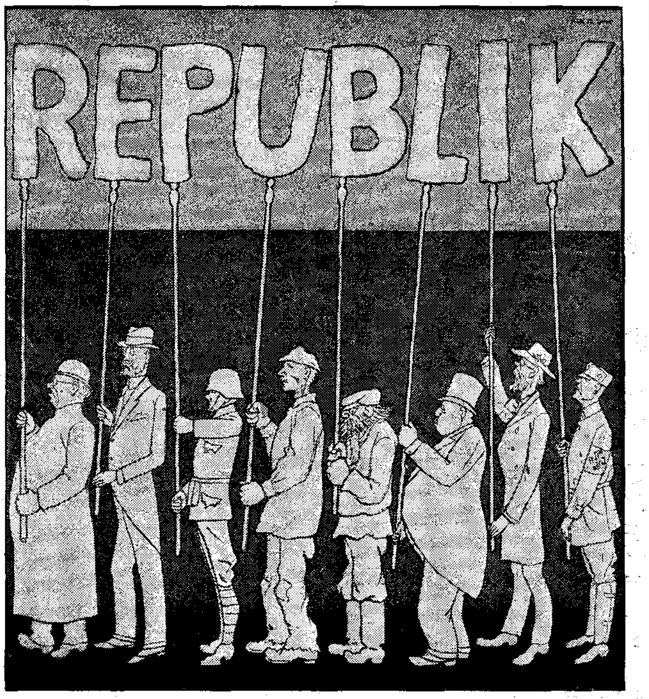
> "This setback condemned German federalism to death. History teaches that all confederations of States—what the League of Nations is to-day—have a tendency to become federative States—what Switzerland is to-day—and that federative States have a tendency to become more and more centralized. The evolution is toward unity, and may be more or less swift. It may be retarded, as in Switzerland, by force of the traditions of the cantons. It may be hastened as in Germany by the disappearance of traditions or by external influences. Thus the letter of Mr. Parker Gilbert to the German Minister of Finance in the month of October was of decisive importance. It crystallized preexistent tendencies.
>
> "It will be recalled that Mr. Parker Gilbert called attention to the cumbersomeness and the costliness of the double apparatus of administration which Germany indulged in, as well as to the inconveniences, as far as reparations are concerned, of the freedom to borrow what the States kept without control. This is but one side of the question, and it is nowise proved that a centralized administration such as that of France would be more efficacious and less costly than local government."

Nevertheless, this argument made a deep impression on many Germans, we are then told, who were already morally detached from federalism and from their particular patriotism. Even before the war, we are reminded, Berlin had taken on the looks and the state of mind of a great capital, and it is easy to understand that such ideas as these were well received in political circles of Prussia and the Reich. Attention is then called to the formation of a "League for the Regeneration of the Reich," of which the London *Times* writes as follows:

> "Dr. Luther, who was Chancellor in 1925 and 1926, has taken the lead in the establishment of the League, and has become its first President. It is entirely free from party, as its two hundred signatures, ranging from those of Socialists to those of Nationalists, sufficiently show. The members include many persons of eminence and authority in politics, in finance, in industry, and in commerce, together with representatives of several Labor organizations. Dr. Cuno, another ex-Chancellor, Count Bernstorff, Count Kalckreuth, the Burgomaster of Berlin, the Burgomaster of Hamburg, the President of the Darmstädter Bank, such industrial magnates as Herr Krupp von Bohlen, Herr Fritz Thyssen, and Herr von Siemens, are among them. The object of the League is declared to be the establishment of the internal unity of the Reich and its deliverance from burdens which historical causes have placed upon it. The manifesto affirms the existence at last of 'an ardent desire to achieve complete unity within the Reich,' but admits that this desire is opposed by 'those who fear the destruction of sound and legitimate particularism.'
>
> "It declares that the controversy must be ended, and that it can be ended only by a comprehensive settlement. There are, it says justly enough, weak parts in the structure of the Reich which threaten to give way under the load placed upon them. The structure must be renovated by a clear delimitation of the spheres of competence at present in dispute between the Reich and the Federal States, and by a systematic reorganization of administration. The League is satisfied that the delimitation must take the form of an increase in the powers of the Reich. Besides the conduct of foreign affairs, the administration of justice, and the supreme command of the armed forces, it must possess financial control and have the settlement of 'all matters affecting Germany's economic balance'—a very wide but very indefinite extension of its authority. The project, it will be seen, is extremely bold, and it may be doubted whether the assurances of the manifesto as to local responsibilities will go far to lessen the opposition it is sure to arouse in many States."

THE "USEFULNESS" OF REAR-ADMIRAL PLUNKETT

THE "UNFORTUNATE UTTERANCES" of Rear-Admiral Plunkett (retired), as they appeared to British observers, aroused alarm in some quarters, amazement in others, and in others still drew forth shafts of ridicule. But some who find the former Rear-Admiral a figure to be laughed at are willing to admit that he has rendered a public service in calling spectacular attention to the relations between the United States and Great Britain. That an armed conflict between the two countries is out of the question, they say, does not mean that the present state of their mutual relations is all that can be desired, for the London *Outlook* avers:



A GERMAN SLAM AT THE REPUBLIC

"They are carrying the letters of the firm—but who carries the spirit?"

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

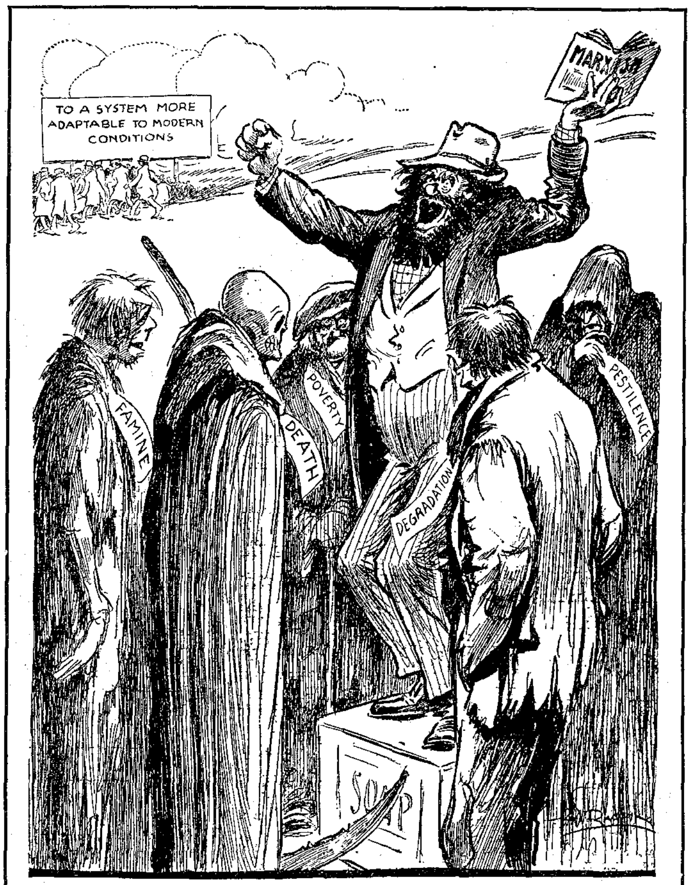
> "Of late years the State Department has displayed a singular reluctance to look at international problems from any other point of view but the American, and never was this attitude more displayed than at the tripartite naval conference. At the same time, this rather irritating refusal to look facts in the face must not be taken too seriously, for it is a phase through which all nations pass. No people, not even the modern American, was ever so convinced of its own righteousness as was the English in the days of our grandfathers."

In many ways, this weekly goes on to say, the fact that English and Americans speak the same language and have so many traditions in common tends to accentuate differences. If an Englishman meets a Frenchman, we are told, he is delighted to find some custom or some sentiment which they both share, but with an American he is disappointed when they do not agree, for he regards the American in a different light from other foreigners, because he speaks the same language. We read then:

> "This is unfortunate, but it can not be denied that there is still a tendency in some quarters in this country to regard an American as an inferior species of colonial. All this must come to an end, and the two nations must meet upon an equal footing if their relations are ever to become really cordial. If Rear-Admiral Plunkett succeeds in drawing the attention of the public on both sides of the Atlantic to this aspect of the question, he will have wrought more than he knew, certainly more than he intended, and he will earn the reputation of being the most useful ass since that of Balaam."

A SOCIALIST ON THE MARXIAN GREAT DIVIDE

THE CONFUSION OF MIND suffered by some in trying to find out what is the difference between Socialism and Communism, chiefly because they can stand the sight of any color except red, is said to be due not to any great lack of enlightenment, but rather to the upheaval in the workers' movement which was brought about by the war. The transformation caused by the war is noted particularly by an eminent authority on labor questions, Emile Vandervelde, ex-foreign Minister of Belgium, himself a Socialist, who reminds us in the London *Westminster Gazette* that in July, 1914, he and his colleagues were preparing for what was to have been the fiftieth anniversary of the International. The congress was to have taken place at Vienna, where militants like Plekanoff and Lenin, Jaurès and Cachin, Scheidemann, Rosa Luxembourg and Klara Zetkin would have been seated side by side, because in spite of all its diverse tendencies, the International "at that time was a unity." But after four years of the war, it is recalled, the International was found to be divided into two great parts, the Social Democratic party and the Communist party. In spite of these divisions, they are said to have one point in common, namely, that they both hail Marx as their father, and Mr. Vandervelde continues:



THE FAILURE OF COMMUNISM

"A once large and interested audience has dwindled to an ever ardent and enthusiastic few."

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"The Communists claim that it is they only who have been faithful to the master. The very title of their party is borrowed from the Communist Manifesto, and it is perfectly true that the doctrine they teach has many points of contact with the doctrine of the Communist Manifesto. There is nothing surprizing in this. In spite of many differences, the milieu in which Russian Communism has developed has many points of resemblance to the State of Western Europe at the time when Marx and Engels published the Manifesto—a capitalist industry already highly concentrated exploiting a poverty-stricken proletariat with an agriculture still half feudal, having accomplished its revolution, or preparing to do so.

"Altogether, the dominating ideas of the Bolshevism of to-day correspond pretty closely to Marxism in its beginnings, and to the most simple and rudimentary forms which it has taken in some quarters. Its essential features may be summarized as follows: In any human society, the decisive factor is the economic. In the last resort, it is the transformations of the means of production and exchange which determine transformations of law, morals, and even religious beliefs. In spite of appearances, social struggles are above all class struggles, and under capitalism these class struggles resolve themselves more and more into the fundamental conflict between the capitalists and the exploited proletariat. With the increasing concentration of capital an ever smaller number of magnates finds itself face to face with a growing proletariat. Machinery supersedes hand-work, with the resulting creation of an industrial reserve which serves to keep down wages. Hence, the misery of the masses increases until the revolutionary catastrophe occurs in which the expropriating minority is in its turn expropriated by the proletariat majority. The dictatorship of the proletariat is then set up to substitute the régime of collective property—communal ownership of the means of production and exchange—for that of capitalist property."

Mr. Vandervelde goes on to say that while no one can deny that this theory corresponds closely enough to the conception developed in the Communist Manifesto, nevertheless to pretend that this is the doctrine of Marx as exprest in the whole of his work—which covered a period of forty years—is to overlook the fact that "Marx, who always denied that he was a Marxist, was all his life revising Marxism." Moreover, we are assured that it is an excessive simplification of things to try to apply certain fundamental ideas of the Communist Manifesto to a Europe which is less like that of 1847 than the Europe of 1847 was like the Middle Ages. Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, we are reminded, the United States had 20,000,000 inhabitants; China and Japan were a closed world; capitalist industry had scarcely developed except in certain countries of Western Europe, but to-day the whole world is known, occupied and exploited, and Mr. Vandervelde adds:

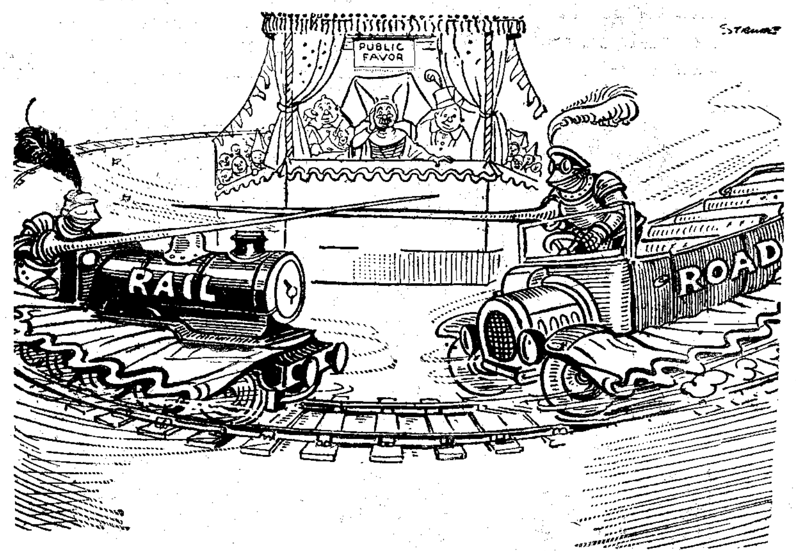
"Capitalist domination does not press solely on a relatively scattered proletariat, it weighs to-day on all the classes of the country and on all the countries of the world. On the other hand, Socialism, whose funeral oration the academician, Reybaud, thought he could pronounce in 1849, is on the threshold of power in many countries and is in nearly all a force that no one can pretend to ignore. Is it surprizing that the Socialism of to-day is not, and can not be, the Socialism of Marx, and that the work of revision which he commenced has continued?"

At the same time, Mr. Vandervelde says sharply that it would be lending oneself to an optimism that could only bring bitter deceptions, if one were to count exclusively on a reformist policy, on the slow and continuous action of the working-class organizations to assure "the passage from the sovereignty of capital to the sovereignty of labor." He adds:

"It is with social evolution as with organic evolution, periods of preparation and incubation precede a revolutionary crisis; but without that preparation the crisis could only end in an abortion. Of all the theories of Marx there is one that we must always keep in mind, because it is at once the condemnation of premature revolutionary actions and of what one may call social reform idiocy. I mean his affirmation that the workers have no ready-made Utopias to be introduced by popular decree. They know well that to realize their own ambitions and at the same time the noblest system toward which present society can direct itself by its own economic forces, they will have to go through long struggles and through a historic progress which will transform circumstances and men. For the realization of this ideal the working class, the prime mover of the revolution, has the right to count on the assistance of intellectual workers as well as manual, and above all on the rising generation."

RAILWAY AGAINST MOTOR-TRUCK IN ENGLAND

THE IRON HORSE that on flashing rails sped the picturesque stage-coach of old England into disuse is now fuming at a rival that threatens his supremacy, namely, the motor-truck and motor-bus, which carry passengers and freight in what English railway men call ruinous competition. In the war between the railways and the road transport, as the British phrase it, one of the first shots was the decision of the London and Northeastern Railway to cut by more than half fares over certain routes in the Newcastle area, where, we are told, omnibus competition is keen. From the English press we learn that a new type of steam rail-car will be brought into the service, and it is predicted that such cars will soon be running all over England. The fare reduction just mentioned, notes the London *Daily Chronicle*, is one of the first steps in an attempt to recapture passenger traffic between the populous mining towns and Newcastle. For many unprofitable months the railway companies have continued their regular services, it appears, but the majority of the trains have been "practically empty," and we read further in this London daily:



"ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY"

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"The new steam rail-car is the result of long experiment by the railway locomotive staff, in an attempt to design a steam-engine which will accelerate as quickly as an electric train. These will shortly be seen all over the L. N. E. R. system. As a beginning, fifty of these cars have been ordered by the company primarily concerned. They will be placed in service directly they leave the sheds.

"The principle of the steam rail-car is not new, but its present application brings it up to date. The vehicle consists of an engine and one or more compartments having one body, something on the lines of a road steam-wagon. It is, of course, better sprung, and designed to keep the rails as an ordinary train.

"'If these new cars meet the public need, there is little doubt that they will soon be running all over the country,' said a prominent railway official to a *Daily Chronicle* representative. The railway engineers believe that they have found what they have been looking for.

"'It is essential, of course, that the railways should adapt themselves to the new public requirements, and meet the competition of road transport on its own terms. A mobile train unit is what we have been trying to achieve. If we have succeeded, this, together with drastic fare cuts, will go a long way toward catering for present-day public needs. We shall be enabled to run a shuttle service in all those districts where at present motor-bus competition is keen. Should the experiment succeed, there can be no doubt that similar cuts will be made in similar areas all over the L. N. E. R. system. Each place, however, will be considered locally and in its relation to local needs and conditions.'"

Another move in the railroad-motor-bus campaign, we are told, is the decision of the railways to seek powers in Parliament to organize road transport services, by which is meant the provision in the country districts of lorry services by cooperation between the Great Western Railway and the London and Northeastern Railway, and the introduction of "containers" for the transport of freight. In the present sense, *The Daily Chronicle* explains—

"A 'container' is the top half of a truck which is interchangeable between a railway wagon and a road vehicle. It provides means by which goods can be conveyed from door to door without loading and reloading at stations or elsewhere. Time and money are thus saved, and the risk of damage considerably lessened.

"The G. W. R. claim that 100 lorry services are being established at various points on their system. They are for the benefit of farmers, village storekeepers, and others, the object being to enable them to get goods to and from the railway. Low collection and delivery rates have been fixt for distances up to about ten miles."

The fierce controversy between the four great railway groups of England and the road transport companies, remarks the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, is one in which every person who travels in England, whether short distances or long, must be closely concerned. As far as this London newspaper's opinion goes, we are assured that the railways have made out a case for powers to carry passengers and freight by roads in the districts to which their systems have access, and it is further stated that:

"Tho it may be true that part of the market falling-off in both freight and passenger traffic is due to the prolonged industrial depression, it is certainly the case that the railways have lost heavily by competition with the enormous increase of road transport, and that they are at a serious disadvantage, which, sooner or later, must have bad results for the railway shareholders, for the industries which are compelled to use the railways, and for the railway passenger. The one argument of any weight advanced by the bodies representing the road-users is that such powers would enable the railways to drive the other transport off the roads and so to enjoy a road monopoly, and that such is their intention. One answer to that is that the monopoly—which the railway companies help to pay for—is enjoyed by the present road-users, and that at the worst the public would be exchanging one monopoly for another. But why should either side have the monopoly?"

At all events, we are then advised, common sense demands that the existing chaos on the roads should be brought to an end, and that some orderly method of control should be introduced into a system that has grown at haphazard at a breakneck pace all over the country without any comprehensive regard for the requirements of the community. It is reasonable to demand that freight and passengers be conveyed to their destination by the best possible route, and we read:

"In present circumstances that is out of the question. The public is served on the roads with an eye to business and with eager good-will, but without the efficiency that comes from long-range as well as close direction. We believe a vast improvement could be effected through the cooperation of the railway companies without blighting the legitimate interests of other essential road-users. The diversified systems and the hopeless congestion of cutthroat traffic have admittedly complicated the problem. In all probability the first necessary step toward such coordination as the railway companies ask for will be the appointment of a commission to make a thorough-going inquiry into all the facts."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

BROADCASTING TELEVISION

A SIMPLE TELEVISION APPARATUS, designed for use in private houses, and making possible, it is claimed, the visible broadcasting of moving scenes and persons together with the ordinary radio was demonstrated recently in Schenectady by the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America. A press bulletin sent out by the Electric Company states that "so lifelike were the lights and shadows reproduced from the research studios that the curl of smoke from a cigaret and the flash of an eye were transmitted by radio just as a picture unfolds on a screen." The guests present were addrest by Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, consulting engineer of the co-operating companies, who thus explained what had been done toward the simplification of the apparatus necessary in general broadcasting:

Photograph by courtesy of the General Electric Company

DR. ALEXANDERSON OPERATING THE TELEVISION RECEIVER

"Before we could think seriously of television broadcasting, we had to convince ourselves that a television receiver could be simplified to the point where it could be made available in the home of the average man. In order to test out the practicability of a television receiver for the home, we constructed a model receiver of the greatest possible simplicity, and distributed several duplicates of it in some homes in Schenectady.

"Television receivers may be worked out in a variety of ways, according to well-known principles. The first choice to be made was to select the source of light. This choice was soon narrowed down to two alternatives—the light-control developed by Professor Karolus of Leipsig and the neon lamp developed by D. McFarlan Moore of the Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company. Tests of these two sources of light for television soon convinced us that each has its own distinct field of usefulness. When a large volume of light is needed for projection on a screen, the Karolus system is preferable.

"The other light source available for television was the lamp invented by Mr. Moore, who proposed this lamp for television as early as 1906, but it was not until 1913 that he received a quantity of neon from Sir William Ramsey, which enables him to construct a practical lamp. While the neon lamp does not compare with the Karolus light in brilliancy, it is more sensitive and easier to operate.

"Most experiments with television in Europe, as well as America, have used the Moore lamp. Mr. Moore has developed one television lamp which gives a uniform glow over a flat plate, and another which gives a concentrated light in a cavity in the electrode. An enlarged and improved lamp of the first type was one of the important elements used in the demonstration of television by Dr. Ives of the Bell Laboratories, last April. The tubular lamp with 2,500 electrodes was also based on the Moore invention.

"One of the features of the demonstration by the Bell Laboratories at that time appears to be a valuable contribution to the art of television—the arrangement of large photoelectric cells for intercepting the reflection from a moving spot of light. This system saves the eyes of the subject from the glaring light to which he would otherwise be exposed. The Bell Laboratories photoelectric system has been adopted in our equipment for broadcasting television, and will probably prove to be one of the factors in the development of practical television.

"Returning to the design of the television receiver, we had the choice of three well-known systems—the mirror drum, the disk with lenses and the disk with holes. Our conclusion was that, while the mirror drum and the lens disk may have certain advantages for television production on a larger scale, from the point of view of television in the home a hole is more economical than a lens, and forty-eight holes are more so than forty-eight lenses."

Whenever television has been discust in the past, said Dr. Alexanderson, some pessimist has always wound up the discussion by asking how are you going to synchronize. There are many elaborate methods, but here simplicity was desired. Dr. Alexanderson took a standard electric-motor made for household use, and manipulated its speed by an electric hand control. With a little practise he found it possible to hold the picture in the field of vision as easily as one steers his car on the middle of the road. He went on:

"Experimental television programs will continue to be broadcast from a laboratory transmitter on a wave-length of 37.8 meters, with the accompanying voice transmission on the regular 379.5 meters of WGY. As soon as it is found that the range can be extended, the television transmitter will be transferred to the high-power short-wave experimental station at South Schenectady. A new transmitter is being built for this purpose, so that the voice and the television can be radiated simultaneously by two transmitters.

"We feel that the inauguration of this new development will be the starting-point of practical and popular television. The transmission is the expensive part of such an undertaking, and we feel that it is our privilege to provide it. We will show you the television transmitter, which is nearly completed at our South Schenectady plant. A part of this equipment is a new type of projector antenna, which is now being tested with music and voice modulation, and favorable results have already been observed in San Francisco and Europe. We have called this a projector antenna, because it does not pretend to be a beam. The radiation that would be wasted backward and sidewise is saved, and projected in the general direction where it is desired. After trying several types of projector system, we have arrived at a type which we call the checkerboard antenna, for reasons which will be apparent to you when you see it. It is built in a checkerboard pattern, the sides of each square being a wire half a wave-length long. All these half-wave antennæ are connected in such a way that they oscillate in phase, and require no tuning or adjustment.

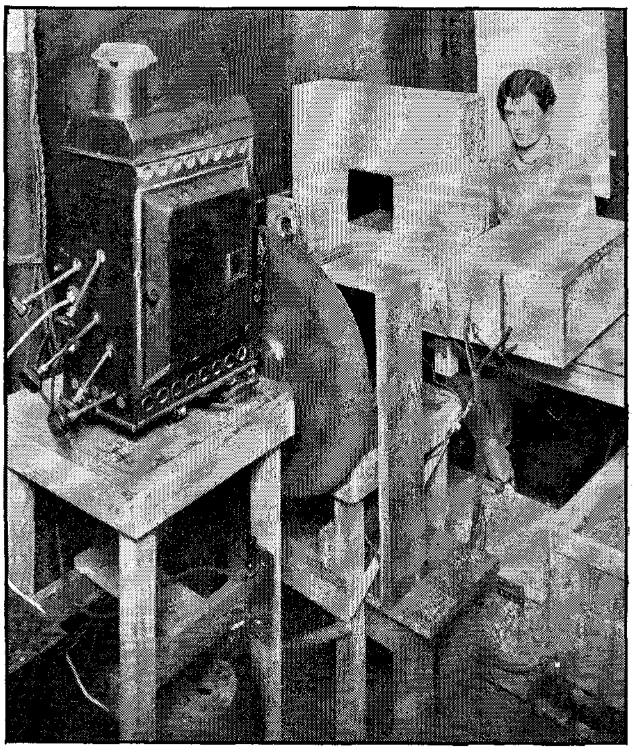
"A duplicate of this transmitter is being installed in the

San Francisco broadcasting station of the General Electric Company. This plan was decided on in order to provide means for systematically studying the physical phenomena of wave propagation over long distances. Television will here serve as a means to an end, but in the determination of wave phenomena, one thing is certain, that the eye is infinitely superior to the ear for ascertaining facts and for a critical analysis and comparisons. This has already been proven by our television tests in Schenectady. Occasionally, when we 'look-in' on television at our homes up-town, we observe a visual echo of the wave from the electronic layer on the upper atmosphere. The evidence of the echo is that two images appear side by side, instead of one. The echo image is usually displaced a distance corresponding to one-fifteen-hundredth of a second, showing thereby that the echo wave had traveled about 200 kilometers, and yet the echo image is occasionally as strong as the direct image which traveled only a few kilometers. Such phenomena can obviously not be observed by the ear.

"What we may learn about wave propagation, by systematic study of television across the continent, is something we can only vaguely imagine, but we do feel without any doubt that television is the new tool by which we are going to explore the secrets of space."

TRACING CRIMINALS BY EARS— Finger-prints, now accepted by virtually every police department in the world as the standard way of identifying criminals, may be replaced in official favor, Paris reports say, by the shape of the ear, we read in Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). It says:

"Altho it apparently is true that no two individuals ever have exactly the same finger-prints, one uncertainty in their use has been recognized. This is the ability of a criminal to leave a false set of prints, made with rubber stamps duplicating the fingers of some innocent individual. Practical difficulties arise, also, from the impossibility of taking a set of finger-prints except by force or by the individual's consent. The shape of the ear as a mark of identification is free from some of these difficulties, and is said to be quite as infallible. No two human ears of exactly the same shape have ever been discovered. It is said that the shape of the ear can not be changed surgically without leaving tell-tale scars. Ears can be studied, or even photographed, without the knowledge of the person who possesses them. Paris police officers are reported now to be working out systems of classification and description, so that thousands or millions of ear photographs may be filed systematically, and referred to at need, just as is now done with finger-prints."



OPERATOR BROADCASTING SPEECH AND PICTURE

THE MOORE LAMP AND ITS INVENTOR

D. McFarlan Moore (at left), inventor of the Moore lamp used in the television receiver, discussing one of the lamps with Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson.

ALCOHOL CHIEF BOOTLEG POISON

THE PRINCIPAL POISON in post-Prohibition liquor is alcohol, in the estimation of Dr. H. V. Atkinson of the department of pharmacology at the State University of Iowa. "An examination of the evidence, which from the nature of the problem is far from exact," he declared in a recent report to the American Pharmaceutical Association, "seems to prove that most cases of poisoning as a result of drinking bootleg liquor are due to the ingestion of an overdose of ethyl alcohol." Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Atkinson divides liquor, as it is known to-day, into three classes: properly made whisky and brandy, synthetic liquors, and moonshine or home-brew liquors. The first class is in all respects the same as carefully made liquors in pre-Prohibition days, and has never been seriously suspected of containing anything toxic besides the alcohol that makes people want to drink it, stated the chemist. 'Acute poisoning as the result of drinking bouts,' he added, 'has long been known, and is not surprizing, since the concentration of alcohol in the blood depends on the concentration of the alcohol in the liquor used and the rapidity of ingestion. The margin between the concentration of alcohol in the blood required to produce intoxication and that causing collapse is not great.' Poisoning from synthetic liquors may be due to any one of a large number of substances used to denature alcohol. Wood alcohol is the guilty agent in most cases, but poisoning has been reported from such compounds as nitrobenzine. These are rare, however, the chemist declared, or have escaped detection. The third class contains those that are fermented and distilled surreptitiously. The great drawback to this type of liquor is the inclusion for reasons of financial profit of 'heads' and 'tails,' the first and last runnings respectively of the distilling. Moonshiners in the old days learned from sad experience that the heads and tails should be thrown away. The former contain certain chemical compounds deleterious to the human system, while the latter contain fusel oils, too widely discust to need explanation. Continued use of badly made moonshine has been shown to produce bad effects on the kidneys of animals. A few cases of lead poisoning from the solder in the distilling apparatus have been reported, while poisoning from the copper of the still is likewise a remote possibility."

MORE GOLD IN GEORGIA

THAT TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS' worth of gold was once taken from a single group of mines only seventy-five miles from Atlanta, will be news to most readers. Operations ceased long ago when the workings were thought to be practically exhausted, but the invention of new methods has made it profitable to begin taking out ore again, we are told by Claud Hafer, a mining engineer of Southern Pines, North Carolina, writing in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York). Says Mr. Hafer:

"Dahlonega, Georgia's most famous gold 'camp,' boasting a record of production close to $20,000,000, is showing symptoms of revival. The town is situated about seventy-five miles northwest of Atlanta. Most of the early production was accounted for by a unique treatment combining hydraulicking with giants and light stamp mills. Little underground mining was ever attempted. At the present time several groups are conducting operations looking to the exploitation of the deeper ores.

From *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York)

HYDRAULICKING GOLD GRAVEL IN GEORGIA.

"An interesting development has been under way on Findley Ridge—just south of Dahlonega—by a Canadian syndicate. The ridge and adjacent territory have been sampled, and numerous surface pits and shafts sunk to determine the extent of soft ore. It is reported that a large body of low grade ore exists that can be mined by steam-shovel to a depth of 75 feet or more.

"Exploration is under way at the Findley mine, an old mine with the reputation of considerable production. Old open-cuts, tunnels, and mills bear evidence of former activity. The most famous is the Findley shoot, which appears to be an ordinary vein of white quartz, but its peculiarity was that it made pockets of coarse gold, wire, and nuggets, at intervals of approximately 55 feet. The ridge in which this vein occurs towers some 500 feet above Yahoola Creek. A raise is now being put through to connect with the bottom of the irregular opening that marks the course of the Findley shoot. It is the intention of Col. G. C. Dugas, who is directing the operation, to explore the Findley shoot, the Belle shoot, and the Dead Horse shoot at lower levels than any work has been done heretofore.

"The Saprolite Gold Mining Company, six miles southwest of Dahlonega, is approaching the problem from the point of view of the placer miner. John E. Logan, the manager, proposes to begin his work by plowing the sloping surface of the ridge with heavy plows drawn by Fordson tractors.

"On the Turkey Hill property, three miles south of Dahlonega, is an outcrop of pyritic ore, containing gold and copper. This free gold zone is now being explored with the intention of cross-cutting the formation. Near Dawsonville is a quartz vein some six feet in width, assaying several dollars per ton. These deposits were regarded as 'refractory' ores in the days of mining activity, but through the development of flotation they became worthy of exploration. Several other small operations are under way in the district."

THE CAUSES BEHIND CARELESSNESS

FEW ACCIDENTS ARE PROPERLY chargeable to carelessness, asserts Sydney Ingham, safety engineer of the Ludlow (Mass.) Manufacturing Associates, in a communication to *The Safety Engineer* (New York). What is generally called by this name may usually be traced to something more fundamental—poor eyesight, alcoholism, late hours, defective nourishment, and so on. Any safety engineer who is not willing to look behind such a cause assigned for an accident, thinks Mr. Ingham, will not get very far toward an intelligent analysis of his problems. He writes:

"Carelessness may be a mental or a physical condition. A case comes to mind in which the woman involved was on the verge of being discharged for carelessness, which had resulted in several falls and collisions. It was suggested that her eyes be examined. The poor woman could not see. When she had been fitted with proper glasses, she stopt appearing in the accident statistics and kept her job. Apparently there was no one more careless than she in the plant; really she was cautious, but could not see.

"Management can cure this type of 'carelessness' by proper physical examination. The obvious remedy for this condition is, don't hire people who are physically incapacitated for the job in mind.

"What is to become of the physically incapacitated is another problem, relating to accident prevention; tho it looms up larger as a problem in social equity, and in my opinion will have to be solved from the sociological aspect that it presents.

"In spite of Prohibition (I am almost tempted to say because of Prohibition), there are men, and women, who indulge in bootleg and, as a result of that indulgence, there is, the morning after, an impaired physical and mental equipment that sooner or later results in a 'careless accident.' Management can stop this type of accident if the foreman is on to his job. He must be on the alert for physical signs and symptoms. He does not have to get near enough to kiss the worker, for the pungent breath of some partakers of the stuff is a realistic reminder of sulfuric acid. If the foreman suspects a case, let it be sent to the doctor for diagnosis. The remedy is in discipline, lay-off, demotion, or discharge.

"A great many 'careless accidents' never happen. I make the statement with a full knowledge of all that it implies, after fourteen years of full-time work in accident prevention. There is a man who simulates, who imagines, and who feigns accidents. He is variously called psychoneurotic, psychasthenic, and a formidable list of other learned names in the vocabulary of the psychiatrist.

"This man claims an injury when the feeling comes over him that he would enjoy a vacation with part pay, that he would enjoy being passed from doctor to doctor and the discussions with them of his symptoms, that he would enjoy the talks with his lawyer as he builds up a case. The climax comes with an award.

"A lump sum or a dismissal of the suit produces immediate cure, a weekly payment award results in malingering and rehearings for the determination of earning capacity. This man suffers from litigation neurosis. He has had no injury or, at most, an injury that is not disabling even temporarily. Either of the cures is equally effective, denial of payment or lump-sum payment. When there is no reason for simulation, it stops.

"If this bird is on your pay-roll, get rid of him; he will figure in your accident statistics frequently if you don't. His 'accidents' are among the so-called careless ones in the record. I am not referring to the man who suffers a disabling accident and develops litigation neurosis later. There is a possibility of curing that man."

Then there is the accident from inattention to the job, because of its routine. The same motions over and over, day in and day out, until some day the habitual act is interrupted at a critical time, and an accident results. We say the injured was the victim of his own carelessness. But was he? asks Mr. Ingham. He inquires further:

"When he was assigned to the work, had the job been analyzed and did the employer study the temperament of the man he put on the job? Did the foreman follow the case up until he was satisfied that the worker was temperamentally suited to the job? If he was not satisfied, why was not the worker transferred? Management can not stop all accidents of this kind, but intelligent hiring and placement will do much to reduce the number of this kind of 'careless accidents.'

"A young lady, for no apparent reason, falls on a stairway, or from a chair, or on a level floor, or from a step at a machine. Why did she fall? She was careless. Other girls are doing the same kind of work, but they don't fall, because they pay attention to what they are doing. That is at least the easiest conclusion to arrive at from the obvious conditions surrounding the accident.

"But, when the doctor has finished bandaging the lame wrist, he asks, 'What did you have for breakfast this morning?'

"The answer comes, 'Nothing; I didn't have time to eat.'

"A little light is thrown upon the question of cause.

"'Why didn't you have time?'

"'Because I was dancing until two this morning, and I could hardly roll out of bed in time to get to work, let alone in time to eat.'

"'Step upon on the scale. Ah, just what I thought—fifteen pounds underweight. Young lady, do you see where you are heading for?'

"A little kindly help and advice in the matter of living a rational life and another careless accident cause is eliminated.

"A shop lunchroom, or an opportunity for one who missed breakfast to get a bite to eat, may save your record many 'careless accidents.'

"'That guy on the job next to me is such a bellyacher, that he just naturally gets my goat. This morning I got so mad I felt like clouting him, but I jammed down on the lever instead and the drill snapt; part of it got me near the eye. I might have lost my eye on account of that sucker.'

"What caused the accident? Careless handling of the tool or exasperation brought on by a chronic kicker? How can we prevent another careless accident? Move the kicker, if he is found to be one after investigation, segregate him, perhaps fire him, and the cause of another careless accident is banished.

"So to the end, which is not in sight. There is always something behind the general cause—carelessness: the successful safety engineer will get at the real reason, and for him careless accidents will decrease. The other fellow won't, and for him careless accidents will continue to increase."

MAKING A NOISE LIKE AN ATOM—Noises made by billions of atoms turning over in their beds inside a bar of iron were heard by scientists in New York, on one evening recently, when Dr. H. Clyde Snook, a consulting engineer, addrest the Electrical Society on "Scientific Conquests of 1927." We quote as follows from a press report issued by the Society:

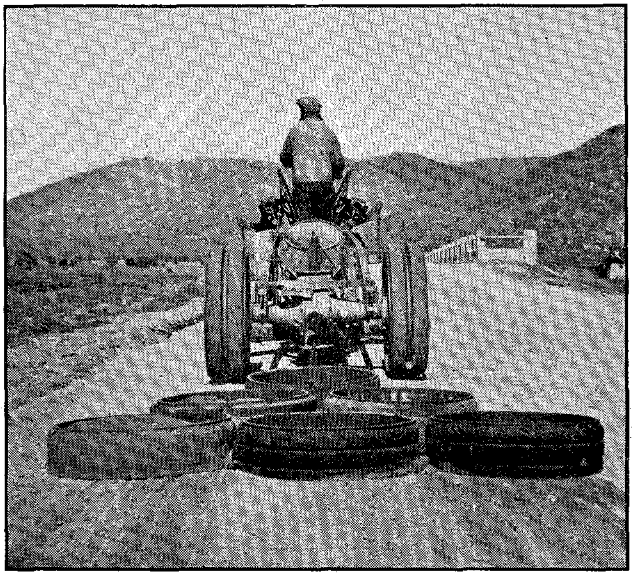
"When iron is magnetized, what is believed to happen, Dr. Snook explained, is that vast numbers of atoms inside the iron turn around so that all face the same way, as soldiers turn on the word of command. The tiny disturbances created by these atomic acrobatics were magnified electrically to more than ten billion times their original strength, and were broadcast to the audience through a powerful loud-speaker, recently developed by the Westinghouse Company. They sounded a good deal like a carload of dumb-bells turning over as they rolled down a tin roof.

"Another noise recovered from the realm of atoms and electrons by the enormous magnifying power of modern electric apparatus was demonstrated to the Society by the discoverer, Dr. J. B. Johnson of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. This is the noise made by the tiny particles of electricity jostling against each other when a current flows through a wire. It sounds something like water rushing through a gigantic pipe. Still a third atomic sound was explained by Dr. Snook as the noise made by cooking electricity out of the hot filament of a radio vacuum-tube. It sounds not unlike grease frying out of an enormous piece of bacon."

MAN'S MYSTERIOUS RHYTHMS

A FRENCH ASTRONOMER, Prof. Jean Mascart of the Observatory of Lyons, urges immediate scientific investigation of the rhythms that seem to affect mankind and that are supposed to have something to do with the weather; rhythms so obscure that many scientific skeptics have altogether denied their reality. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Among these is the supposed action of the phases of the moon on illness, especially on lunacy. Another is the daily rhythm, analogous to the tides, which has been detected in the composition of human blood. Probably such every-day things as the daily rhythm of sleep are in a similar sphere. The influence which the weather seems to have on the health or comfort of certain individuals is another case in point. 'The literature,' Dr. Mascart writes, 'is already extensive and contains many curious observations, including some statistics, fragmentary but suggestive. It is greatly to be desired that a more systematic study of these problems should be undertaken by collaboration between physicians, statisticians, and astronomers. In the complexity of modern science,' Dr. Mascart concludes, 'the proper path is cooperation.'



Courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

A ROAD DRAG MADE OF SIX OLD TIRE RIMS

"It is certain, he believes, that one cause of these influences on man is the variation of light; not merely the variation between night and day, but the variation of sunlight from time to time. There may be, however, other astronomic or atmospheric rhythms which affect mankind and which are still entirely unknown."

NEW USE FOR OLD TIRE RIMS—Six discarded motor-truck tire rims have been used to good advantage by the California Division of Highways as a drag in road work near San Diego, California, says *The Engineering News-Record* (New York):

"The rims were chained together in a triangle and used with the apex next to the drag-power unit. Being comparatively heavy and compact, this drag was found particularly useful in smoothing up newly surfaced roads when the material was dry and loose.

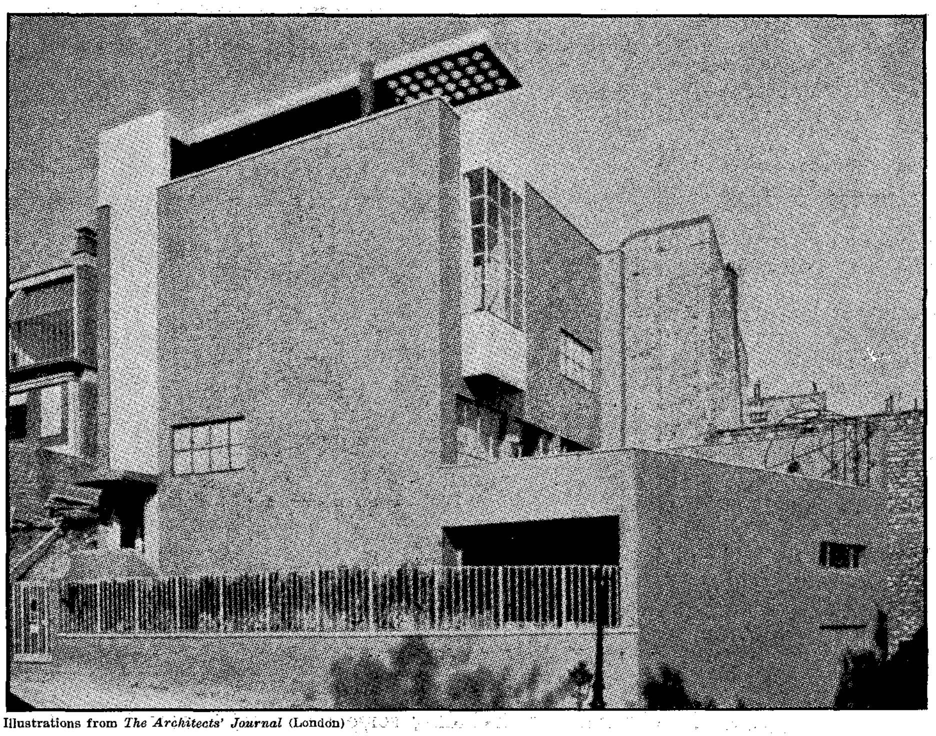
"A valuable feature was that it was speedy and could be dragged along readily at four to five miles per hour. It had no value for cutting purposes, and can not be used generally for ordinary road-maintenance work."

For the accompanying picture of the road drag, *The News-Record* gives credit to T. H. Dennis, acting maintenance engineer of the California Division of Highways. R. M. Morton is State highway engineer.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

IN DEFIANCE OF THE BEAUX ARTS



Illustrations from *The Architects' Journal* (London)

A HOUSE OF CONCRETE MINUS ORNAMENT

This "hotel particulier" at Parc Montsouris, Paris, was designed by André Lurçat, "without any waste on 'architectural' superfluities or the outworn conventionalities of dead styles."

AMERICA HAS RANSACKED THE AGES for her architectural styles until the aspect of her towns and villages may be described as a gigantic scrap-book. Even our sky-scraping efforts are only enlarged features of primitive styles, and the ornament we attach is almost always historically derivative. No one here, apparently, has made the clean sweep of all historic styles that the French architect, André Lurçat, has done; and not only styles but materials as well, for he thinks only in terms of reinforced concrete. While this material may be familiar to us in boxlike structures for small shops and garages, Mr. Lurçat applies it to homes as well, and has a whole philosophy based on the conditions of modern life to justify his use. He has gone so far that his popularity with the schools may be said to have disappeared. "M. André Lurçat, tho a former pupil and a diplomaed licentiate of the Beaux Arts, has publicly adjured and denounced it, and glories in the 'excommunication' which that celebrated institution has pronounced against him in retaliation." So we derive from an article by P. Morton Shand, in *The Architects' Journal* (London), who gives an exposition of M. Lurçat's preachments derived from the architect's "Aims and Inspiration of Modern Architecture." It is pointed out as a significant fact that "in France, where an ever elementary appreciation of the advantages of air, light, and water for health and general physical welfare—to say nothing of ordinary hygiene and cleanliness—was lacking longer than in any other civilized country, the younger school of architects are now dominated almost to obsession by the desire to obtain the utmost profit from all three." Modern life has come in to demand most imperiously of all a change in building habits:

"As long as traveling was difficult and costly, a house remained a family asset which passed in direct succession from father to son. Railways and steamships, but especially the motor-car, have so increased possibilities of locomotion, besides enormously stimulating the appetite for it, that we are rapidly losing the taste for durable things in our personal possessions and the sense of finality in the acceptance or choice of our homes. Thus, as sentiment detaches itself more and more from all that pertains to it, the family connection with a particular house is inevitably growing looser and looser. In the light of various modern changes and inventions in the domains of comfort, convenience, and hygiene, many existing family houses are becoming uninhabitable for the present generation. It is an increasingly common custom to sell these houses in order to buy or lease more recently constructed ones instead. That is to say, the form of the instinct for house property is being modified with considerable advantage to our health and the freedom of our habits. Another characteristic modern tendency, which has assumed an immense extension since the war, is the strong desire we all of us feel periodically to get away from our own homes. The obvious deduction for the architect to draw from this impulse is that most homes fail to satisfy modern needs or tastes. The traveling habit has affected all classes. There are now not merely the annual summer migrations from the towns to the seaside, the mountains or the country; there is often the quest of a warmer climate in winter as well; besides the growing week-end exoduses and the single-day excursions on Sundays and holidays. Thus, a whole new category of architectural forms has arisen in response to the various demands of our reviving nomadic instinct: hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, cafés, kursaals, casinos, sports clubs, country cottages or bungalows, and garages.

"The economic situation has suffered such a complete upheaval in the present age, that economic considerations dominate all other issues and the majority of human actions. The disappearance of domesticity leaves our homes disorganized, without there being any immediate prospect of the advent of a new social equilibrium to replace it. The growing independence of women, and their financial contribution to the family income as wage-earners is having a profound influence in shaping the new conception of the home—a conception in which its function seems slowly, but surely, to be suffering relegation to the rôle of a private dormitory."

The housing problem, being economic, can be solved only by economic remedies. It is a national rather than a municipal issue. We read:

"The first qualification for an architect is that he should be able to plan a solid, comfortable, and healthy house, the design of which will permit of rapid and economic erection. This is the technical problem. The second qualification is that he should know how to group and proportion the rooms in it according to the function which each is intended to fulfil. This is the social problem. The proportion of these rooms, separately, and as forming a single whole, must be harmonious and agreeable to the eye. They must inspire sensations of contentment, cheerfulness, or repose; they must 'create emotions.' This is the plastic problem.

"By the very nature of the universal and utilitarian necessity which it is, it is only after all the economic, technical, and social requirements of a building have been satisfied that architecture can be allowed to begin to think in esthetic terms. None the less, the plastic expression of architecture remains one of the loftiest in the realm of intellectual culture."

The dominant sentiment of each epoch has always exprest itself in a particular form of construction. Therefore:

"The genius of the present age, which is essentially practical and utilitarian and collective, rather than individualistic, in spirit, is expressing itself in that essentially practical, utilitarian, and composite material—reenforced concrete. Every discovery of a new building method, or a new medium of construction, implies the abandonment of preexisting plastic values. The old-fashioned, threadbare repertory of column and cornice has clearly become obsolete, while asymmetry is assuming great esthetic significance. In the past, architecture has always reached its highest expression when it has borrowed from no other art. Freed from the trammels of stultifying conventions and futile non-essentials alike, it is once more at liberty to develop from its own resources. To-day the practical details of a building, such as staircases and windows, with scale and proportion in the balance of solids and voids, have become its cardinal esthetic values. Such incidental decoration as remains may be considered as a concession to the less intellectual element of our mentality, just as color is called in aid to enliven our spirits.

"Reenforced concrete is a pliable material which requires great precision in use, and presents manifold dangers to those who have only imperfectly mastered its technical potentialities. It is no longer economic for a house to be a year or more under construction. Some architects, indeed, believe that before very long factories will be established devoted to the mass-production of single-slab walls, entire façades, complete with their casements; or even series of rooms designed on standardized models (the so-called 'cell-unit').

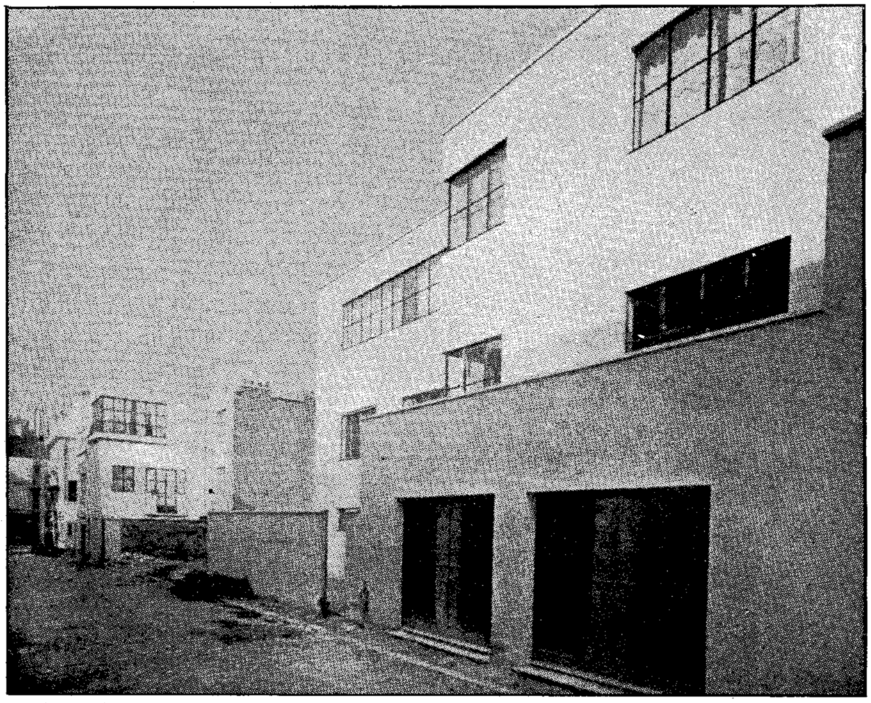
"Another great advantage of reenforced concrete is that it readily lends itself to a different distribution of rooms floor by floor, without necessitating any corresponding change in the design of the elevations. In other words, the façade has no longer to be composed to the detriment of the interior planning, which can remain unfettered and logical. Thus a better organization and layout of the dwelling-house is assured, answering to the economic and hygienic needs of the present age, without any waste on 'architectural' superfluities or the outworn conventionalities of dead styles. Many details of house construction which seemed immaterial to the last few generations have been shown to have a considerable influence on our physical or moral well-being.

"Typical instances are the orientation of bedrooms with a south aspect as an aid to restful sleep, and the immense importance of a careful choice of focal points for the proper diffusion of artificial lighting in living-rooms.

"As much furniture as possible is incorporated in the actual structure of the house; cupboards, dressers, and bookcases become 'fixtures' in a literal sense of the word, and are placed so that any shelf can be reached by hand without the need of a step-ladder: a practical innovation that might almost be described as revolutionary in France.

"It was an early belief among architects of the more modern school that the precision and discipline so essential to all good architecture which, at the beginning of the present century, were the very qualities most conspicuous by their absence, could be recaptured by a close study of many works of irreproachable sincerity and severity that had been constructed by civil engineers with the aid of machinery during the course of the last fifty years or so. Several of these are notable for that grandeur of conception and simplicity of execution which had previously been the peculiar appanage of architecture itself.

"However, the first practical experiences in this direction soon showed that this line of investigation would have to be abandoned, owing to the danger of falling into extremes of frigidity and monotony. The architect is not subject to the same haunting dread of minute errors in calculation, while he has at his command the aids of proportion, ornament, fantasy, and color—resources extraneous to the engineer's requirements. The austerity of the engineer's purely intellectual art can not impart those varying satisfactions of cultural evocation and genial fancy which humanity demands from architecture, because the essence of architecture is its plastic expression—a quality which does not enter into the engineer's problems or solutions."



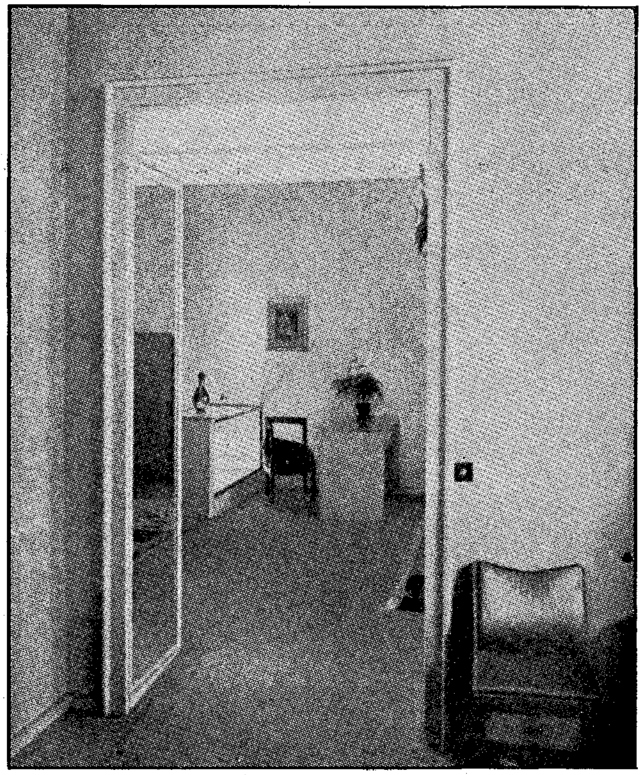
DO YOU LIKE THE STREET VISTA

Made by one of M. Lurçat's houses built at Cité Seurat, Paris?

THE COVER—This week we add to the gallery of English painters a specimen from the brush of George Romney, who was born in 1734 and died in 1802. When this master's name is mentioned, one almost inevitably thinks of the beautiful Emma Hart, who was afterwards Lady Hamilton, for she was his favorite model, and he painted no less than thirty portraits representing her. This lady, who surpassed in beauty nearly all her contemporaries, had a romantic life, having risen from very humble beginnings to an exalted social position as the wife of Lord Hamilton, and later as the favorite of Lord Nelson. She was famous in society for her "attitudes," which we may conceive as perhaps similar to the living pictures which have been a feature of latter-day entertainment. These attitudes were assumed as a form of social entertainment, and never were devoted to professional usages. Many of Romney's pictures of the Lady are records of the supple grace with which she enacted these poses. Thinking, however, that one of his interpretations of child life would make an even stronger appeal, we make a selection of this subject which forms a part of the John Howard McFadden collection in the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Romney, we are told, was practically self taught, and mastered the technique of his art in a very short time. In 1762 he removed to London from his home in Lancashire and there exhibited his picture, "The Death of Wolfe," which gained him a prize at the Society of British Artists. He rapidly attained a position of patronage from the aristocracy, equal to that enjoyed by Reynolds and Gainsborough. If he had any masters, they may be said to have been Titian for his color and the French artist Greuze for the melting quality that is discernible, especially in the Lady Hamilton portraits. His sitters were many of the famous beauties of the British stage, and among them one of "Perdita" Robinson in the Metropolitan Museum. There also is the portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and of Lady Hamilton as "Daphne." The collection of the late H. E. Huntington, elsewhere mentioned in this department, also contains canvases of Romney.

LONELY PICTURES

ENGLISH BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA are of many kinds; most of them wish to "tell us where we get off," or advise us not to do things in the way they are done here. Mr. Philip Guedalla is not like that. His record of his last year's journey, "Conquistador" (Harper and Brothers), is a series of "fantasia" and so impersonal as to lead a New York *Times* reviewer to wonder if his geniality was not in reality a new way of "spoofing" us. We quote a specimen to let one decide—if one can. Just as a matter of opening the door wider at the start we may say that this is the record of the historian's visit to the palatial home of the late Henry E. Huntington, in California, where so many of England's great pictures are now housed:



TO LIVE WITH TO-DAY, NOT HISTORY

M. Lurçat makes his interior as bare as his exterior. Are we at home or in a factory, and does this room spell "comfort"?

"It was a thrill, of course, when the big front door swung slowly open and disclosed a profile that one had known since childhood. Not that we knew the butler. For the butlers of the American great, tho invariably British, are so episcopal as to be known to few except the other members of the Athenæum. We did not even know our host. But then one never did. Hospitality, in a charming and altogether novel fashion, preceded friendship in the New World. You presented 'letters'; doors flew open; and you dined with total strangers—but you said good-night to friends. That day we did not know our host from Adam, tho we had gathered from the driver that, like Adam, he appeared to live in Eden. Yet as the big front door swung open, it disclosed a face that one had known for years. She sat her throne, as proud as ever; and as she took the post, Sir Joshua's drapery billowed round her. For on the afternoon we made a call in Pasadena, our respects were paid to Sarah Siddons.

"Our host (alas, a host no longer) presented us; and presences no less familiar smiled down from other walls—some in Mr. Romney's favorite satin, some in the big, drooping hats that Gainsborough loved to paint. They seemed to wait for us in the still walks of English gardens, leaning lightly against urns; and as we sipped our tea and talked about the train service, we longed to tell them all the news—that London was still London, altho the Mall was sadly changed, and they would look in vain along Piccadilly for Devonshire House; that no one now played ombre, and mantua-makers preferred a meager mode; that poor Lord North had got his way and lost the American Colonies in spite of all that Mr. Burke could say; that Charles Fox had died a minister, and the Prince of Wales married a German princess after all; that Samuel Johnson was remembered; that the town stretched far into the fields past Tyburn; that Mr. Walpole finished Strawberry Hill and succeeded to the title; and that the sentries still wore scarlet at St. James's. How they must ache for news from home, those elegant exiles from the eighteenth century imprisoned in their frames beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"Yet their regrets were not apparent. They smiled so bravely in the California light. One might almost think that they had caught no whisper of the outcry occasioned by their emigration. For as each of them left home, the English streets were loud with lamentation. Ardent patriots, who had never bothered to leave cards on them when they had the chance, accused them roundly of deserting England. But had they? They had left it, of course, but mere departure is not always quite the same thing as desertion. May one not fancy that the English name is served by such ambassadors abroad? Greece, after all, is honored in the Elgin Marbles; so why not England in her exiled Gainsboroughs? That, at any rate, is how they seem to carry it off; and as the rosy gentlemen smiled at their satin ladies, the distant gallery became a sort of embassy, a piece of England.

"Indeed, if there is anything a little wistful, one seems to see it in their custodians. For somehow the collector is himself collected; wishing to possess these figures of the English past, he is possest by them. Those high-colored ladies have had so many servants in their time that their latest owner seems to be just one servant more. For while they endure unchanging, they change their servants just as they always used to. That is the fancy that grew strongly upon one, as a gracious owner exposed his treasures. The pointing finger on the floor, that secured a few years of pride from living in their household, seemed so ephemeral. But the bright smiles upon the canvas, these endured. One could feel almost sorry for the connoisseur. He makes his acquisition, scores his little triumph, and flits by. Shadows we are, as Mr. Burke informed the Bristol electors; but are they always shadows that we pursue? For tho the connoisseur may pass, the tall gentlemen in knee-breeches converse forever across the gallery with the rouged ladies, the little children smile their elfish smiles, and Siddons sits on superb."

DO YOU READ POETRY?—Many do, we know, but how many read it aloud? Probably few, since we find some excellent suggestions as to how it ought to be done, in the London *Daily Express:*

"Every man and woman, every boy and girl, who is able to read aloud with understanding and well-spoken syllables, possesses the key that opens the gate to the splendor of English literature. Of poetry it is more true than of prose that to be enjoyed it must be heard. Music on paper is but black scores to those who are not highly educated in a musical sense. Translated into sound its significance is apparent to a far greater number. What is true of music is true of poetry. To be enjoyed it must be heard, and generally you must be your own elocutionist.

"Remembering that poetry always has rhythm, first read your poem to discover the lilt, not caring much for the meaning; the inmost beauty may be revealed only long after you have learned to love the poem for its cadences.

"Read quietly, using the lower notes of your speaking voice, not too slowly and, above all, not sentimentally or with soul-melting sadness. Poetry may be sad or glad. If it is real poetry, it will be strong—and strength must be exprest in the voice of the reader.

"Next time you read a poem, make a careful analysis of each sentence; look for such 'old-fashioned' things as subjects and predicates, for a poet takes no liberty with the grammar of his language. Your analysis will show you the structure of the work, even if it does not reveal the emotion which inspired the composition. You may have to read a stanza half a dozen times before you are able to speak it well, but each time you will be a step nearer understanding the spirit of the author.

"Do not be afraid to vary your voice from line to line. Monotony is never a characteristic of art. Stevenson has nine different vowel sounds in twelve syllables in his line:

"'I will make you brooches and toys for your delight.'

and thirteen different consonant sounds in a total of seventeen.

"Vary also the type of poetry you read. Be as aware of the tenderness or sprightliness in a love lyric and the disciplined form of a sonnet as you are of the vivid movement of a ballad or the sublime majesty of an epic. Feel the pleading in the heart of *Juliet* no less than the swaggering gusto in the bulk of *Falstaff.*"

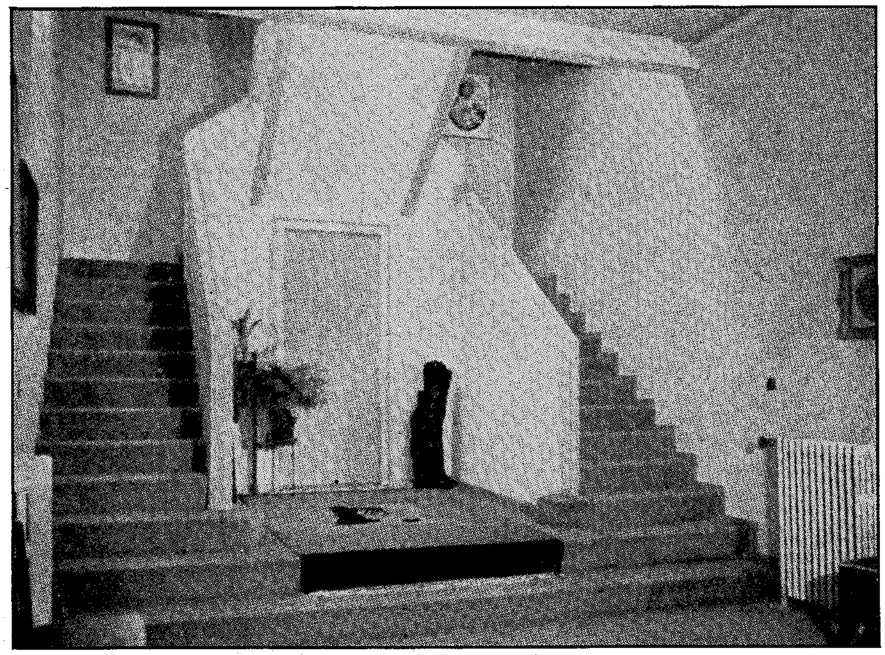
LADY MACBETH AS A VAMP

HAMLET APPEARED IN PLAIN CLOTHES, and *Macbeth* was bound "to follow hard upon." Sir Barry Jackson, who set the vogue with "Hamlet" in London, has now done his best for the other Shakespearian hero, tho his best in this case seems not to be so good. *Hamlet* in plus fours with us was soon sent back to the wardrobe; but Mr. Basil Sidney has found that after months of *Petrucio* the appetite for unromantic apparel is still keen. But *Macbeth*, it seems, is another kettle of fish. Let us take the London *Morning Post's* reviewer, "S. B. L.," for a witness:

> "It finished with a bang, like an 'Old Bill' melodrama—guns booming, pistols cracking, stage army in khaki, with steel helmets and bayonets, storming a modern castle; *Macbeth* and *Macduff*—also in khaki—fighting it out with swords, old *Siward*, as a dugout brass hat, standing on a table—no end of a row!
>
> "This, however, did not matter at Sir Barry Jackson's Court revival of 'Macbeth' last night. Nor did the modern dress matter. It only made the thing look like a first rehearsal of an amateur production in a garrison town.
>
> "When there was a piece of really good acting, one forgot all about the dress. When there was a piece of bad acting, all the kilts and uniforms and plus fours and cloth caps and dressing-gowns and pajamas could not save it.
>
> "What did matter was the murdering of the music of Shakespeare's verse—above all by *Macbeth* himself. Good actor as Mr. Eric Maturin is of drawing-room villains, he seemed to have been chosen by some malign imp of mischief to play *Macbeth*. He did not get near it.
>
> "He blurted out his lines—when he remembered them, which was not always—as if he 'had to say the rotten stuff,' and the sooner it was done the better. His exclamation 'Atcher!' on meeting *Macduff* at the last, was a typical revision.
>
> "The soliloquies were bashed to pieces. The character of *Macbeth* himself was turned into a sort of 'smart-set' ruffian, who would have been, if he could conceivably have emerged from Shakespeare's brain, merely uninteresting and unsympathetic.
>
> "I do not think it was Mr. Maturin's fault—he must, I fancy, have been chosen to do it. If so, it was wrong.
>
> "On the other hand, there were some exceedingly good performances and some scenes that did come out surprizingly right. The evening-dress butler-porter, for instance, played by Mr. Frank Pettingell, with a Scotch accent that could be cut with a knife, was one of the very best porters who have ever appeared within memory.
>
> "Mr. Scott Sunderland's *Macduff* was really good and appealing, whether he was in uniform or mufti. So, too, was Mr. Gillette's 'bleeding sergeant' and all the simple Scotch characters."

Shades of Sarah Siddons and Mrs. Pritchard and memories of Ellen Terry should be laid before trying to visualize *Lady Macbeth* as a "vamp":

> "Miss Mary Merrall was rather different. She was a distinct success, and held the house always. There was grace and beauty—a refreshment from all the noise elsewhere. *Lady Macbeth's* character, however, did not quite appear either one way or another. She 'vamped' her husband freely, but whether she was supposed to claim our sympathy or not was left unproven.
>
> "The witches—conventional old crones—and all the imaginative value went for nothing. The 'crow made wing to the rooky wood,' a 'Tarquin' took his 'ravishing strides' in vain. The wind-and-rain effects of a 'gramophone without,' which sounded like a motor trying to start, were merely an annoying distraction.
>
> "There was one scene, however, which was really better in this 'modern' version than in any other of recent years. It was the scene of *Lady Macduff*, *Ross*, and *Macduff's* little son. Here the domestic touch came in perfectly. Incidentally, Miss Chris Castor played *Lady Macduff* quite well, and Colin Cardrew gave an entirely new life to the son as an Eton-collared public-school boy.
>
> "The reception was quite cordial, but the moral is—dress *Macbeth* how you will, the less we hear about the clothes and the more we hear of the verse the better.



NO PLACE FOR ANTIQUES

But travel spares us the revolt against angles and bare spaces.

> "So 'foul and fair' a revival I have never before seen or heard."

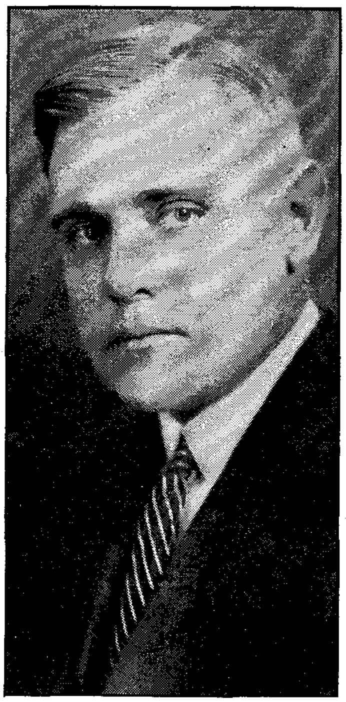
The *Morning Post*, trembling in apprehension before the event, stated the problem in the case to-day, tho Garrick's contemporaries found it not hard to solve. But something has changed in audiences since the eighteenth century. *The Morning Post's* fears, we see, were more than realized:

> "The conspicuous success of Sir Barry Jackson's previous experiment in transposition—his 'Hamlet' in plus fours—has no doubt inspired the new venture, and might seem to banish misgiving about it. But the two cases by no means present the same problems. There is little in the Court of Denmark that is repugnant to modernization. There is much in 'Macbeth.' The whole atmosphere of the tragedy is medieval. *Hamlet's* rapier is still an up-to-date weapon; *Macbeth's* daggers are as obsolete as battle-axes. Again, there is nothing anachronistic, even in the twentieth century, in a ghost. But how are witches to be made congruous or credible? In 'Macbeth,' predominantly it is the primitive, mystery-haunted background that gives the drama its grip upon the imagination; and, until actual experiment has contradicted the anticipation, it seems reasonable to believe that the transposition of the action into a modern key would destroy the effect. As to that, we shall see what we shall see next week.
>
> "We all know, of course, that the latter-day manner of presenting 'Macbeth' in antique dress was itself an innovation. Garrick used to play the tragedy in the costume of his own age—tie-wig, ruffles, and knee-breeches—and certainly his audiences found nothing incongruous in the convention. But how possibly can a Thane of Glamis, returning from the stricken field in khaki, create the necessary illusion of reality? How can three witches, attired, we suppose, as twentieth-century 'vamps,' be plausible in their invocations to *Hecate?* Above all, how can the present-day fashion in night-wear be adopted for *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* without making figures that should be tragic and terrible slightly ridiculous? Those are the questions which Sir Barry Jackson has to answer."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

AN ASBURY TRIES TO TOLL PROTESTANTISM'S KNELL

THE CRACK OF DOOM has sounded again for Protestantism, the bell-ringer this time being a collateral descendant of the famous Bishop Asbury, Herbert Asbury, who fifteen years ago surrendered his Methodist heritage and is now numbered among the better-known doom-sounders. Mr. Asbury sees signs of decay on every hand. The break between the Fundamentalists and Modernists, he asserts, has hopelessly divided the Church and caused a revolt among millions of nominal believers which a befuddled and ignorant clergy are unable to halt. It all sounds pretty terrible, and might be swallowed whole by some, if it were not for the reply of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches. It is as a foil for some genuine criticism, coupled with a story of achievement, by Dr. Cadman that Mr. Asbury's article in *The Forum* serves a purpose which all churchmen will welcome.



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PROTESTANTISM IS DYING

Says Herbert Asbury, who tells us that "the end of the century will probably find it shriveling in the flames engendered by its own rancors."

As he sees it, Mr. Asbury gives us a graphic picture of Protestantism on its death-bed. He hears a great noise. It is the "vengeful clamor of the Fundamentalist Torquemadas as they put legislatures on the rack and seek to substitute superstition for truth, and the placating cries of Modernist compromisers who strive hopelessly to reconcile the irreconcilable and bridge the gap between the hoary myths of Scripture and the findings of modern science." Protestantism "has received a mortal hurt, and the uproar is its death agony; it is sustained solely by the momentum of two hundred years of domination." Here is more of the same kind:

> "The signs and portents of decay are visible on every hand: they may be discerned in the fretful clownishness of the clergy and the frantic political meddlings of the denominations, in the poverty-stricken state of even the most important churches, and, above all, they glow with an unwholesome luster amid the murk of the fierce and indecent hatreds that bubble upward from the seething caldron of Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy. The great masses of the people can no longer find a solution of their multitudinous social and economic problems in absurd and discredited dogma expounded by a priesthood which has sunk to an unbelievably low level of mediocrity. . . . Moreover, the fearful dreariness and drabness of the Protestant services are offensive to the eye and ear, and the eternal bickerings of the sects are a stench in the nostril of civilization. No one, of course, can foretell even the approximate date upon which Protestantism will finally crumble and collapse, but if the present rate of decline continues, the end of the twentieth century will probably find it abandoned and shriveling in the flames engendered by its own rancors."

Meantime, the Modernists, according to this prophet of doom, will become increasingly rationalistic, while the Fundamentalists, he has no doubt, "will gradually be absorbed by the Roman Catholics, despite the abject horror with which the devout Protestant now regards the Pope, for the Church of Rome will offer the last refuge for those who would preserve the superstitions which are the fundamentals of Christianity." And "because of its superior and impregnable organization, the Catholic Church will once more become dominant throughout the world, and, in consequence, intolerant and persecutory; for, as is amply proved by the history of his religion, whenever a Christian acquires supreme authority, his mind naturally turns to torture and suppression." Mr. Asbury resorts to some statistics to prove the decline of Protestantism, but we shall not enter into them, because they have been explained as not showing a net loss at all, but a pruning of "dead wood." Here are some strictures for the Protestant minister:

> "Throughout the United States the Protestant clergyman has abandoned all pretense at dignity, and has embarked upon an appalling orgy of mountebankery; the clerical clowning increasingly disgusts and repels intelligent people. Our spiritual leader writes for the newspaper syndicates, sells verses from the Bible, and answers all manner of questions for a fat percentage of the gross receipts. He reports murder trials for the sensational journals. He persistently denounces and opposes any form of amusement in which the average man may hope to find pleasure. He employs a press agent, and is more concerned with the glory of the front page than with the glory of the Lord. He quarrels with his trustees, and the newspapers frequently record fist fights and indecent bickerings in the temples of God. . . . He transforms his church into an emotional shambles or inflicts go-getting, jazzy services upon his suffering parishioners, so that it is impossible, upon entering a Protestant church, for one to tell whether he is going to witness a vaudeville performance, an orgiastic revival meeting, or rites of unspeakable gloominess. But one may be certain that he will seldom see a beautiful, dignified service in worship of the Almighty."

"It is the voice of repressed vindictiveness rather than of scientific criticism which assails the reader's ears," replies Dr. Cadman in the same magazine. "What could have been in more helpful hands an illuminating examination of a complex and difficult situation here degenerates into a diatribe." Dr. Cadman reminds us that there have been similar predictions of collapse in past eras, and that, according to writers of Mr. Asbury's kidney, "the Christian religion has hovered on the verge of irretrievable ruin for at least a thousand years. . . . Meanwhile it survives, assumes fresh enterprises, and displays astonishing vigor," and, Dr. Cadman tells us:

> "Neither the attacks of open foes nor the more perilous defenses of mistaken friends have yet canceled the strength of Protestantism, nor, it may be added, of Catholicism. The former organization has recently summoned two world conferences, one at Stockholm, another at Lausanne. These assemblies approximately represented thirty churches, eighty States, and four hundred million Christians. The first mapped out programs of Christian life and work for an indefinite time to come. The second laid bare the agreements and the differences—which Mr. Asbury decrees impervious to reconciliation—in a spirit of candor, amity, and sympathetic comprehension unexcelled in the annals of their common religion. Both conferences were mainly originated in America by the very Protestantism which, as he thinks, should behave decently by dying and not being too tardy about it."

As to the charge that Protestantism is greedy for political power, Dr. Cadman says that on questions relating to politics alone Protestants are incurably individualistic, that they divide on major and minor partizan lines and vote as Republicans or Democrats, and that "even with reference to the vexed question of Prohibition, on which, in contrast with other issues, Protestants recently achieved a high degree of practical cooperation, they manifest considerable differences of opinion." Church agencies that engage in political conflicts, says Dr. Cadman, are the exceptions, not the rule, and any behavior of the sort is deprecated by the general body of Protestants. Not that such conflicts are held to be intrinsically reprehensible, for, writes Dr. Cadman:

"Quite contrary to Mr. Asbury's reactionary intimations, and turning his allegation end for end, I affirm the sacred duty of the Christian Church, Catholic or Protestant, to intervene in any political controversies which deeply involve public morality and welfare. The constant charge that churchmen meddle mischievously in politics emanates from well-known groups, which for various reasons fear religious intervention in the realms of social justice, national integrity, lawfulness, and international good-will. . . . By implicitly denying the right of visioned Protestants to challenge the foul fiction that what is ethically evil is sometimes politically expedient, Mr. Asbury calls the Protestant churches to the 'other-worldliness' he elsewhere derides."

There is some lack of culture and education among the clergy, Dr. Cadman admits; but he points out that Mr. Asbury does not mention "the pulpit giants and clerical guides of light and leading." With this sort of criticism Dr. Cadman is less impressed than he would be if in his travels he did not encounter moronic minds in nearly every walk of life. For instance:

"Placemen whose passports to emoluments and honors are insolence and demagogism; competitive business men whose failures at important points are patent; the bunglings of notable industrialists in dealing with labor problems; the meretricious smartness of not a few press men; the painful ignorance of countless habitués of Main Street, to say nothing of the stench of present legal procedure in criminal cases, or the dearth of real statesmanship in the nation—these do not excuse the shortcomings of my calling, but they render me less apologetic for them. After all, the stupidities of the pulpit spring from those of the pew. 'Like priests like people' can be read both ways. As for Mr. Asbury's complaint about 'the clownishness' of the Protestant clergy—who, knowing the temper of our towns and cities, can doubt that if this were a faithful picture of them, church attendance would at once increase? Here and there a clerical mountebank exhibits qualities which befit the low-comedy stage rather than the pulpit, and he is usually able to secure congenial crowds which applaud his gasconades. But not even the author of this article would maintain that Protestant churches in general are flooded by the curious or the frivolous."

As to Mr. Asbury's reference to the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy as a seed of ruin, Dr. Cadman says there "has seldom been a clearer instance of fishing behind the net." The scientific point of view, we are told, is accepted to-day by a substantial majority in nearly every great Protestant communion, and "when the question turns on the acceptance or rejection of the verified results of modern learning, Protestantism leads the van. The enacting of antievolution legislation in belated States chiefly indicates their anemic educational condition. Churches local to these States can hardly be expected to reach a higher degree of intelligence than the public schools have created." Finally, Dr. Cadman yields to none in his regret over the bickerings of sects. As he views them:

"They are a part of the price we have to pay for the freedom which we esteem essential to the good of everything. If Mr. Asbury's rather morbid speculations spur on the movement toward a federalized unity, many will forgive him for them. Yet he should know that sectarianism is on the wane, and having served as well as disserved its day and generation, it is now giving way to the reintegration of institutional religion. Symptoms which he deems the heralds of approaching death are in reality the birth pangs of a rejuvenated Protestantism, careless of its very name, and willing to lose its life for mankind in order that it may save it unto the Life Eternal."

OUR GREATEST "GANG"

THERE ARE GANGS AND GANGS, but the greatest of them all is the Boy Scouts of America, which last month celebrated its eighteenth birthday amid the editorial plaudits of the whole country. However much diversity of opinion there may be on the value and influence of other organizations, there seems to be none on the value of this great society of boys, founded in Great Britain by Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell in 1907, and adopted by this country three years later. "Judges tell us," recites the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "that boy scouts are never found among juvenile delinquents." And in its opinion:

"Any organization that accomplishes no more than that negative result has earned its right to exist. But scouting is not negative: it is constructive. Wisdom has governed the administration of the scouts. In the temptation to overorganize, the real objective—the boy—never has been lost from sight. It is to keep alive in the American nation those basic elements of self-reliance, honor, initiative, and integrity that ever have characterized it that this great endeavor is made. Its success is unquestioned. Eighteen years of scouting finds the number increasing at such a rate that the future of the movement is assured."

The Boy Scouts of America number 625,413 in their ranks, and the adult workers among them number 189,053, which, notes the Miami *Herald*, "is the greatest gang ever conceived and organized." And this Florida paper points out that "boyhood is a vital phase in the development of men, and most of our criminal and social problems of to-day grow out of the neglect of the youngster. His thoughts and ways are largely formulated through his education, environment and relations with other fellows. The Scout movement endeavors to provide the proper supervision and stress these important factors in promoting the welfare of the members." At the time when so much stress is being laid on the alleged "revolt of youth," it is refreshing to read all the encomiums on the boy scouts, and of the tremendously important influence the movement is exercising in formulating the future citizenry of the country. In this connection the Minneapolis *Tribune* reminds us:

"The scout movement does not need to justify itself on these anniversaries. Its officials are not compelled to indulge in vague theories about character building, direction of the 'gang spirit,' and the benefits of competently supervised group activities. Instead, the organization busies itself with practicalities the year around. Month in and month out it is devoting itself to the finished scout product, the boy who is 'physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.' The individual boy is the only proof of the scout pudding. He is the only proof of the movement's worth-whileness, of its right to endure, of its claim to public support. And because this scout-trained individual is usually an alert, keen-eyed youngster of healthy instincts, of generous impulses, and of fine normal interests, the scout organization has flourished tremendously since its inception."

Every boy, no matter what his station in life, needs scouting, says the Newark *News*. "The very lad who is most supercilious when scouting is mentioned is quite likely to be most in need of its ethical discipline. Especially in this day of the 'revolt of youth' and all the nonsense being written and spoken about it. With a little less 'self-expression' and a little more scouting spirit, this would be a better place to live in—especially for parents." Since its beginning in 1910, notes the Seattle *Times*, the movement "has left its impress on more than 3,000,000 young men. That these young men are better citizens for their training, morally and physically, can not be doubted." "At eighteen years of age," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the movement stands high in the general regard, justified by a fine record of sanity and steady purpose." And—

"To be a boy scout is still an adventure, still a wholesome manifestation of growing, daring youth. The movement continues to speak to boyhood in its own tongue, and to utter the call that the boy heart understands. Juvenile still in this precious respect, it has grown up in experience and in the knowledge of its mission—grown up to a vigor that gives promise of a long life for good."

In a single year, 1920, the Boston *Herald* reminds us, the Boy Scouts of America enrolled more new members than were brought in by all the scout organizations in the rest of the world, and they are found in at least fifty countries. Furthermore,

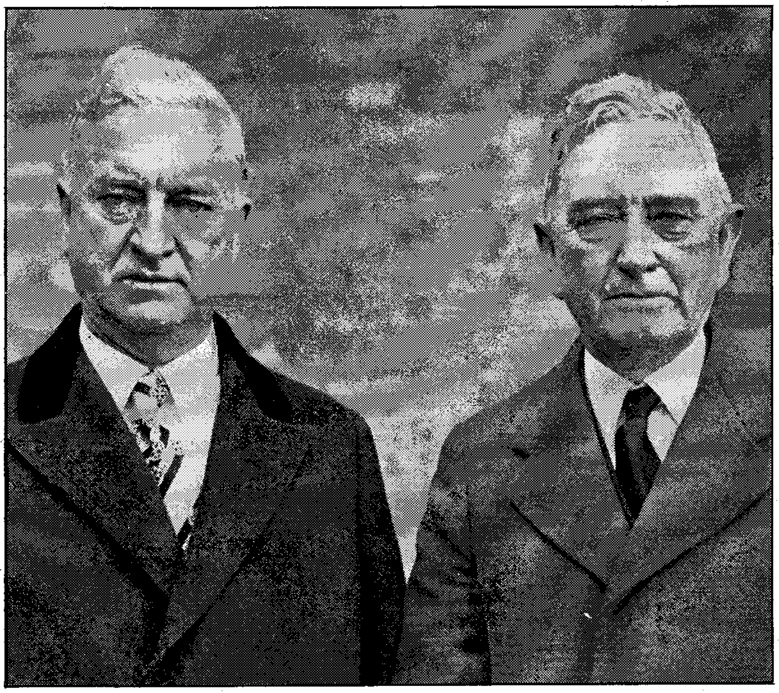
"The report for last year shows that in 1927, 25,000 of America's boy scouts enjoyed outdoor camping, that 19,510 boys learned to swim in scout camps during the summer, that our boy scouts 'made a great contribution of community service during the four great disasters of 1927, —the Mississippi and New England floods, the St. Louis tornado, and the Pittsburgh explosion —and that during 1927 'more honor medals were awarded to scouts who risked their lives to save others than were issued in any previous year in scouting's history.' Is it strange to find President Calvin Coolidge, now honorary president of the American organization, summing up its value in the words: 'If every boy in the United States between the ages of twelve and seventeen could be placed under the influences of the scout program, and should live up to the scout oath and rules, we would hear fewer pessimistic words as to the future of our nation'?"

WOMEN IN THE MINISTRY—The ordination of women has progressed so far in the Methodist Episcopal Church in recent years, notes the New York *Christian Advocate*, of that denomination, that sex is no bar to admission to the orders of local deacon or local elder. Women may also serve as "supply" pastors, which in many cases is not different from full ministerial service, except that the pastor is not a member of an Annual Conference. There is a strong Methodist strain in the United Church of Canada, but it has not yet opened the ministry to women. However, we read, a committee which has been considering the question is now recommending "that the diaconate of women be recognized by the United Church as an order of the ministry, with authority to perform such pastoral duties as may be required, and in particular to teach, to preach and, where necessary, to baptize." Also that "women, manifestly called of God and adequately trained, be ordained to this office." We read on:

"It is further announced that if this should become the law of the Canadian Church, the name of deaconess will in the future be conferred only upon those who, according to this plan, shall be ordained to the diaconate. This is a departure from our own plan, which does not require ordination for strictly deaconess work, tho deaconesses may, of course, become 'deacons' and, since 1924, have been eligible to ordination as 'elders.' The committee further recommends that no action be now taken toward the ordination of women to the 'ministry of the Word and Sacraments.' One of the wrinkles not yet ironed out in the United Church relates to the place of women in local chur government of churches which, prior to union, were Presbyteri In such churches women were ineligible to election as members the session, and it is the opinion of the committee that they ca not be so admitted unless the law is changed, tho women may be members of Presbytery, Conference and General Council, and in churches which were formerly Methodist or Congregational, they have equal status with men in local official boards."

A MEMORIAL FOR BROTHERLY LOVE

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY of Drew Theological Seminary, the great educational foundation at Madison, New Jersey, which for sixty years has been devoted solely to the training of Christian ministers and mission workers, has been opened by a gift from Leonard D. and Arthur J. Baldwin, of East Orange. The two brothers, members of the law firm of Griggs, Baldwin and Baldwin, of New York City, have donated, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, $500,000 to establish a College of Liberal Arts, to be known as Brothers College, and an endowment of $1,000,000. As a result of this gift, the seminary, it is announced by President Ezra Squier Tipple, will be expanded into a university, and be known as Drew University. The name, Brothers College, we read, was selected to commemorate the relationship so nearly ideal which has existed for many years between the two brothers who are making the college possible. From early manhood they have been brothers in the fullest sense, entering and graduating from college together, entering business together, sharing their successes and their failures, holding their property in common, belonging to the same church, and bringing up their families under the same roof. "It is," says the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "touching and significant that they ask no other memorial than that the college which they are bringing into existence shall perpetuate this precious relationship by bearing the name of 'Brothers.'" The same two brothers, it may be noted, are giving generously of their time and money to Broadway Temple, the great Methodist "cathedral" of New York City.

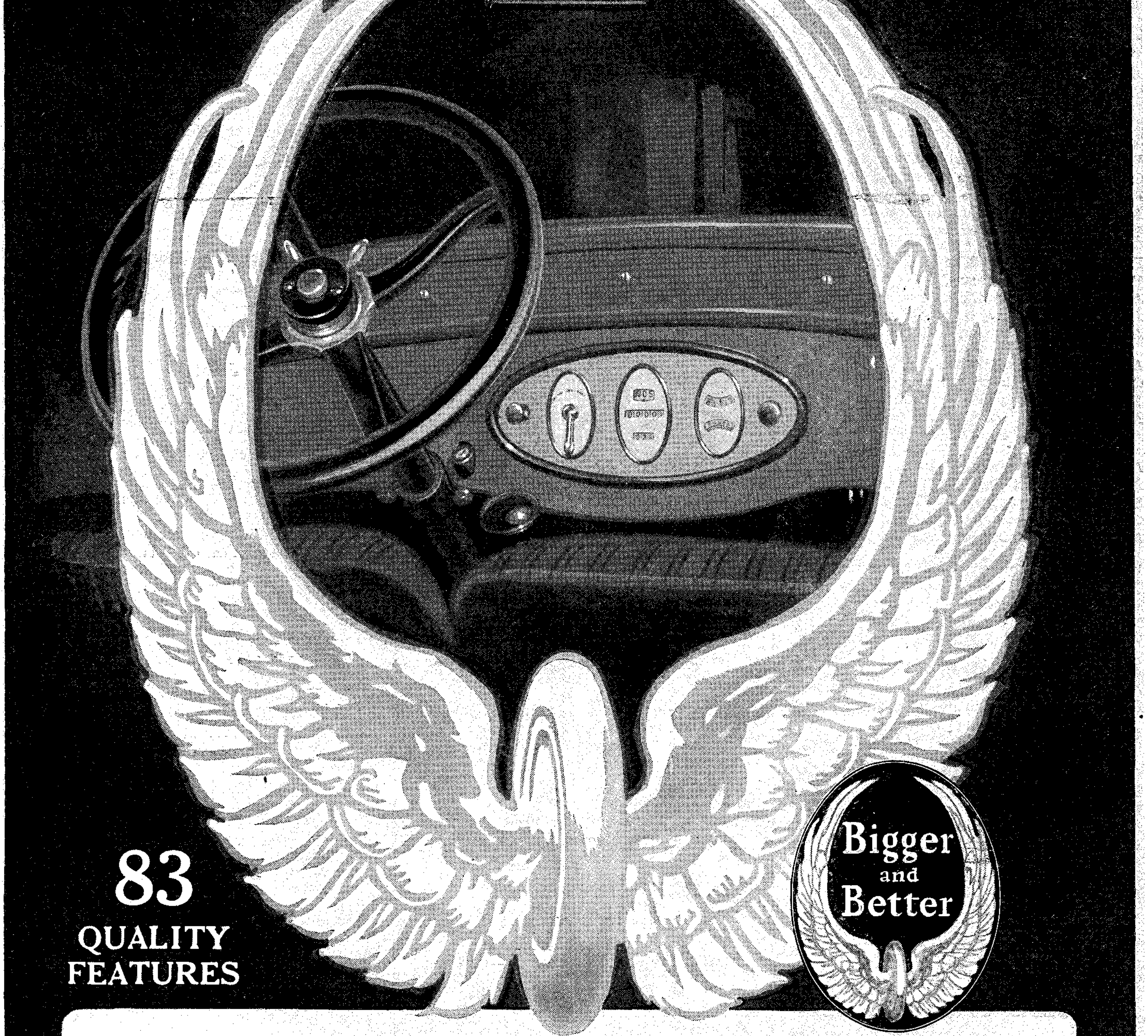


EXEMPLARS OF BROTHERLY LOVE

Arthur J. and Leonard D. Baldwin, who commemorate their unbroken and ideal relationship by founding and endowing a college of Liberal Arts, to be known as Brothers College, for what is now to be expanded into Drew University.

Of the change in ministerial training, *The Advocate* notes:

"Within recent years Andover Seminary has migrated to Cambridge, Berkeley to New Haven, the Protestant Episcopal School in Chicago to Evanston. In our own church, Concord Institute, became part of Boston University, Garrett sits beside Northwestern, Iliff beside Denver, Kimball beside Willamette, Gammon beside Clark. Drew has remained the only isolated divinity school, and even Drew long ago found it necessary to associate itself with metropolitan universities in order that undergraduates seeking instruction in subjects outside the seminary curriculum might be served. 'Brothers College,' on the Drew campus, will remedy this condition. It will, moreover, serve the public by providing a much-needed educational center in the midst of the swarming population of northern New Jersey."



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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

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It might perhaps be called an epitome of Irish roads that Mr. Colum gives us in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin). It fits in very pat with our season of Irish visitors, Æ and Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. De Valera:

DUBLIN ROADS

By Padraic Colum

When you were a lad that lacked a trade,
Oh, many's the thing you'd see on the way
From Kill-o'-the-Grange to Ballybrack,
And from Cabinteely down to Bray,
When you walked these roads the whole of a day.

High walls there would be to the left and right,
With ivies growing across the top,
And a briary ditch on the other side,
And a place where a quiet goat might crop,
And a wayside bench where a man could stop.

A hen that had found a thing in her sleep,
One would think, the way she went craw-craw-cree,
You would hear as you sat on the bench was there,
And a cock that thought he crew mightily,
And all the stir of the world would be

A cart that went creaking along the road,
And another cart that kept coming a-near;
A man breaking stones: for bits of the day
One stroke on another would come to you clear,
And then no more from that stone-breaker.

With head bent to the stone, or lifted up
To watch the sky, he sat there alone,
A cobbler that didn't mend, but broke;
The dazzles would come from his heap of stone,
When, after the rain, the sun it shone.

And you'd leave him there, that stone-breaker,
And you'd wonder who came to see what was done
By him in a day, or a month, or a week:
He broke a stone and another one,
And you left him there, and you travelled on.

A quiet road! You would get to know
The briars and stones along by the way;
A dozen times you'd see last year's nest;
A peacock's cry, a pigeon astray
Would be marks enough to put on a day;

Or the basket-carriers you would meet:
A man and a woman—they were a pair!
The woman going beside his heel:
A straight-walking man with a streak of him bare,
And eyes that would give you a crafty stare.

Coming down from the hill they'd have ferns to sell,
Going up from the strand, they'd have cockles in stock;
Sand in their baskets from the sea,
Or clay that was stripped from a hillside rock—
A pair that had often stood in the dock!

Or a man that played on a tin-whistle:
He looked as he'd taken a scarecrow's rig;
Playing and playing as though his mind
Could do nothing else but go to a jig,
And no one around him, little or big.

And you'd meet no man else until you came
Where you could look down upon the sedge,
And watch the Dargle water flow,
And men smoke pipes on the bridge's ledge,
While a robin sang by the haws in a hedge.

Or no bird sang, and the bird-catchers
Would have talk enough for a battle gained,
When they came from a field and stood by the bridge,
Taking shelter beside it while it rained,
While the bird new-caught huddled and strained.

Then men would come by with a rick of hay
Piled on a cart; with them you would be
Walking beside the piled-up load:
It would seem as it left the horses free,
They went with such stride and so heartly.

And so you'd go back along the road.

It may be recalled that Browning wrote "I am quiet as old age to-night" when he had years and years ahead of him. Such moods invade the young, for luxury's sake, perhaps, like this from *The Saturday Review* (London):

SUPER FLUMINA

By Edward Davison

Like a man going blind,
Who watches some beloved face
Furtively now for smiles he cannot trace—
I, no less unresigned,
Dubious or ashamed,
Remember loves and friendships time has dimmed.

Women and men whose sweet
Companionship was the last rose
That Youth tossed to me when she fled my blows;
Whom never again to meet
Were a less pitiful chance
Than to be met with an indifferent glance.

They, too, remember, they
Fear change, waste, loss, no less than I;
The very trees and streams they wander by
Recall our yesterday.
In Babylon no tree,
No stream refreshes nor yet comforts me.

Satiated with the farthermost West the spirit often turns about East, as this in the New York *Times*, and takes a tourist steamer—if one can:

THE GATE OF CLOUDS

By Jessie Stanford

The gate of clouds swings slowly to and fro:
 The magic keys the sentinel seasons hold;
Behold! beyond Olympus' crown of snow
 The land of dreams in majesty unrolled.

Brighter than gems, softer than virgin gold,
 The nacreous splendor's palpitating glow;
To lands so fair pace pilgrims, young and old;
 The gate of clouds swings slowly to and fro.

See! Through the gate comes Dian with her bow,
 Hiding 'mong mountain pines from lovers bold;
There broods my muse mid flowers' perpetual blow;
 The magic keys the sentinel seasons hold.

There Beauty breathes superb in faultless mold,
 And Muses harp their charmed music's flow!
And Graces teach, all statuesquely stoled,
 Behold! beyond Olympus' crown of snow.

Lands of the Orient, in clouds arow—
 Visions of earth in heavenly mirage scrolled—
From scenes so fair, oh, Fate, why hold me so
 The land of dreams in majesty unrolled?

Fain would I see its beauties manifold:
 Ere Eden's matchless glories I shall know,
And bathe my soul in essence—bliss untold—
 Prepare me here, sweet Muse, and open throw
  The gate of clouds!

This may be a welcome gift to many and they have *The Sunday Times* (London) to thank:

A WINTER BIRTHDAY

By Kathleen Lee

Now in the silence of the earth
 Before the spring,
For all the blessings of my birth
 My thanks I bring.

Thou, Lord, hast crownèd me with stars,
 And set alight
Clear-burning fires to melt the bars
 Of chilling blight.

Thou hast withdrawn me from past stress
 To a green place,
Where books and homely happiness
 Are means of grace.

As the sun gilds the winter skies
 With sudden gleams,
So Thou hast let me realize
 My youthful dreams.

These are Thy birthday gifts to me,
 And I would pray
That I may never knowingly
 Thy love betray.

If prayers like flowers bloom
 About Thy Throne,
May my thanksgiving have the room,
 O Lord, of one.

In a slender volume, "Sea-Drinking Cities" (Harper & Brothers), occur such jocund fancies as this:

BACKYARD PÆAN

By Josephine Pinckney

So still the day from crack of dawn
The air is like a breath indrawn

For gladness, leaving wide and high
A space between the earth and sky

Full of sparrows dancing jigs
Dizzily on precarious twigs,

And capering smoke abruptly shot
Upward from each stiff chimney-pot.

Bright earth rings with thumping feet
And vendors' voices in the street:

The vegetable woman's tread
Halts while she twirls upon her head

Her carrot-basket, yellow-winking;
The iceman's giant tongs are clinking;

The dogs augment their simple joys
By biting the colored butcher-boys.

The Harp (Larned, Kansas) is one of our flourishing mid-West magazines, and the contributors to the January-February number are practically all from out there, but this one catches the authentic note of a foreign land:

AN IRISH MOTHER'S WAIL

By Katherine Edelman

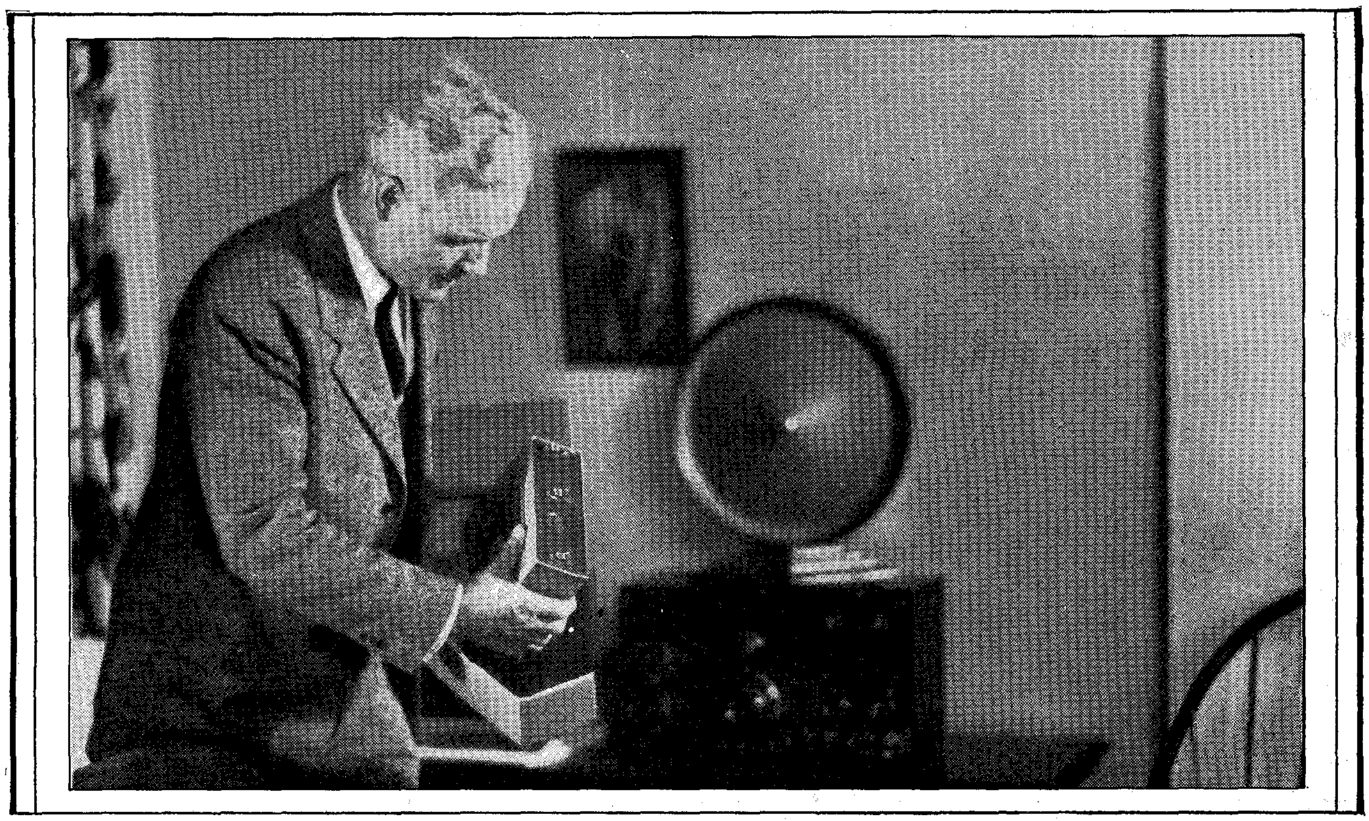
I'm looking on Gweebarra Bay, looking on the sea,
 Thinking of the day he went, the grand and gallant lad!
Remembering with heartbreak how he used to smile at me,
 Thinking of the rollicking and happy way he had.

I'm looking on the empty sea that carried him afar—
 How cold it was that morning!—a fog lay on the bay—
The moor was hushed and desolate, the little birds were still,
 And Aghla hid its crest in gloom to see him sail away.

I'm looking on Gweebarra Bay, lonesome past belief,
 Hoping, though all hope is dead, as only mothers do,
Praying on my old brown beads—(Mary, too, knew grief!)
 That sometime, out of somewhere, his ship will come to view.

Buy radio batteries with what it saves.

By using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c instead of costlier dentifrices, there is an average yearly saving of $3 per person. With this a man may purchase extra radio batteries, tubes, silk hose, ties, etc. A woman may buy silk stockings, handkerchiefs, perfume and many other items.



A finer tooth paste— yet 25¢ the large tube

You see it all around you—the effect of efficiency and mass production . . . wonderful motor cars at surprisingly low prices . . . household appliances now costing half what they used to. Such a tendency was bound to extend to the tooth paste field.

That is why, today, we can offer you a first class dentifrice—at 25c *for a large tube.* It is called Listerine Tooth Paste.

In our opinion, after fifty years of study of tooth and mouth troubles, it is the ideal tooth paste for all types of teeth.

In addition to certain ingredients for the proper care of teeth, mouth and gums, it contains a marvelous new polishing agent, which reduces brushing to a minimum . . . the speediest dentifrice known.

In the last six months, thousands have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. Having proved that it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time, they have discarded older dentifrices costing sometimes twice as much. They apply the saving to buying things they want.

We urge you to try this new dentifrice obtainable from any druggist. If you are not delighted with its results and its economy, you will be the exception. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

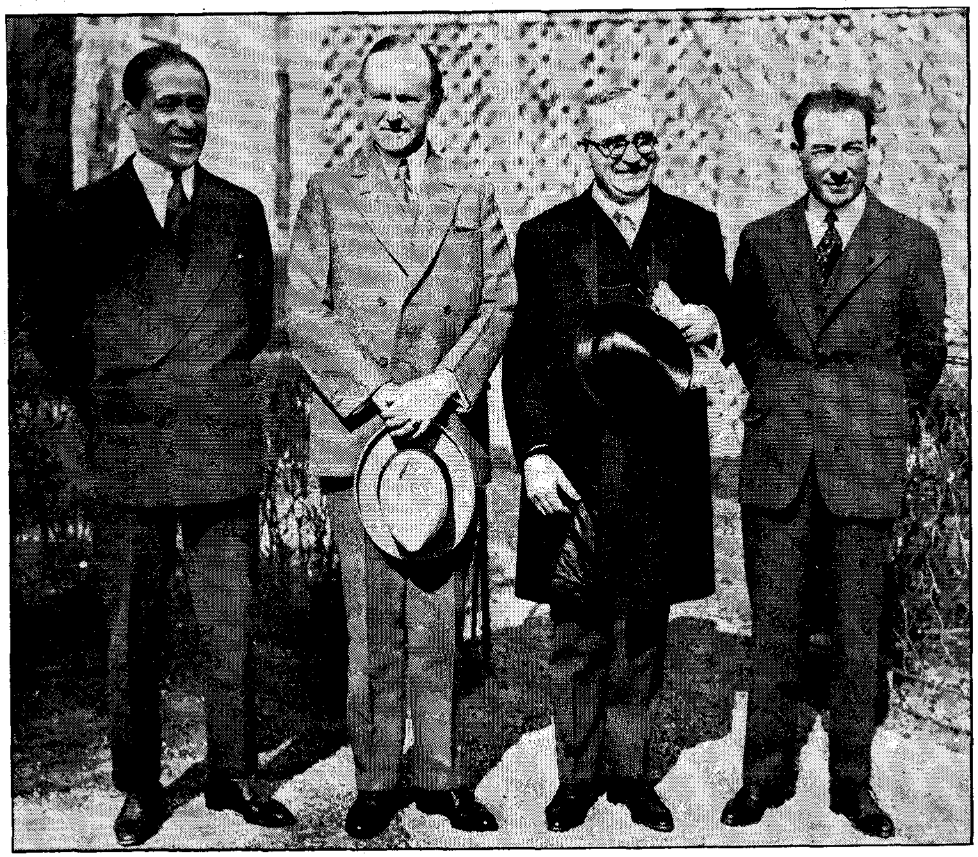
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Large tube
25¢

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

FINISHING THE TASK OF NUNGESSER AND COLI

THE DUST OF FOUR CONTINENTS was on the landing gear of a great, green dragon-fly of a French biplane, when it swooped to earth the other day at the U. S. Army airdrome, Mitchel Field, Long Island—"concluding," records the New York *Herald Tribune*, "one of the longest and most remarkable air trips in the history of aviation." Painted on the side of the olive-green fuselage was the airplane's name—*Nungesser-Coli*—and we learn that the naming of it in honor of the lost French aces was a "graceful gesture" on the part of their former comrades, Capt. Dieudonné Costes and Lieut.-Com. Joseph Lebrix, who like to refer to their own recent rambling flight of some 23,000 miles as a "completion" of the pilgrimage of the ill-starred Nungesser and Coli. Summarizing their achievement, the New York *Evening Post* declares that it "wins them a secure place among the little group of pioneer flyers who made such spectacular aerial history during 1927. Their flight across the South Atlantic from St. Louis, Senegal, to Port Natal, Brazil, marked merely the first stage of an intercontinental tour which has carried them some 23,000 miles in less than 216 hours actual flying time. There are few other tours by a single plane which can compare with this marvelous record." The flight of Costes and Lebrix was notable among other things for punctuality of departures and arrivals, remarks the New York *Sun*, continuing:


International Newsreel photograph

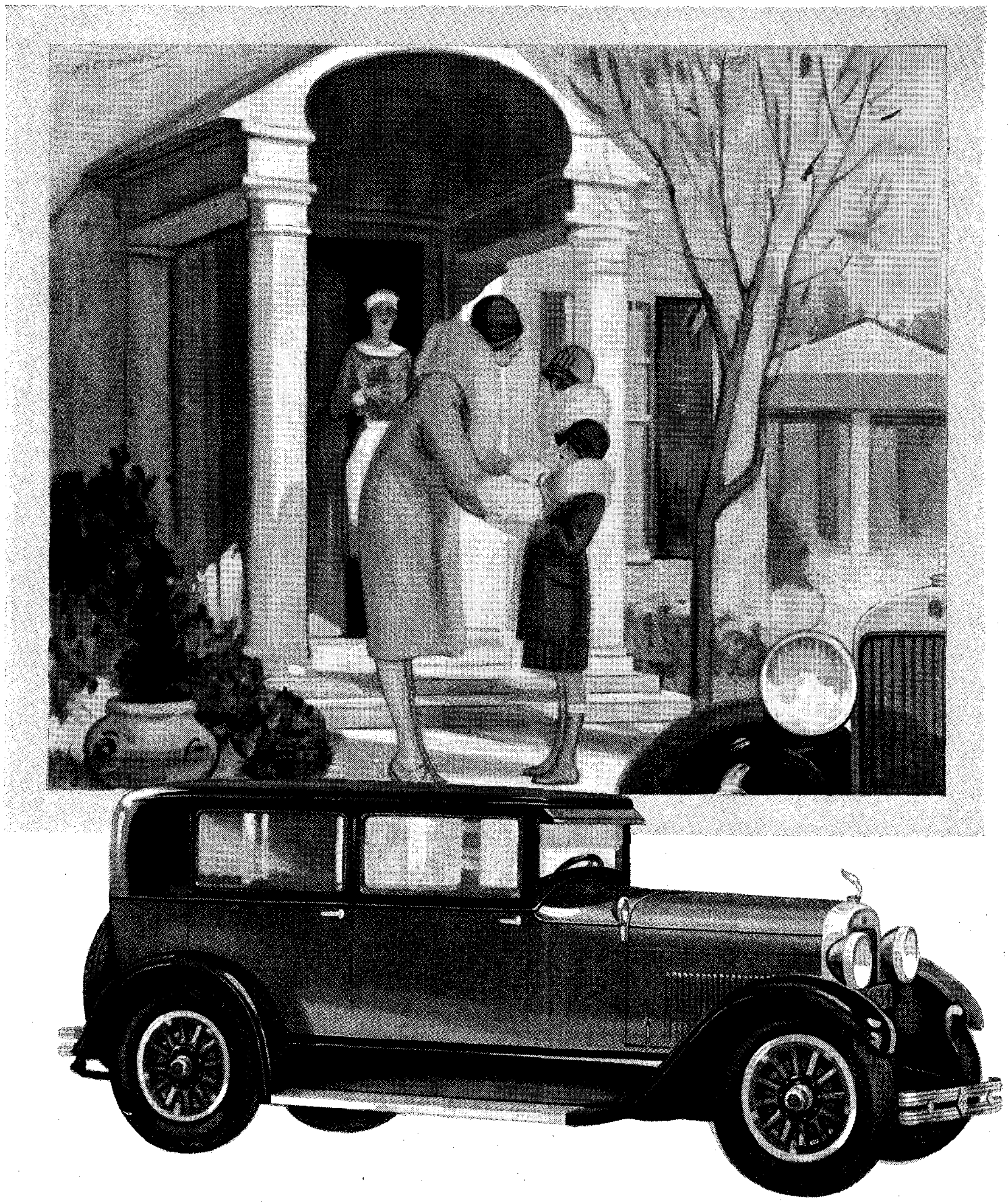
INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

President Coolidge has just congratulated the French aces on their great achievement. From left to right the figures are: Captain Costes, the President, Ambassador Claudel, of France, and Lieutenant-Commander Lebrix, the navigator of the *Nungesser-Coli* on her long voyage.

> The record is creditable to the structural excellence of the machine in which they flew, but a perfect aggregation of wood and metal, glass and linen would be dead and useless were it not piloted and controlled by such worthy human beings as are these representatives of France, who with characteristic grace undertook their flight with the avowed object of completing the task of courageous Nungesser and Coli, the tragedy of whose deaths will ever stir the admiration of those who pay tribute to bravery.

Before flying to New York, the French aces made a halt in Washington, where they received congratulations from President Coolidge and were treated with distinguished consideration by the Senate and House of Representatives. As the Washington *Star* tells us:

> The first activity of the airmen after breakfasting at the Carlton Hotel, where they are staying during their visit here, was to journey to Bolling Field and make a short survey of their Breguet plane, *Nungesser-Coli*, which is housed in a hangar set aside exclusively for it, and which they found in excellent condition.
>
> Accompanied by Maj. Georges Thenault, war-time commander of the Lafayette Escadrille and air attaché of the French embassy, the flyers were whisked away in an automobile to Arlington National Cemetery, where they honored the memory of the Unknown Soldier by placing a wreath on the tomb and standing in silent tribute for a few moments.
>
> Returning to the embassy, they were joined by Ambassador Paul Claudel and taken to the White House, where they were presented to President Coolidge. The President greeted them heartily, congratulated them on being the first birdmen to make a trans-atlantic flight from the mainland of Africa to the mainland of South America, and express pleasure in their safe arrival here after a hazardous flight yesterday from Maxwell Field. The President then posed with the visitors and the Ambassador for news photographers on the lawn outside the White House.
>
> Lieutenant-Commander Lebrix, in a conversation with newspaper men to-day, said he cabled his mother "our delight to arrive here." The navigator of the *Nungesser-Coli* declared, "We are particularly pleased to reach America, because we spent all last summer hoping to fly here directly across the North Atlantic."
>
> "But," he added, "we do not want to go back to Paris by plane, because Lindbergh has already done that. His flight was so 'chic' it would be useless repetition to follow him. After we get back to France perhaps we shall plan the east-to-west North Atlantic flight again. Who knows?"
>
> Returning to the present, Lebrix said: "We want to see America. We may fly as far as San Francisco after New York, probably stopping at a few of the biggest cities, perhaps Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, and Salt Lake City. After that we hope to go back to France by ship across the Pacific, but the arrangements are not yet definitely settled. At any rate, we shall not fly back either across the Atlantic or the Pacific."
>
> The flyer emphasized that this is not his first visit to America, explaining that in 1920, when a midshipman on the French naval training-ship *Jeanne d'Arc* he visited Annapolis, Washington, and New Orleans. "But I know nothing of American flying yet," he added, "and I have seen none of your commercial aviation development. We hope to do that on our way to San Francisco."
>
> On the flight from Maxwell Field, Alabama, begun at 9:10,



Essex Values Accumulate

ESSEX SEDAN
(4-Door)
$795

Coupe - $745
(Rumble Seat $30 extra)
Coach - $735
f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

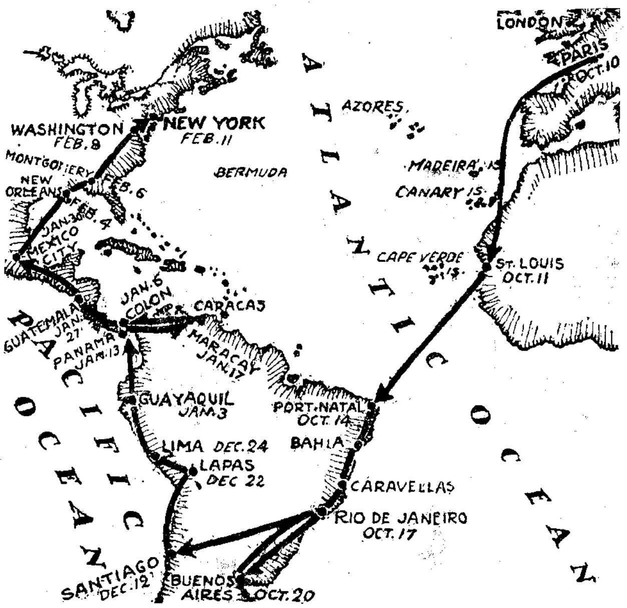
In the New Essex Super-Six you get the finest performance, comfort, beauty and reliability Essex ever offered—far excelling its predecessor which outsold any "Six" at or near the price by an overwhelming margin.

But, currently with the development of this finer car, have been built important supporting values in the great and permanent organization which distributes and services your Essex car.

Back of this Essex you buy, stands one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflect its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride it is to make Essex service as outstanding as the value of the car itself.

ESSEX SUPER SIX

Eastern standard time, and ending seven hours and eight minutes later on rain-soaked Bolling Field, Washington, the piloting and navigating of Costes and Lebrix served to double the admiration already held for them, as a result of their transatlantic flight, by experienced cross-country flyers in Washington, who held serious doubts that they would be able to reach the Capital in the face of such overwhelming odds.



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

THE WANDERINGS OF THE FLYERS SINCE THEY LEFT PARIS, ON OCTOBER 10

Leaving the Alabama military air field with a fuel supply capable of permitting twelve hours of sustained flight, the flyers, anxious to reach Washington, climbed above the clouds that hung low over the airdrome and disappeared. From that moment until the twelve Army and Navy escort planes, which had flown in dizzy circles above Fort Humphreys, Virginia, for an hour and fifteen minutes holding their promised rendezvous, sighted the Breguet plane, they had not been reported seen.

As the flyers, equipped with detailed maps given them by Army airmen at Maxwell Field, and their own navigating instruments, pushed on northeastward, no break in the low-hanging clouds offered an opportunity to get between them and the ground. They were aware that they were dangerously close to the mountains of the Appalachian range and hence they dared not descend too closely to the earth for fear of striking a crag or peak that undoubtedly would loom up suddenly before them.

So for 300 miles they flew without the slightest knowledge of what was below them in the event that their faithful Hispano-Suiza engine, which carried them from Paris and has roared without a break for 238 flying hours, developed trouble necessitating a forced landing. In this condition they might as well have been over the ocean, they said, only the ocean offered a softer place to land. The chances of recovery from a forced landing of either type were about equal.

Finally an opportunity came for them to get within sight of the ground, so they dropt to about sixty feet above the tree-tops. Then the mist, rain, and fog surrounded them again and in order to keep land in sight, which every airman prefers, they had to hold to this hazardous altitude.

"We couldn't see 100 feet ahead, to the left or to the right," Lebrix reported. This officer navigated while Costes piloted. The maps given them served little or no useful purpose owing to the fact that for the first 300 miles no landmarks were sighted to check, and on the remaining 500 miles it was just a case of "hedge-hopping." Hence, Lieutenant-Commander Lebrix's famed navigating ability once more was put to a useful purpose.

As they roared along over the tree-tops, the flyers expected momentarily to get a break in the muggy condition that surrounded them, but were unsuccessful. Now and then they passed through a clear area, but this was brief, considering the speed they traveled at. Engine failure at this low altitude meant landing straight ahead, regardless of the nature of the terrain, as they did not have sufficient height or visibility to cruise around and glide to a field of their choice. The parachutes which were installed in the *Nungesser-Coli* at Le Bourget airdrome, Paris, October 10, likewise were valueless at this low altitude.

On and on they flew, and so perfect was Lieutenant-Commander Lebrix's navigation that they struck Fort Humphreys "right on the nose," and found the official escort awaiting them.

Led by three Navy "Hawk" single-seated pursuit planes, and accompanied on either side and at the rear by the nine Army pursuit and observation craft, they flew into Washington, taking the official reception party by surprize as they plunged through the veil of mist that hung over the south end of the field.

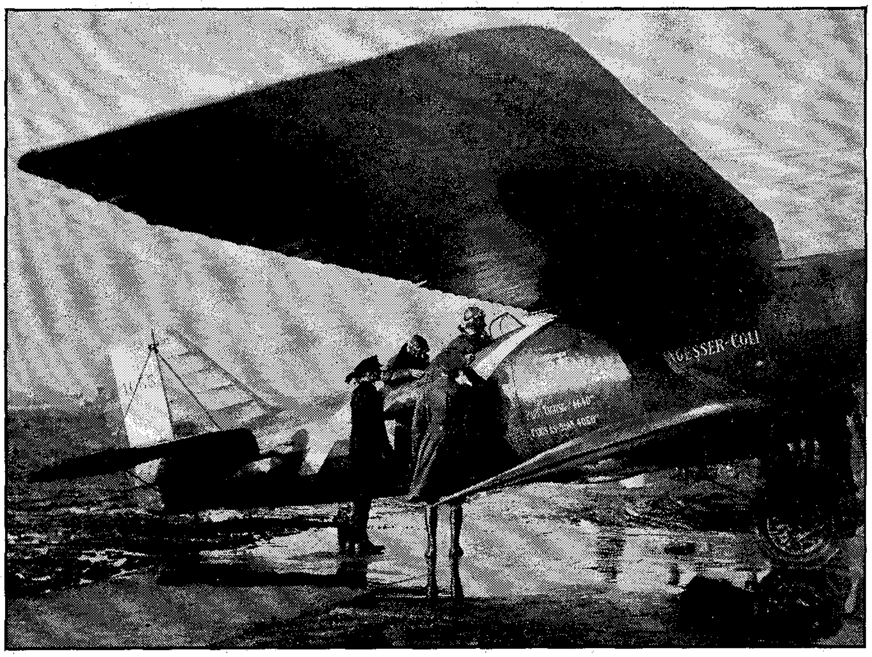
Down the airdrome the three "Hawks" flew at top speed, and as they came to a point opposite the reception party, they pulled up, broke formation and landed. The big Breguet dashed down the center of the field, and while preparing to land, several of the Army planes went down on the driest part of the field.

Taxying through a sea of mud that constituted part of the field, the olive-green plane drew up to the line. As its occupants climbed out they were greeted by Maj. Howard C. Davidson, Commandant of Bolling Field, and Lieut.-Com. Homer C. Wick, commanding the naval air station. Secretary of War Davis, host to the visiting flyers at the reception attending their arrival, and his guests, including Ambassador Claudel, his two daughters, Secretary Wilbur, Secretary Hoover, Assistant Secretaries Warner and MacCracken for aeronautics, General Pershing, Maj.-Gen. Charles P. Summerall, chief of staff; the chiefs of the Army Air Corps and of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics; members of Congress and numerous Army and Navy aviators in uniform, swarmed about the flyers.

Smiling and showing no signs of fatigue they acknowledged the warm reception, and were delighted with its sincerity, even tho the crowd was small. That ended the first tribute to the airmen from the American people, as exprest through its administrative officials.

When, a day or two later, the French flyers landed at Mitchel Field, New York, they were not only welcomed by Army and municipal officials, but, as the New York *Herald Tribune* relates:

Congratulations were offered them by famous American birdmen who, by virtue of their knowledge as pilots, had personal appreciation of the achievement of the French flyers, which the public at large seemed wholly unable to grasp.



P. & A. photograph

THE DRAGON-FLY AT REST IN BOLLING FIELD, WASHINGTON

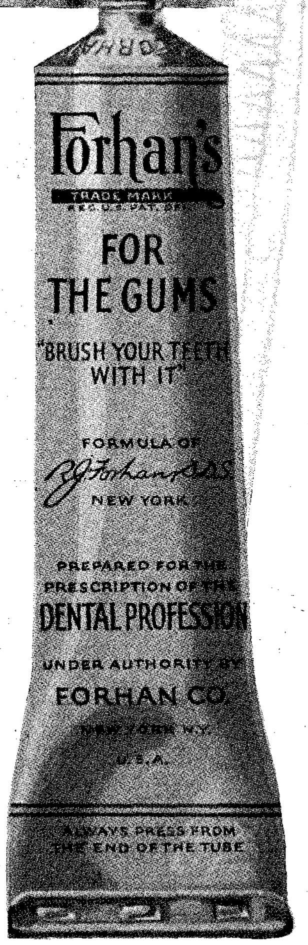
After visiting four continents on its 23,000-mile flight, the *Nungesser-Coli* became an object of perfectly natural curiosity and admiration.

Clarence Chamberlin waved a modest but enthusiastic welcome from the edge of the crowd, until a group of Army flyers found him and forced him through the throng and into the reach of the

(*Continued on page 41*)

Obviously safe with teeth so glistening white YET.

PYORRHEA *gets 4 out of 5*



WHAT a pity it is that so few of us give more than passing thought to health! It is priceless, yet we neglect it. And frequently this utter disregard causes endless trouble. Under the stress and strain of modern living, of too much work and too little rest, health breaks down. It surrenders to a foe that never fights in the open—the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea).

Even though teeth may be ever so white, Pyorrhea takes its toll. Because it ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. Too few men and women are aware of this. And as a result, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are Pyorrhea's victims. According to figures of well-known dental clinics, this percentage is even higher.

What unfair odds!

For with a little care you can keep teeth white and clean and gums healthy. Just see your dentist twice each year. Have him examine teeth and gums thoroughly. And today, start the regular morning and night use of Forhan's.

Gently and safely, this dentifrice cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. Also it protects them against acids which cause decay.

And, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound and healthy. And, as you know, healthy gums resist the attack of dangerous infections such as Pyorrhea.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, used by dentists in the treatment of gum infections.

Instead of waiting for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen, take these precautionary measures to safeguard health. Start using Forhan's. Morning and night brush teeth and gums with it. Teach your children this good habit. Get Forhan's from your druggist today. In tubes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

We Were Right

The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

Your Teeth Are Only As Healthy As Your Gums

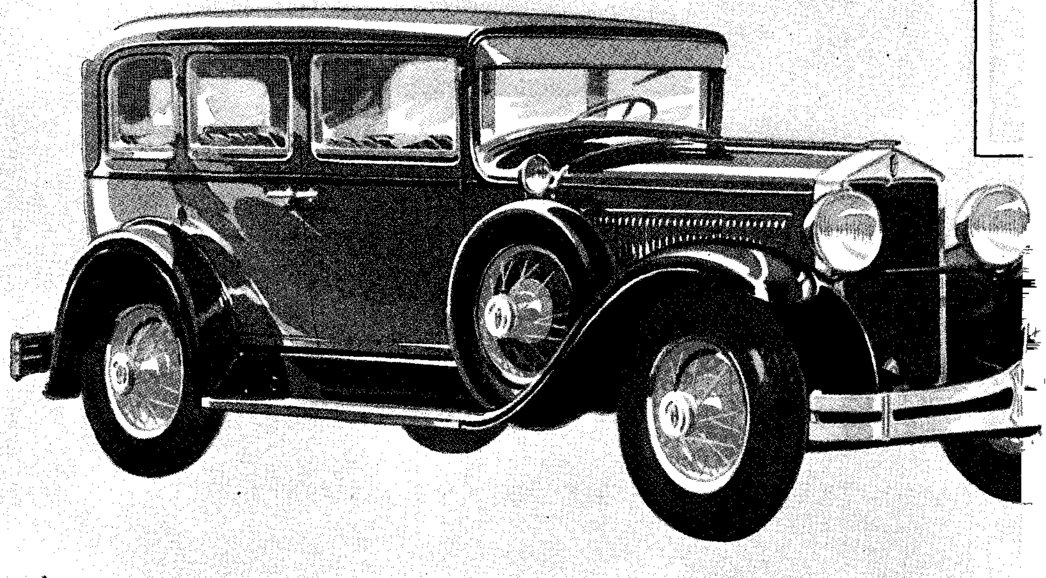
Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

THIS CENTURY
NO FINER

ALMOST everyone now recognizes the far-reaching new significance bestowed upon Hupmobile during the last few months. ℭFirst appeared the new Six of the Century, rousing buying enthusiasm over night as in the early days of the industry. ℭClosely following it, came the new Century Eight, repeating and duplicating in the straight-eight field the unprecedented sales records set up by the Six.

The SIX *of the Century*



All the advanced engineering features, the refinements and luxury of the new Cen

HUPM

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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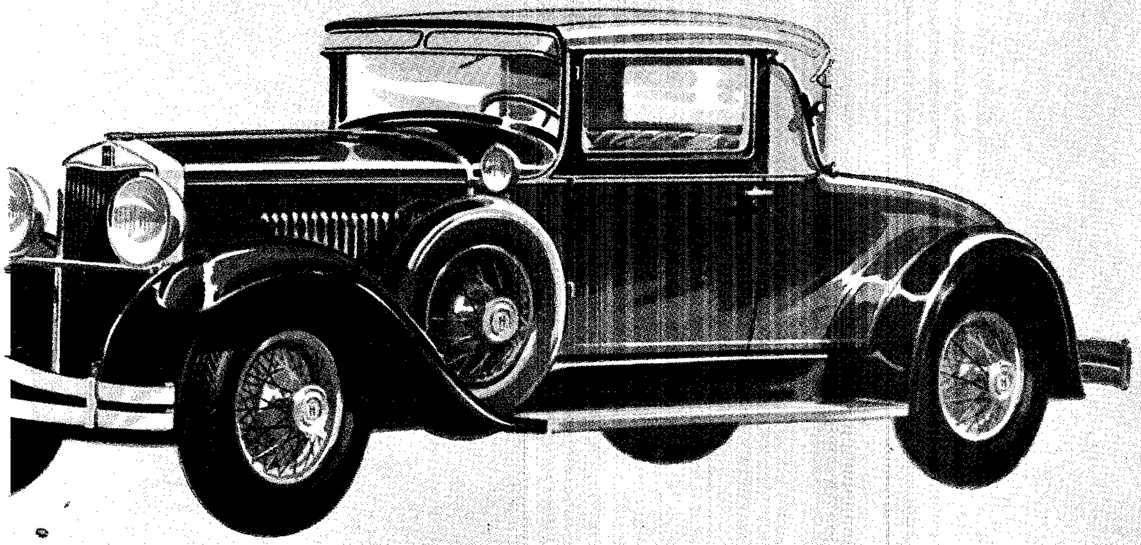
LUES

The NEW
ENTURY EIGHT



The advent of these two cars, and their constantly mounting popularity, establish conclusively that this century—with all its marvelous motor car development—has produced no finer values than these. ❡You have only to see the newly-created Hupmobile beauty, and test the performance and the luxury of the type you prefer, to find your own opinion joined with the judgment of thousands of their owners.

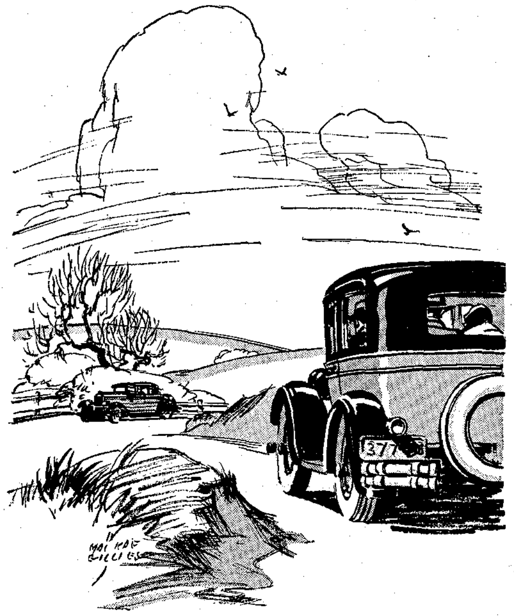
incorporated also in the Distinguished {125-inch wheel-base} Hupmobile Eight

BILE

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Some say: "It's light" others say: "It's heavy"

. . . so how can YOU choose oil?



WHEN you buy merely "a quart of oil" what do you get? You don't know. The dealer may not know. Only the refiner knows. There are no fixed standards.

A recent test showed: *seven* so-called "medium" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "heavy"!

And *six* so-called "heavy" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "extra heavy"!

Suppose your engine is built for a "medium" oil. You may ask for "medium" and get "heavy." What happens? Your engine may waste gallons of gasoline every year to overcome piston drag. Or you may ask for "medium" and get "light." Then your engine consumes oil excessively.

In either case you get lubrication that is seriously inadequate.

In today's congested traffic, constant stops and starts put a new strain on your engine.

And today's improved highways have increased average driving speeds—and increased engine heat.

These new conditions call for a new margin of safety in lubricating oil.

You get that margin of safety when you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.

Mobiloil is produced from crudes chosen for their *lubricating* value and not for gasoline yield. And Mobiloil is made by the largest and most experienced specialists in lubrication.

Mobiloil was used by Col. Lindbergh on his New York-to-Paris flight and his Washington-to-Mexico City flight—by Commander Byrd on his expedition to the North Pole—by U. S. Army Round-the-World fliers throughout their trip.

It pays to be sure. Ask for Mobiloil according to the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It is the cheapest to use!

YOUR guide— If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's, and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

(*Continued from page 36*)

French aviators' hands, and there he was introduced in garbled and slightly unintelligible French phrases, which, nevertheless, seemed to serve.

A few minutes later Floyd Bennett, who piloted Com. Richard E. Byrd to the North Pole, and Bernt Balchen, who was relief pilot in Commander Byrd's transatlantic air expedition of last year, came through the group and grasped the hands of the French pilots.

Balchen and Bennett had taken off from Teterboro Field in two Fokker planes earlier in the morning, to greet the French birdmen in the air, but had missed them because of the low visibility. Capt. René Fonck also was on the field, and congratulated his fellow countrymen.

The *Nungesser-Coli* is a sturdy mechanical bird. Two planes of a similar design were seen at Mitchel Field in 1925, when they took first and second place in the principal military contest of the National Air Races of that year.

This plane has flown a total of 67,000 miles since its construction, nearly twice the distance flown to date by the famous *Spirit of St. Louis*. Before Costes and Lebrix took off in it, on October 6 last, for New York, it had been flown from Paris to Siberia and back, from Paris to Persia and return, and from the French capital to Egypt and return. Its motor has had a total of 243 hours in the air.

At a brief interview which the French pilots gave, Lebrix, who speaks English rather well, acted as interpreter, and referred all questions to Costes, who was the pilot of the flight. Lebrix was the navigator, therefore he insisted that his air companion answer the questions.

Asked if they planned to make a non-stop flight back to Paris across the North Atlantic, Costes said, "your Lindbergh has done that so magnificently, there could be no reason for us to try our poor ability at it."

Costes then related many incidents, interspersed with technical explanations of their various trips which had taken them from Europe to Africa, across the south Atlantic to South America and up the Pan-American airway recently flown by Colonel Lindbergh. He exprest his gratitude for the Army plane escort which met them at the Mexican border, and exprest regret that the fog and rain had prevented Lebrix and himself from flying into the United States with their flying guides. Costes said that as to a flight across the country from New York to San Francisco, before return to Europe, he had gotten no further than considering such an undertaking.

At the conclusion of the formalities at Mitchel Field, with its small crowd, which indicated little in the way of hospitality and general interest when compared to the wild and surging mobs which decamped on Le Bourget Field when Lindbergh arrived there last summer, the Frenchmen were escorted to the waiting cars provided by the reception committee, and were brought into New York with dispatch and celerity.

The automobile parade which the official party made entered Manhattan through Fifty-seventh Street, and reached Fifth Avenue just at noon. All traffic was held up as the party sped south, under motor-cycle escort, through a silent wondering way on which not one French flag was unfurled.

There was no indication in the crowd of a consciousness of what these daring pilots had done: out of Paris, on October 10, to St. Louis on the coast of Africa in a non-stop flight of twenty-six hours and nineteen minutes, covering a distance of 2,920 miles; then out of St. Louis, across the Atlantic to Natal, Brazil, in nineteen hours and forty-five minutes, a distance of 2,115 miles, an all-water jump, which exceeds by many miles the total distance which Lindbergh flew over water in crossing from Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland while on his way to Paris; from Natal to Carvellas, of October 16, a distance of 900 miles; from Carvellas to Rio de Janeiro, 465 miles; to Pelotas, Brazil, 900 more miles, and many similar flights through South America.

But at the Hotel Brevoort, the French colony of New York, which has arranged plans to show the appreciation of the French people in New York of their wonderful achievement, Costes and Lebrix found a warmer, more whole-hearted reception. The corridors of the hotel were jammed with excited throngs seeking to catch a glimpse of the stocky, genial Costes and his quieter, easy-smiling air companion.

The French pilots were the guests of honor at a luncheon at the hotel, where 400 members of the French colony in New York paid tribute to their flying skill.

The French aviators spoke in their native tongue. Lieutenant Lebrix, reiterating the sentiment exprest earlier by Costes that the eastward flight across the Atlantic had been done as well as any one could hope to do it by Lindbergh, added that they were considering a non-stop flight from Paris to New York upon their return to France. They had planned such a flight last summer, he said, but inclement weather had forced one postponement after another, until finally the long southern route was chosen.

At a reception to the French aces in the City Hall, a notable group of American flyers assembled in their honor. As *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

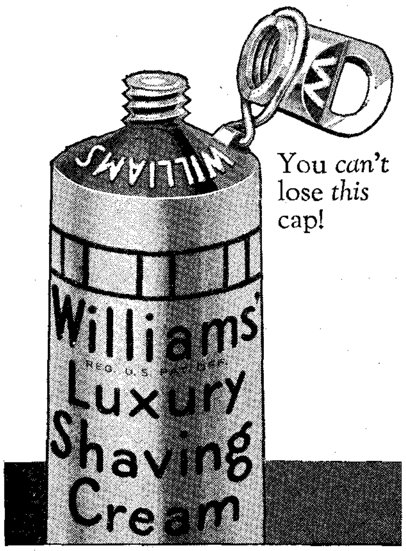
> Among those at the reception were Com. Richard E. Byrd and Bert Acosta, of the crew of the *America;* Clarence L. Chamberlin, and Charles A. Levine, of the Bellanca plane, which flew to Germany. René Fonck, Maxine Mongendre, French Consul-General to America, and representatives of various French societies in New York, participated. Edward L. Stanton, acting as chairman of the Reception Committee, presented the French flyers to the Mayor.
>
> Costes, speaking for himself and his comrade, addrest the Mayor in French. He referred to their "comrade," Colonel Lindbergh, who brought the "Salute of America" to France, and said that he and Lebrix in turn were bringing the "Salute of France" to New York.
>
> Mayor Walker called the two Frenchmen "valentines from the air," of an instructive, attractive, and thrilling nature. He extended to them a hearty welcome and the freedom of the city.
>
> Referring to the other aviators present, the Mayor remarked that if the *Spirit of St. Louis* were there, "it would seem as if we had with us all the outstanding characters and personalities of this age at the same moment in the City Hall."
>
> Consul-General Mongendre said that besides the historical significance of the two aerial visits to Paris and New York, those of Lindbergh and the two French aviators, they had widely opened the road to economic relations between France and the United States.

DYNAMITING A LOG JAM

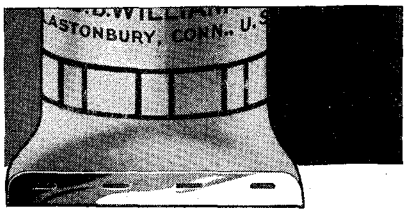
HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN KILLED before his eyes in a log jam, and he had faced a similar death himself. Yet old Joe McIlroy, veteran of forty-odd years of river driving, referred to it calmly enough as he and Arthur Grahame, who describes the scene in *The Popular Science Monthly*, watched the timber piling up in Rapid River. As we read:

> "You've been wantin' to see a log jam," old Joe shouted in my ear. "Well, there's the beginnin' of a dandy. That there ledge is the worst spot in this whole six-mile stretch of white water that's been the devil's own delight ever since they began to drive down it. If the tender-out don't get on the job in a hurry and make the boys sweat blood, you'll see as bad a jam as there's ever been on this river—and there's been plenty. Want to see it closer to? Come on with you, then."
>
> Sixty-odd years and rheumatism—the riverman's deadliest enemy—notwithstanding, he set off along the rough trail at a pace it taxed me to follow. The trail swung away from the river—but not out of earshot of its roar—into the warm stillness of the woods; then, after a hundred yards, back to the river. In the few minutes that we had lost sight of it, the jam had increased tenfold. It was an uneven, bulging wall of grinding, groaning logs extending across the narrow river. Water shot its way through the many crevices in this wall, but behind it more water, and thousands of logs, were piling up.
>
> High on the bank above the jam, we broke into a small clearing in which stood a rough shack; a man emerged from the brush across the open space from us. He was a lean, slabsided man, whose long, solemn face the winds and suns of many seasons had tanned to the rich, even brown of a long-used saddle. He gave us a brief glance, then turned his clear gray eyes to the jam. After a moment he spoke, with a Yankee drawl and in the gentle voice of the Maine woodsman.
>
> "You can't trust this old devil of a river a minute," he observed without malice. "I just went up-stream a piece to help the boys out with a little hang-up—and now look at this." He strode to a telephone on the side of the shack and spoke calmly into the transmitter.
>
> "He's the tender-out," old Joe informed me. "It's his job to watch the river here and see that the logs are runnin' free. Old-timer on the river—all the tenders-out are. It's a right important job."
>
> The tender-out took up his pickpole—a twelve-foot ash shaft with a steel tip fashioned auger-wise, so a man could thrust it into a log, give it a twist, and then pull the timber as he scrambled down the bank. Now the wall of logs was damming back most of the river's flow, and the water's roar was changed to a sullen murmur that mingled with the cracking and groaning of the logs beneath the terrific pressure. So little water flowed below the jam that the tender-out was able to leap from boulder to boulder into midstream. Then, facing the treacherous, trembling timber rising far above his head, soaked by the

"*Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams*"



The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



"Leaves Faces Fit?"

Yes. Why not? It ought to. Eighty-eight years of specialized study have gone into its making.

There is no magic in it. *(Nor any bunk!)* It will not turn a dull blade sharp. But it makes dull blades *seem* less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And, super-mild (yes, just that, *super* mild) it soothes while it softens; tones up facial tissues; gently cleanses facial pores. Makes shaving easy. *Leaves Faces Fit!*

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Company,
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Next time say
"**Williams**
Shaving Cream
please!"

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made for after-shaving. *Keeps* the face Fit all day.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

icy water that spurted spitefully from between the logs, he began to prod and pull with his pickpole at the tangled mass, searching for the jam's key-log.

"I saw my brother killed that way," said old Joe. "That was twenty years ago, up north of here on the Swift Diamond. He found the key-log all right, and loosened it—but he couldn't get clear in time. Little the logs and the rocks left of him. We picked his body out of a shallow ten miles down. . . . Mighty close that I came to going the same way down there on the Androscoggin, right below Errol Dam. I was on top of a jam, shovin' logs over, when out she went with me. All hell broke loose. I saw nothin' but white water and grindin' logs—and then there I was standin' on a big saw log with my peavy in my hands and ridin' pretty in a quiet pool.

"Back in those days there was none better than me at ridin' the logs. Why, I mind once I rode one through an open sluice-gate, just to show off to my best girl. There's few that knows the trick now. Drives ain't what they used to be, and lumberjacks ain't either. There's not many left in these here woods that can use an ax even. A feller with a cross-cut saw can fell three trees to a good axman's one. I mind when—"

Mr. Grahame had been listening to old Joe with his eyes on the tender-out, "playing his desperate game of jackstraws down there below the face of the jam, pushing and pulling until the sweat ran down his brown cheeks and the pickpole bent in his hands." And now—

As he came leaping toward shore, there was a great to-do of shouting and singing in the brush, and a dozen lumberjacks strode into the clearing. Most of them were French-Canadians—husky young fellows, with dark faces and straight black hair and big-chested bodies—who wore gaudy mackinaw shirts, and carried pickpoles or peavies.

The tender-out came up the bank as they prepared to descend. "It's no good," he said to their foreman. "I'll have to blow her." From a box standing opened and handy at the door of his shack he took three yellow sticks of dynamite and a length of fuse, then went calmly back to the jam. Working unhurriedly and with method, he placed the "canned thunder" where it would do the most good, bent over the fuse a moment, and came unexcitedly back to shore.

We took to shelter. It seemed a long time before anything happened. Then dull thunder shook the earth, and giant logs, rent and splintered, were hurled high into the air. Before they could splash down again the eager current had seized on the logs behind them and hurried them on down-stream. In a few minutes, old Joe admitted unwillingly, the tender-out, with a few sticks of dynamite, had broken a jam that in "the good old days" would have resisted an entire driving crew for hours, and perhaps hung up the drive for days.

"They're using dynamite more every year," he grumbled. "It busts up a few logs, but it saves time, and time is worth more than logs these days, with lumberjacks paid higher than they used to."

Many times on the drives, Mr. Grahame heard that plaint of the old-timers, "Lumberjacks ain't what they used to be." He makes this comment on it:

Perhaps they aren't, but they still do a man's job in driving the logs down white water from where they are cut in the woods to the mills. Those that I watched at work and talked with in their wangans—"wangan" is lumberjack for camp—were neither so tough nor so heroic as the lumberjacks of fiction. River driving is a business, not a melodrama.

The business men at mahogany desks in steam-heated offices in Montreal and Portland and New York who pull the strings that send millions of logs rushing down northern rivers on the freshets of May and June do not think log driving is a declining business. Each year the woods crews must go deeper into the back country for their logs, so the tendency is toward longer drives and more efficient drives—drives that move faster and leave fewer logs stranded. Each year many thousands of dollars are spent improving the rivers that carry their drives—blasting away troublesome boulders, and building heavy crib work to keep the logs running free in the channels.

But about these dollar-and-cents details the lumberjack refuses to fret his carefree soul. He toils and eats his beans with a mighty appetite, and when the drive is down spends his pay in the time-honored fashion of his kind.

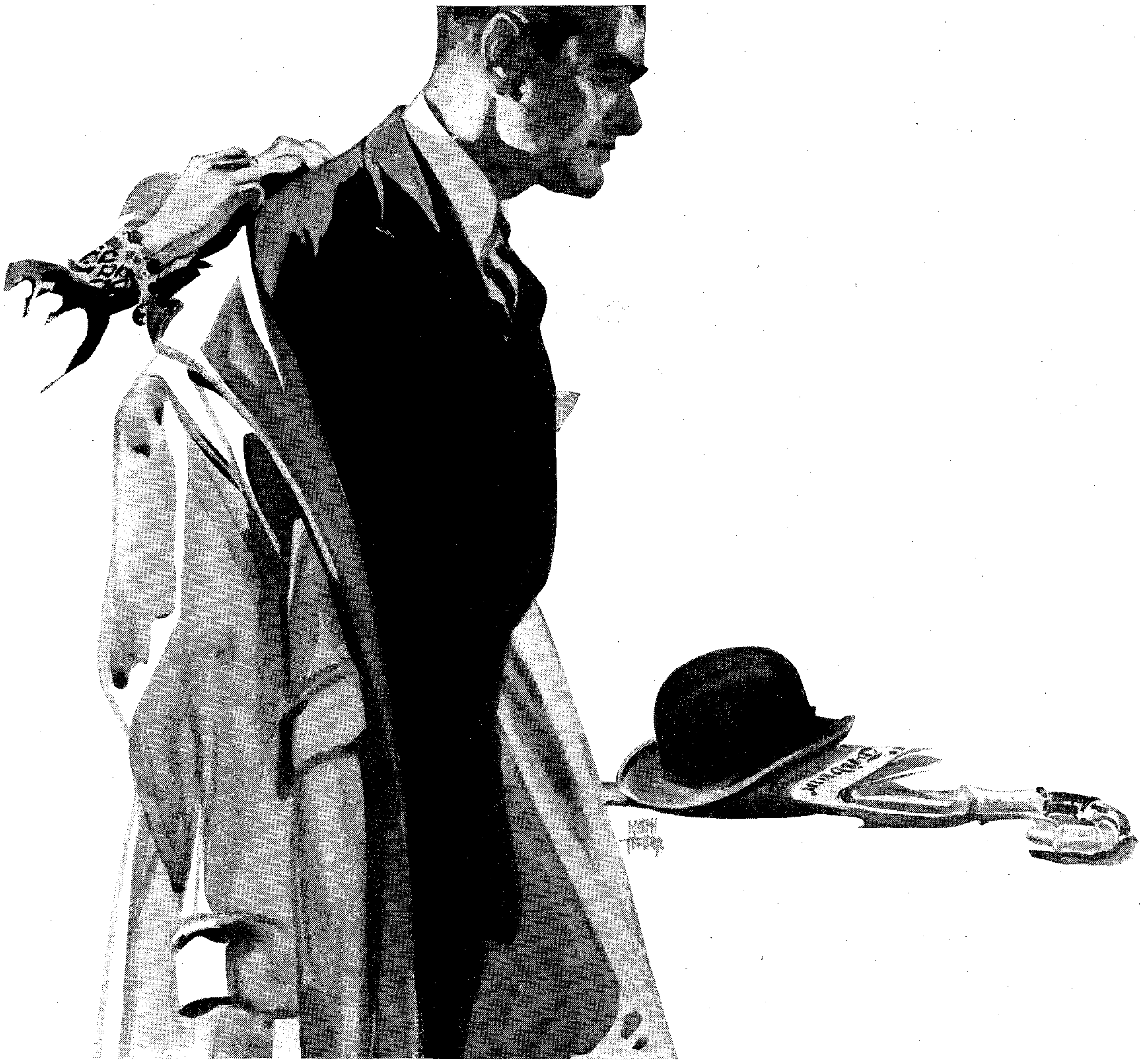
Conditions vary with localities, but in New England and eastern Canada the cutting crews fell trees from September until spring, the writer informs us. Then we read:

When winter snow makes what old Joe calls "good slippin'" for sled runners, teams haul great loads of the logs to the frozen streams. Some are "landed" on the ice; more are piled in great "rollways" on the steep banks. When spring comes the break-up of the ice carries out the "landed" logs. Breaking out the rollways is a dangerous and spectacular performance that demands a clear head, quick wits, and agile body. Many a lumberjack has died in an unexpected cascade of logs.

"I mind once," said old Joe, "I was pokin' away at the key-log of a rollway and she wouldn't budge. I got mad and hooked my peavy into that old log and pulled for all I was worth. Out she came and the whole kit and caboodle of logs came down on top of me. Get hurt? Not me! Not a one of them tetched me. While the boys were lookin' for my remains down on the bank, I climbed up and hollered to them. Most surprized bunch ever I seen."

Most interesting is the Androscoggin River drive that starts in the Rangeley Lakes district of Maine and ends at the mills of Berlin, New Hampshire. It isn't long as drives go, but in its fifty-odd miles it includes almost every variety of log driving.

The bulk of the logs handled on this drive are cut on the shores of Lower Richardson Lake, southernmost of the beautiful Rangeley chain of lakes. These logs are chained into great rafts and towed down the lake into Rapid River. Old Joe took me to see the logs sluiced through the dam into the river. The blue water of the lake was carpeted for the space of several city blocks with bobbing logs confined and controlled by long booms of logs chained end to end. Over this shifting floor lumberjacks



dear lady . . . may we suggest? . . .

it isn't always your husband's fault if his personal appearance now and then falls a wee bit below your fastidious feminine standards . . . in a way, *you* are the guardian of his good looks!

To begin with, you know, his mind is already at the office when he dresses for the day, and, of course, once he puts on his clothes, he's on the *inside looking out!*

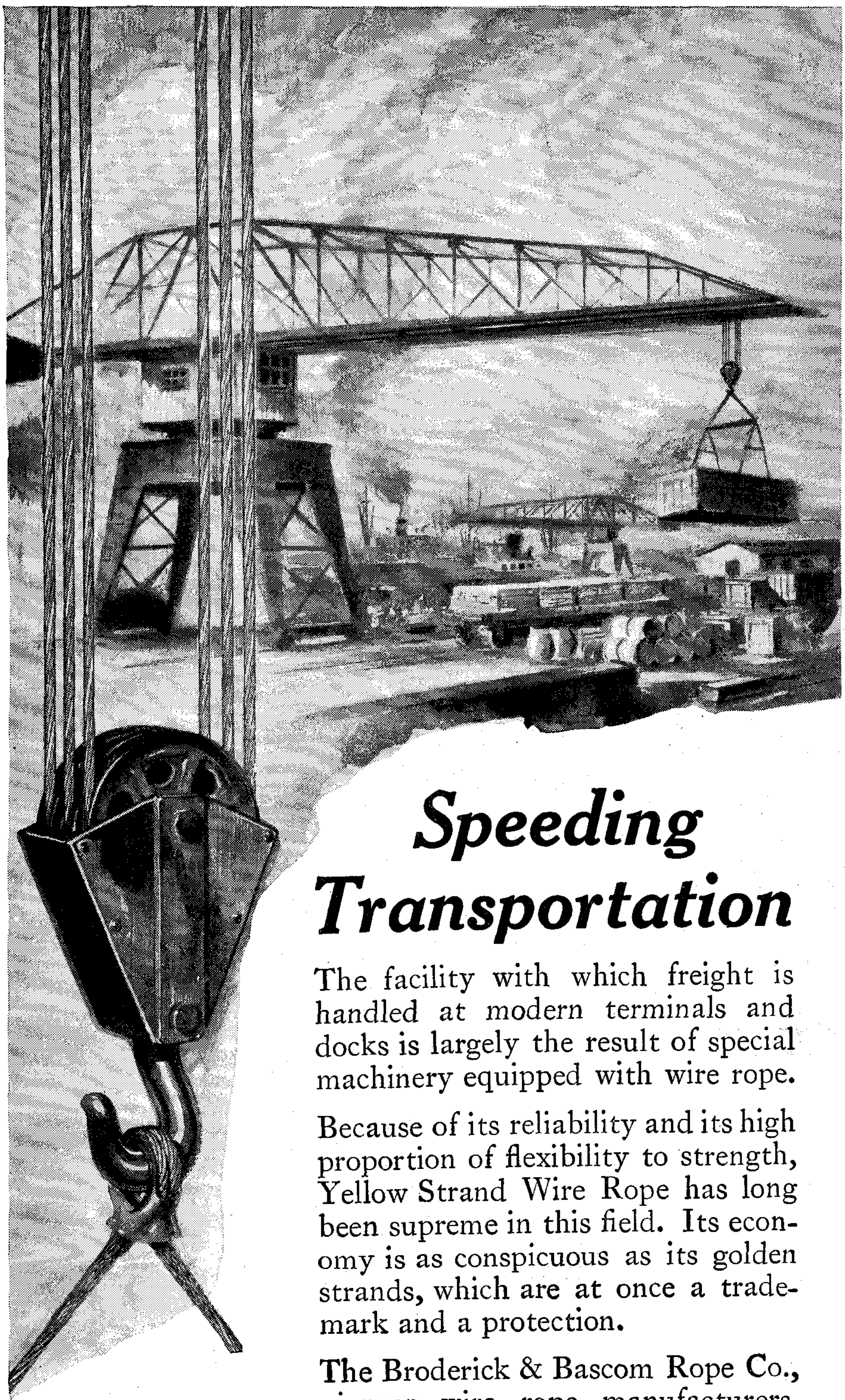
He can't even *see* the spot on his lapel that looms so distressingly large to outside eyes . . . he isn't aware of the spattered mud on the back of his trouser leg . . . nor will he see the pearl gray streak that will appear on his white collar from the dusty collar of his coat . . .

Don't let him go innocently forth to business while his clothes talk behind his back . . .

You know where to find a modern dry cleaner. Why don't you arrange to have one call *regularly* for your husband's clothes?

clothes *do* help you win
--*dry clean them oftener!*

Published in the interest of the public and on behalf of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

gay with bright-checked shirts skipt nimbly, the calks—half-inch steel spikes—of their driving boots giving them momentary footholds. On the dam other lumberjacks, armed with pickpoles, waited.

Then the sluice-gate was raised, and the lake water, a good seven feet above its normal level, rushed through the narrow opening and leapt roaring twenty feet down to the rocky bed of Rapid River. On this water rode the vanguard of the drive—four-foot pulp logs that were carried down like match-sticks, long sawlogs that crashed on the rock-strewn river-bed, up-ended rebelliously for a moment, then too were carried helplessly on by the unleashed water. On the dam the men with pickpoles worked like demons to keep the longs end-on to the current and running free, for a sluiceway jam is the meanest sort. As the boom began to empty a windlass was manned, with much shouting and singing, and the boom logs drawn in toward shore, thus herding the outlying logs toward the sluiceway. Soon the desired number had passed through into the river, and the gate was lowered.

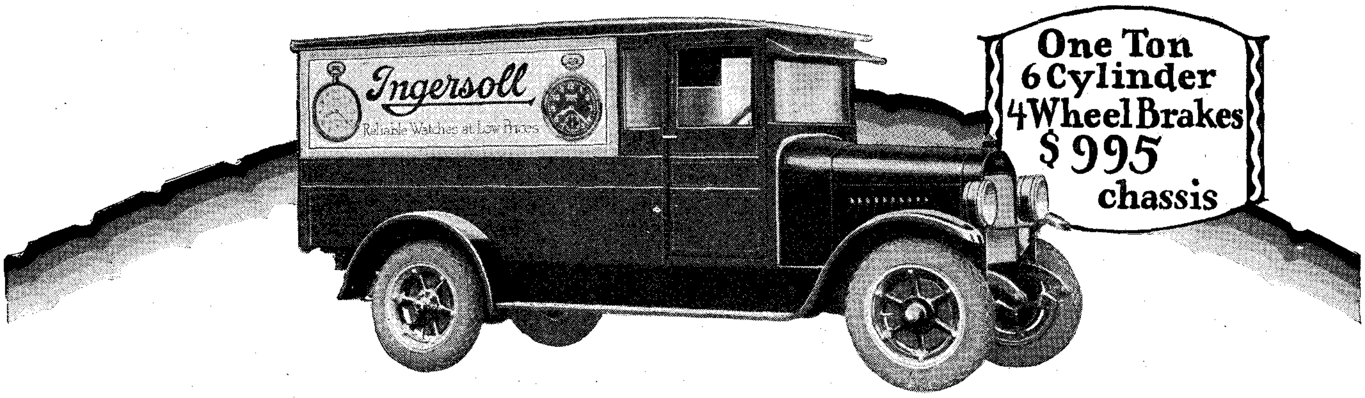
Following this section of the drive three miles down river, we found the logs floating quietly in deep water behind Middle Dam, and in charge of a new crew. There the sluicing process was repeated. Sometimes a single drive crew takes the logs from the woods to the mills, but on the Androscoggin drive, and on most other big ones, the dams divide the river into sections, each manned by its own crew, which hustles the logs to the next dam and then lets the other fellows do the worrying.

After reviewing the progress of the logs into the Androscoggin River, the author goes on:

"I was at this drivin' game for forty years, until the rheumatism made me a has-been," volunteered old Joe as he spun the starter of the outboard motor and we started back across Umbagog. "It's a tough life, but it's hard to keep away from it. On the Androscoggin and the Diamonds I've driven logs—and on the big 'moccasin drive' up in the St. Maurice country in Quebec. They call it the moccasin because you never see a pair of calked boots on it. Those Canadians up that way like to do their driving from canoes and them there bateaus of theirs—big flat-bottomed boats something like a dory, but with higher bows and sterns—that can go whoopin' through the darndest rapids you ever saw without takin' in a drop of water. Those fellers—there's a lot of Indian blood in most of 'em—are the best white water boatmen you'll find anywhere. They can make a canoe sit up and talk.

"You been in that country? It's tough workin' there—dead cold in winter, and mosquitoes and black flies to drive you crazy in summer. Up there they don't call the forests the 'woods' or the 'brush.' They call 'em the 'bush.' Fellers say they're goin' into the bush just like a sailor says he's goin' to sea. And it's just as easy to get lost in the bush as it is to get lost at sea. I've heard a pack of wolves howlin' not ten miles from La Tuque, the biggest town there—the jumpin' off place for the bush. The same company that runs this drive here on the Androscoggin

THE 1928 STEWARTS



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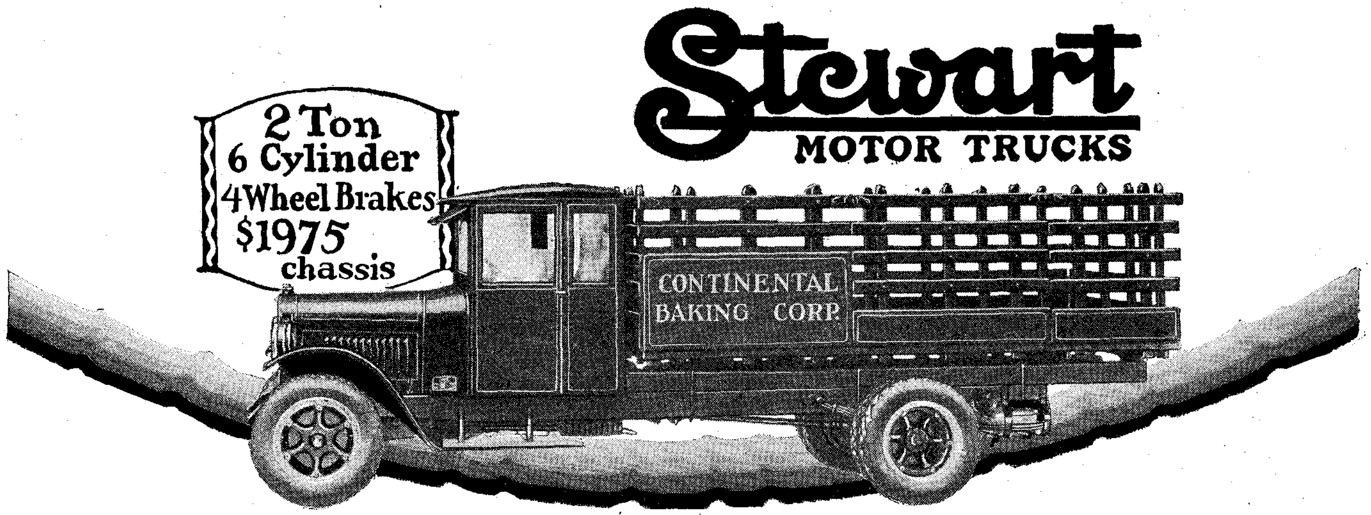

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

has a big pulp mill there, and owns timber limits up the St. Maurice.

"How do those companies know which logs belong to them? That's easy. A brand is cut in both ends of every log. Up above La Tuque the company I worked for has the first sorting gap on the river. Men on a platform work the logs crosswise to the current, so the cleats on the endless chain of a power conveyor pick them up. On a higher platform sorters look at the brands. Logs that have their company's brand they push off into the water. The conveyor throws the other logs back into the river below the booms, and they float on down-stream.

"You say lumberjacks aren't what they used to be," I commented. "How are they different?"

"Well," said old Joe, "a good many of the fellers that work on the drives nowadays are just laborers from the big cities. They don't take any pride in their business. Get their money and get back to the cities.

"The real lumberjacks still spend their money pretty freely. Some of them blow it on booze and a good time. But the younger fellers don't do that so much. Clothes is their delight. Say, some of 'em will come off the drives, and without waitin' to take a bath even will get rigged up in an outfit fit for a city dude. Maybe they're more moral than we used to be, but they ain't as good at breakin' down a jam, with the white water clutchin' at their legs, and death hangin' over their heads. No, sir!"

THE MAN WHO ROAMED THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF A FIBER

A BUGGY was driven up to the Maplewood, New Jersey, school, and a man alighted, entered, and sat by the desk of the "professor" until the session was ended.

Then he introduced himself, and said: "Ricalton, I hear you are quite a traveler."

"No, Mr. Edison, I never could afford to travel much. You see, my school and my family——"

"Didn't you walk through Russia last summer?"

"Well, yes, I did; but that wasn't anything."

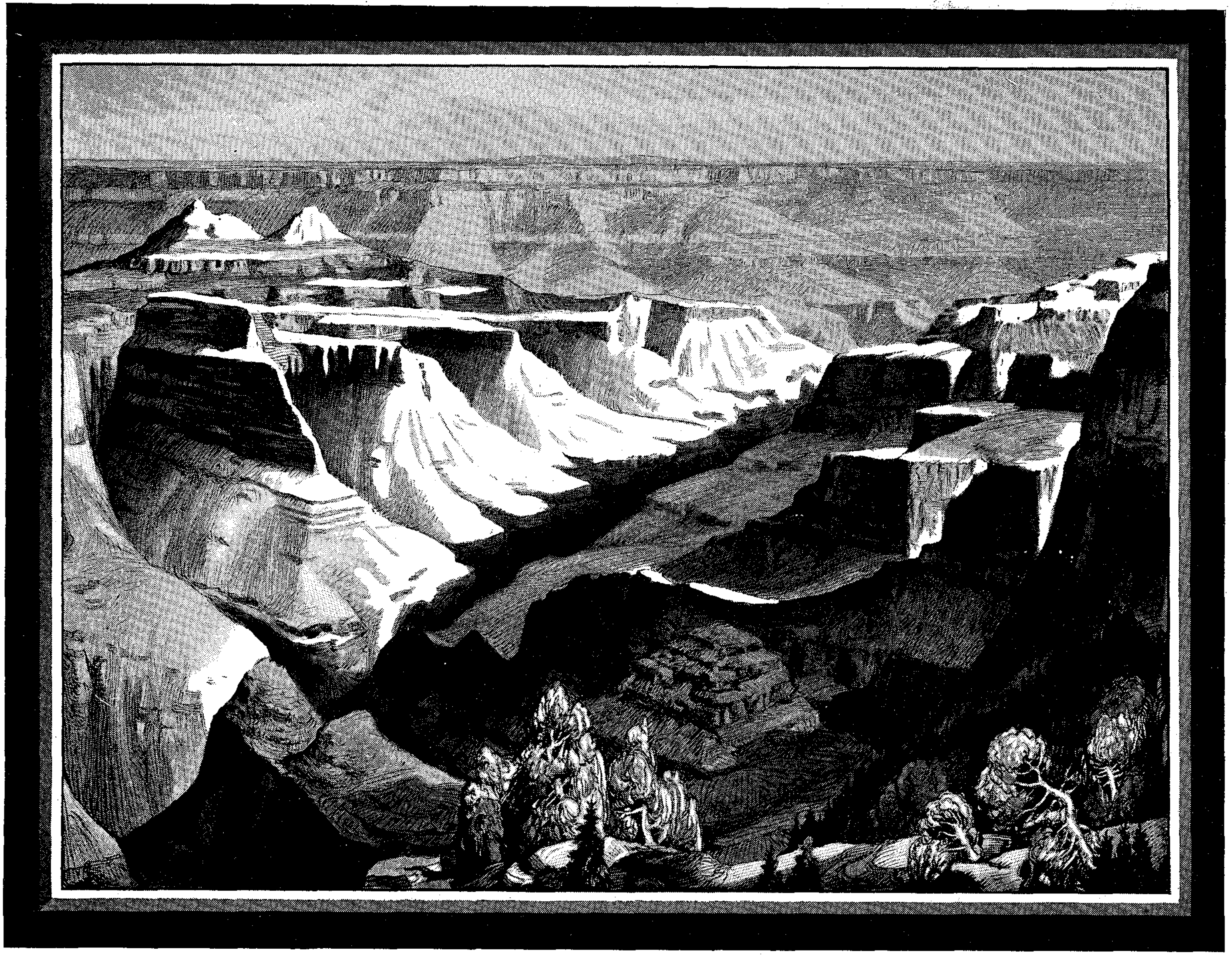
Mr. Edison must have smiled at the modesty of the heroic little pedagog, continues Richard Barry, telling the story in *Personality;* and to be confirmed in the hunch that this was the man he wanted. "I heard you walked through Labrador, too," he said. Whereupon:

Ricalton admitted this also. That was his tuning-up trip for Russia, twelve hundred miles, from Maplewood through northern Labrador and back, several summers previously.

"How would you like to do some traveling for me?" said Mr. Edison.

"I'd like it, but I can't leave my school—only in the summer."

"We'll see about that! Come. Get into my buggy and we'll go over to the laboratory



The Grand Canyon

"most marvelous of sights to man"

This matchless view of the grandest of earth's gorges was sketched from the splendid new Grand Canyon Lodge, on the brink of the lofty North Rim, Grand Canyon National Park.

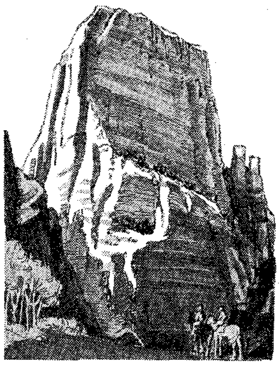
See this mighty chasm 220 miles in winding length, a mile deep, and 13 miles wide, through which the rampaging Colorado River has ploughed the inner granite gorge, flanked by gigantic towers and temples gloriously colored from the palettes of the gods.

This awe-inspiring abyss is but one attraction on the Union Pacific Utah-Arizona tour, which includes also

Zion National Park *Bryce Canyon*
Cedar Breaks *Kaibab National Forest*

Huge mountains, deep canyons, rosy red and marble white. Vast fairy cities of stone, amazingly realistic—glowing with ever-changing colors. Colorful deserts, beautiful forests alive with deer, cliff dwellings, wild horses. It's America's greatest scenic combination tour. Season June 1 to October 1.

The Great White Throne in Zion National Park



Only five days are needed for the complete tour, after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City, Utah, the gateway. Shorter tours to individual regions.

Handsome dining rooms and lodges, with de luxe accommodations; smooth riding motor buses. Miles of scenic trails. You'll meet interesting people from all parts of the world.

Low Summer Fares and famous trains to all the West via Union Pacific, and low side trip fares to Zion-Grand Canyon en route Yellowstone, California or the Pacific Northwest. Ask about Escorted All-Expense Tours.

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UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and I'll show you what I want and how to get it."

For a month Ricalton spent his evenings with Edison in the laboratory, learning a few rudimentary chemical tests. Progress on the invention of the electric light was at a standstill for lack of a filament to convey and hold the illuminating current. Edison believed at that time that the solution lay in the discovery of the proper vegetable fiber, and he was satisfied that bamboo was the thing required. Only the bamboo available to him had not proved satisfactory.

"What I want," said Edison, "is for you to proceed into the tropical forests and test the various bamboos on their native heaths, using the Bunsen burner and retorts as I have shown you. When you find the fiber that comes up to specifications, cable me, 'Eureka,' and come home. Go wherever there is bamboo. And don't stop until you have the fiber I need. When we get that, the incandescent will be perfected."

"But my school!"

"We'll fix that!" said Edison.

The school board acquiesced, Mr. Barry goes on, and Ricalton started forth, with his grip of chemicals and his light pack of personal belongings. He went first to Japan, then Formosa, then the Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Sumatra, Borneo, the Straits Settlements—without luck. But at last:

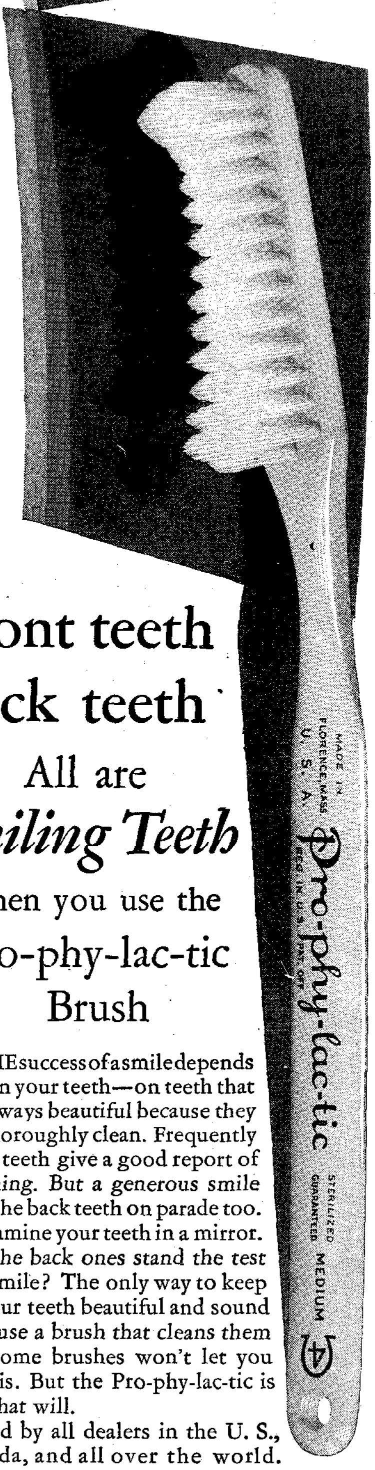
Six months after he started, from the banks of the Sutlej River, in Northern India, he cabled Edison, "Eureka!" He sent on samples and proceeded to Bombay to wait for the check-up. When the Indian bamboo arrived in Menlo Park it proved to be nearly right, but lacked one necessary element. Edison cabled to send a quantity of the Sutlej bamboo, but to continue the search for better.

Ricalton went to Cape Town and up the east coast of Africa. From Mombasa he shipped to Peru, crossed the Andes, by foot, and explored the dread and terrible wastes of middle Brazil, an expedition that even to-day is considered the most perilous and difficult in the world. From Para, Brazil, he cabled again, "Eureka!"

This time he did have it. From that Brazilian bamboo, next its inner skin, Edison stript the fiber which first successfully bore the incandescent illuminant, and for the first eighteen months of the history of the electric light the bamboo filament discovered by Ricalton in Brazil did the work. Later, Edison invented the metal filament in use to-day.

At ten o'clock of a May forenoon, exactly one year after he left, the "Professor" stept from the train at Maplewood, with every member of the school present to welcome him. He had circumnavigated the globe, traversed on foot every tropical jungle, and signally helped give birth to the electric light, and was back again in fit condition, ready to resume his teaching.

There was no more teaching for him, however. Not in that school. Nor any of old rote and thumb. For he had found a wider classroom, one spreading across the country and into other lands, and with pupils of all ages and conditions. The informal school that used to assemble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STERILIZED GUARANTEED MEDIUM

Front teeth
Back teeth
All are
Smiling Teeth
when you use the
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Brush

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth—on teeth that are always beautiful because they are thoroughly clean. Frequently front teeth give a good report of brushing. But a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too.

Examine your teeth in a mirror. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? The only way to keep all your teeth beautiful and sound is to use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic is one that will.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Canada, and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

At noon—each day
JAPAN TEA
No drowsy afternoons

No mid-afternoon drooping. No four o'clock weariness!

For here's a way to ward it off. To keep you fresh and wide awake —every minute up to dinner time.

After luncheon, pause to *linger* over a cup of Japan Green Tea.

Drink it slowly. Enjoy its steaming fragrance. Relax. You'll get up refreshed and rested, with all your early morning energy.

Try it once or twice. After that you'll make it a daily habit.

Japan Tea is tea at its best, tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup

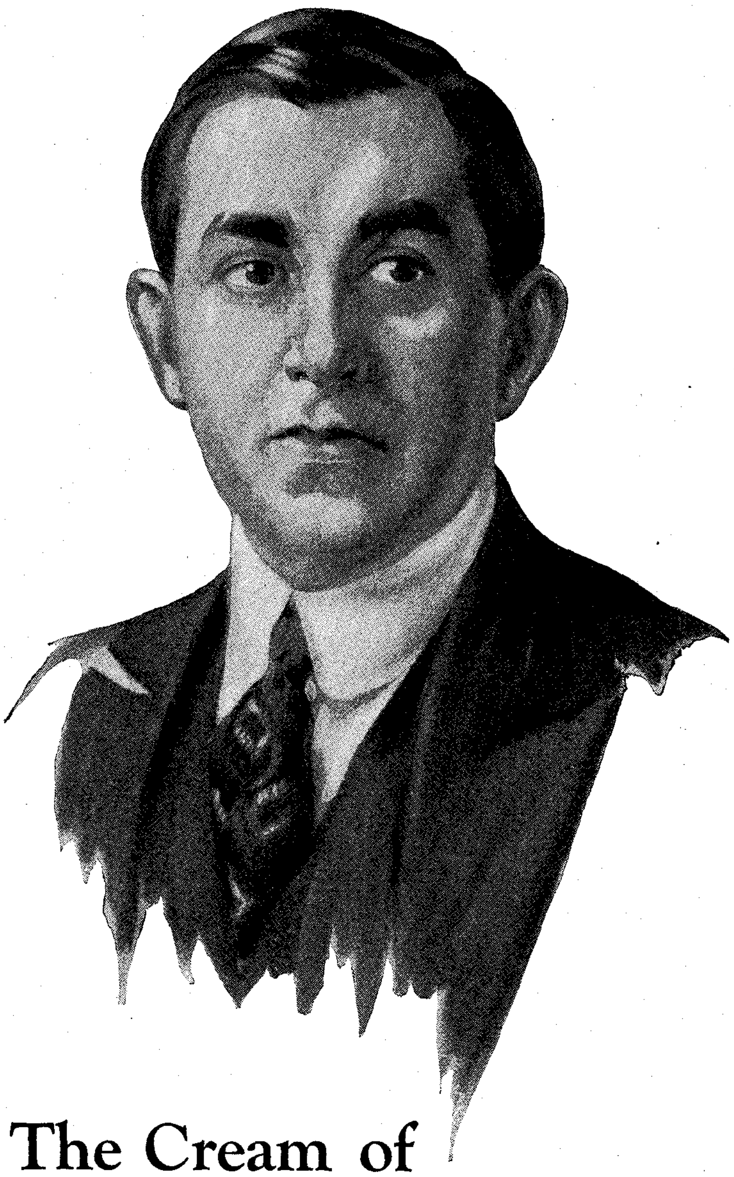
John Golden

Famous Producer

writes:

"When concentrating on the intricate work of a new production, a good smoke is both relaxation and a pleasure. I enjoy Lucky Strikes. They do not irritate the throat and their flavor is unsurpassed."

John Golden



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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

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the Tobacco Crop

"Yes Sir-I know LUCKY STRIKES are made from 'The Cream of the Tobacco Crop.' I know this for a fact because I have watched their buyers at the different sales and they always insist upon having 'The Cream of the Crop.'"

S. J. Mangum
Tobacco Grower

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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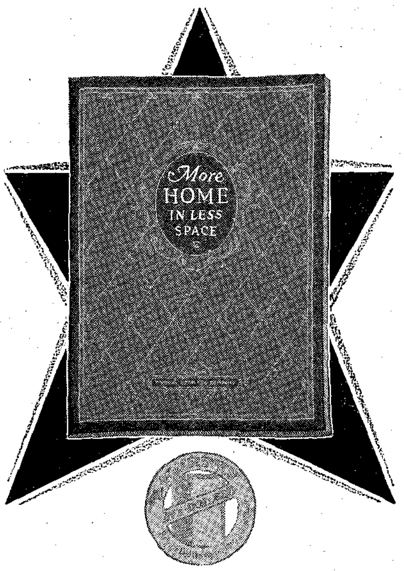

Save THE *Cost* OF *a Room*

THOUSANDS of builders of hotels, apartments and houses equip one room with a Murphy In-a-Dor Bed and get the service of two rooms. Without any sacrifice of comfort, they save the cost of building, furnishing, heating and decorating that extra room. This book will show you how you, too, can save money on any type of dwelling.

This book tells how a Murphy In-a-Dor Bed, full size, fitted with luxuriously restful springs, will swing, through a standard three-foot door, from its concealing closet which is always accessible as wardrobe or dressing room.

Beautiful four-color pictures show, also, the different styles and finishes of Murphy In-a-Dor Beds. No matter how costly you furnish your home, you can select a Murphy In-a-Dor Bed to harmonize with other furniture in living room, child's room, sun room, maid's room or den. *Send for it, today.* It is free.

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THE
MURPHY
IN-A-DOR
BED

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> around the old "parlor" reading-lamps and look at the stereopticon slides.
>
> What the phonograph, the movies, the radio mean to this generation the stereopticon meant to the last generation, and Ricalton became one of its high-priests. He had carried one of the cameras with the double lens with him on the Edison trip, and when he returned he found he could sell his negatives for enough to pay him to go out especially for more.
>
> For more than thirty years Ricalton sailed and tramped up and down over the earth taking stereopticon slides—until they went out of vogue. If you have ever looked into the double lens and seen stand out, life-like, the Taj Mahal, the Acropolis, the Alhambra, the Elgin Marbles, the Louvre, the Falls of the Zambesi, an elephant kraal in Ceylon, Niagara, Lake Victoria Nyanza, Popocatapetl in eruption, the crater of Kilauea, the ruins of Pompeii, life on the Yangtze-kiang, the Moro fish-market in Zamboanga, or the Sphinx by moonlight, you have doubtless looked on the handiwork of Ricalton.
>
> He passed completely around the earth on five different occasions, and he has been in every important country more than once. He was present in five wars—the Chinese-Japanese, the Spanish-American, the Russo-Japanese, the British-Boer war and the first Russian revolution. Hundreds of his photographs have been used in newsprints.

In itself an interesting record, but not so remarkable as the fact that he accomplished all his travel, supported his family, and saved enough to be independent in his old age on an income that never went above $2,400 a year, and that for the latter half of his life has averaged about $150 a month, says Mr. Barry, and then philosophizes:

> Scotch? Yes. He always kept a careful expense account. Once I saw one. There was an item in it of "pepper—one-half cent." He had purchased the pepper in Shanghai with Chinese cash, which was worth half a cent. He carried that balance through all his bookkeeping for eighteen months until, finally, in Egypt, there came a day when he entered "salt—one-half cent."
>
> All the things that cost money and were for personal indulgence, like theaters, desserts, candy, tobacco, liquor, magazines, hotels, restaurants, and motor-cars, he abhorred. He rather despised those who used them.
>
> Yet he carried always in his pocket a little tin can. It had been originally a small soda tin. In this were a ruby, a sapphire, a cat's eye, an opal, a Brazilian aquamarine, a Ural topaz, an uncut Kimberley diamond, and a piece of amber given him by a Mongolian chief of the Gobi Desert.
>
> In the evening by the camp-fire, when others would smoke, or drink, or read, or tell stories, or play cards, he would take out his tin can and study his jewels, turning them over and over, polishing them with a bit of wool. He was not insensible of their intrinsic value, tho he never estimated it. His pleasure in them was esthetic, purely. He reveled in the colors and changing lights that streamed from their facets.

To Beautify

all furniture

varnished
painted
stained
or
lacquered
and to make it cleaner
brighter and prettier

Always use O-Cedar Polish.
Wet a piece of cloth with water, wring it almost dry, pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish, go over the surface to be cleaned, then rub with a dry cloth.

Use
O-Cedar
Polish

His ruling passion, however, was big-game hunting. I think that was what started him traveling. For on that first trip to Labrador he came back with a double-antlered moose and a bull walrus—the little, old-fashioned pedagog from New Jersey. During his days of routine with examinations and lessons he dreamed and planned of the waste places and the fierce animals. But he went and realized his dreams.

When Ricalton was seventy-four years old—that was nearly ten years ago—he decided to do something memorable, says Mr. Barry. So:

He walked from Capetown to Cairo, over twenty-one hundred miles. Alone. Carrying an express rifle. He shipped back the skins of four lions and a black buffalo which he had shot on the way.

Recently I heard he had moved back to his birthplace near Waddington, in St. Lawrence County, New York State. I went up, and we spent a very happy day together. It appeared he had accomplished the classic achievement. He had settled down in the town, which had been the metropolis of his boyhood, spent on a farm near by, had bought a stone house on the banks of the river, and was at last a nabob of the community.

After we had recalled certain memorable events in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, I said, "Well, Professor, what has brought you back here, and what do you get out of it, anyway?"

He led me out in his back yard, and there was the St. Lawrence flowing along majestically, with the Canadian shore beyond. "Isn't that a beautiful river?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly, having respect for age, and not desiring to intrude my own passion for the Colorado.

"It is the most beautiful river in the world," he went on. Then he led me back into the museum, and pointed to a shelf containing a score or more of bottles filled with vari-colored sand. He picked up one.

"This," he said, "is mud from the Yalu River. We were together the day I bottled it. Remember? And this!" He picked up another, "is the yellow sand of the Tiber. Here is the purple gumbo from the Yangtze. See that thick stuff—the Yellow River. Here's a bit of black silt from the Mississippi. There's your Colorado—decomposed granite. Here's the blue Nile, and there's the White Nile. There's the edge of the Sutlej, where I got the first bamboo for Edison. That's the Thames. And the Rhine. Next the Rhone! The Danube! The Volga! The Orinoco! That from the Amazon I got thirteen hundred miles from the sea and the water was still salt. Bottled each one myself."

He paused and looked at me quizzically. "Now," said he, "don't you understand why it is I am happy here?"

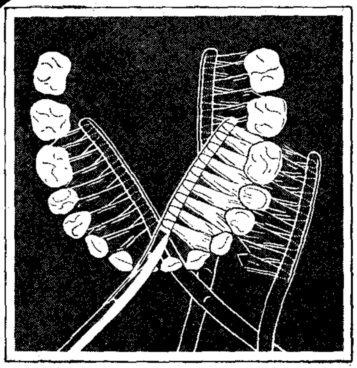
Accustomed to his little jokes, I wondered where this was leading. "Please explain?" I urged.

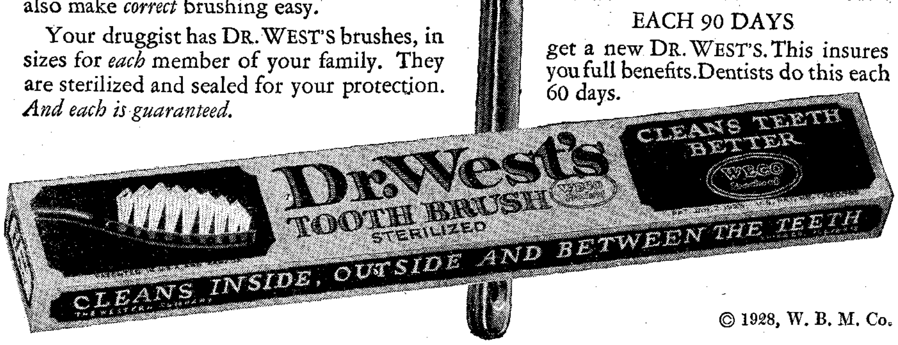
"When I come in here and look at those bottles filled with dried sand and mud," he went on, "they bring back for me the past. One by one they cause to rise before my eyes the pictures of the great rivers of the world. Then I go out and look at the St. Lawrence.

"And that is where it comes in!"

"What comes in?" I asked.

"The happiness! The content! You see, everybody in Waddington believes the St. Lawrence is the most beautiful river in the world, but I am the only one to absolutely know it."





WHITER teeth for all by correct brushing and BRUSH

NO EXTRA CARE NEEDED. JUST THESE ADVANTAGES OF MODERN DENTAL KNOWLEDGE

Here is a modern brush that makes teeth whiter and provides surer protection against decay. It *polishes* teeth by cleaning them more thoroughly. *Modern* dental knowledge has given it the correct size and shape to do this.

That is why most dentists, and millions of others, use DR. WEST'S Tooth Brushes today.

Why it polishes

All spaces between teeth, and all crevices, are swept clean by the extra-pointed, wide-spaced tufts. Special polishing bristles used in this famous brush cost 3 to 5 times more than the ordinary kind. They do not bend and slip over, but remain erect—with tips firmly contacting teeth.

Dangerous spots where most decay starts—inside, and far back—are as easily reached as the front teeth (*note diagram*). Small size and correct shape make this possible. And also make *correct* brushing easy.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S brushes, in sizes for *each* member of your family. They are sterilized and sealed for your protection. *And each is guaranteed.*

SIMPLY DO THIS:

Use your DR. WEST'S *twice daily: 2 minutes each morning; 2 each night. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth.* Use any good dentifrice—*cleaning is done by bristle tips. Do this regularly. Then, see how teeth really brighten!*

EACH 90 DAYS

get a new DR. WEST'S. This insures you full benefits. Dentists do this each 60 days.

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COMMANDING a stupendous view of both the Canadian Rockies of Waterton Lakes National Park and the American Rockies of Glacier National Park, this thoroughly modern hotel offers every facility for a delightful vacation in Northwest Adventureland.

Come out this summer and get a glorious new lease on life. Motor, ride horseback, play golf, cruise enchanting lakes, enjoy hotel appointments and a cuisine designed for the most discriminating. Low summer fares include travel on the luxurious New Oriental Limited. Write for interesting books.

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Please send me free books about the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park and about Glacier National Park. I am especially interested in:

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

THE RACE-TRACK JINX GOES TO SEA

A NEW fear of the malignity of the sea has been reported along the Atlantic seaboard since the *Columbia*, pride of the Gloucester fishing fleet, was lost last summer. "It has been passed about," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Sunday Magazine, "that a jinx has followed the racing fishermen, those who combine vocation and avocation." Going on, *The Post-Dispatch* says:

The *Columbia*, the latest of the internationally famed racing fishermen to pass on, took part in the last speed contest between the fishermen of New England and Nova Scotia, and was the most likely representative of this country for the proposed renewal of the races.

This is the course of the jinx as logged:

1920—During the elimination races off Halifax to select a Canadian entry for the races, the captain of one of the competing schooners fell overboard and was drowned. During the international races that year Benjamin Smith, one of the owners of the Canadian schooner *Delawanna*, died suddenly.

1921—The *Esperanto*, the American victor the previous year, was wrecked off Sable Island. The schooner *Elsie*, her successor in the races, took off her crew. In the second international race that year the *Elsie* lost her foretop mast when she was making the best showing.

1922—The *Puritan* was built by Gloucester men, who hoped she would win that year. Before she was launched one of her hatches overturned and her doom was sealed by an old superstition of the sea. Two months after she put to sea she piled up on Sable Island.

The *Henry Ford* was built that year and grounded an hour after she was launched. The night before the Canadian *Bluenose* was to sail for home after the international races, Capt. Bert Demone, one of her crew, fell from a pier in the darkness and was drowned.

1923—The *Elizabeth Howard*, unsuccessful contender in two elimination contests, was lost off Porter's Island, Nova Scotia.

The *Columbia* was built, and on her second trip to the banks, in command of Capt. Alden Geele, she was rammed by a French trawler off Sable Island and narrowly escaped sinking, but was towed into St. Pierre. Then she struck a rock outside Gloucester Harbor on her way to Halifax to race the *Bluenose*.

1924—The *Delawanna*, Canadian racer in 1920, was lost off the Nova Scotian coast. The *Mayflower*, new American cargo flyer, struck sunken ledges at Pumpkin Rock, off Boothbay Harbor, Maine, but escaped. The *Shamrock*, a new craft, hit ledges between Spruce Point and Negro Island, in Linekins Bay, four miles from Boothbay Harbor, and suffered a twisted shoe.

There are some who believe the invasion of the fishing field by the yacht designers, cast the jinx over them.

To the unsuperstitious, however, the price is the toll of the "bankers", which go half a thousand miles offshore the year round, in fog, rain, snow and ice, in howling gales and arctic cold, with men who are never quite as carefree as when the lee rail is out of sight and green seas are a foot over the main hatch.

The water blessed by the sun

RISING in southern Georgia, it sweeps bend upon bend through the heart of northern Florida, within easy motoring distance from Jacksonville. The Indians called it the Sua-Ha-No: the water blessed by the sun. The Spaniards changed the spelling of its name, and called it the Suwannee River. . . . The smallest school child has heard of it—knows it as the legendary river along whose banks lived the "old folks at home." . . . Fed by clear springs, the Suwannee River moves through one of the richest sections of the Southeast. Within a hundred-mile radius are literally hundreds of streams, dominated by the majestic current of the St. Johns. And broad paved roads network this whole territory.

Through Florida's system of highways, Jacksonville has quick access to the entire state. The famous winter resorts of Florida's East Coast are reached by a few hours' drive. St. Augustine, Fernandina, New Smyrna and St. Johns Bluff are storied settlements in this district, recalling vividly the time when Florida was a Spanish province. . . . Golf, fresh and salt water fishing, yachting, tennis, horseback riding—these are sports to enjoy here every day of every month. Calling you into the warm sunshine. Filling you with health and well-being.

Plan—this year—to see *all of Florida!* Take advantage of reduced railroad and steamship rates. And make Jacksonville your headquarters! The business capital of the Southeast, Jacksonville offers unusual opportunities for business or investment. For descriptive booklet with hotel rates, address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

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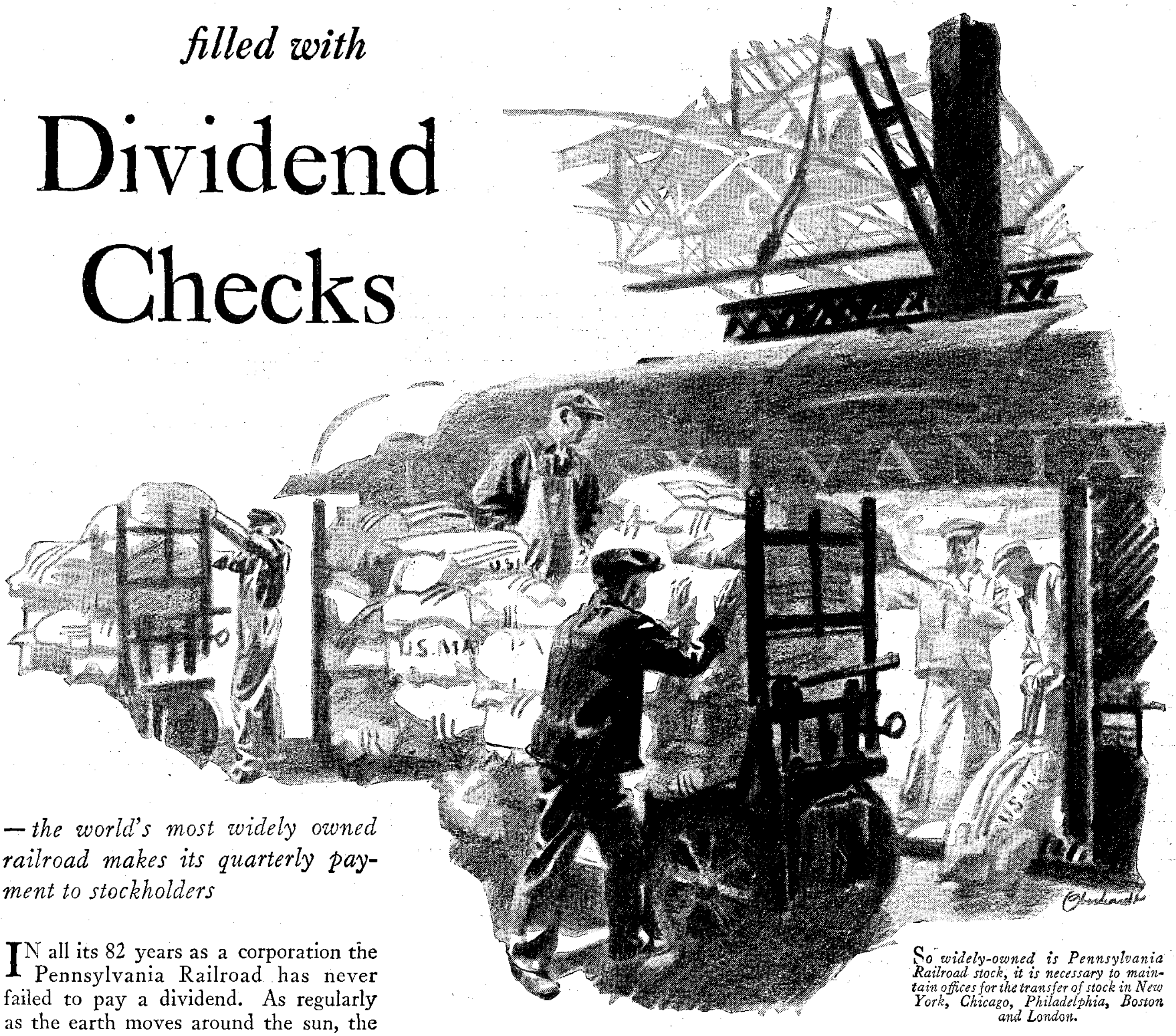
38 Mail Bags
filled with
Dividend Checks



So widely-owned is Pennsylvania Railroad stock, it is necessary to maintain offices for the transfer of stock in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and London.

—the world's most widely owned railroad makes its quarterly payment to stockholders

IN all its 82 years as a corporation the Pennsylvania Railroad has never failed to pay a dividend. As regularly as the earth moves around the sun, the 142,622 people who now own the Pennsylvania receive, every three months, the checks that are the fruit of their thrift and their good judgment.

As you read these words, the checks for the first quarterly dividend of 1928 (due February 29) are in the hands of stockholders. Their aggregate value is $8,655,000. They represent a dividend of 1¾% quarterly—or 7% annually.

Merely to prepare these checks is a labor of great magnitude. It requires the services of a special clerical force, varying in number from twenty to one hundred, for about three weeks' time.

In the course of a year the preparation of these checks requires about 2⅔ acres of special quality paper—equal to a roll the width of one check and approximately 80 miles in length. And the checks for one quarterly dividend fill 38 government mail bags.

For the Pennsylvania is more widely owned than any other railroad. Its profits go not to an exclusive few but to many—to tens of thousands of men and women of all sorts and conditions (more than half the stockholders are women)—to business men, widows, laborers, orphans, to young and old, well-to-do and comparatively poor, and to charitable and educational institutions.

They—not some mythically cold corporation—are the owners and supporters of the railroad that serves more of the traveling public of this country than any other, and that forms the largest single factor in the transportation activities of the busiest and most prosperous industrial nation on earth.

BEHIND these 142,622 stockholders of the Pennsylvania stand nearly 180,000 carefully trained and loyal railroad men who hold to high standards of technical skill and business idealism.

These men—many of whom are stockholders themselves—are conscious of their obligation to the thousands of investors—the obligation to see that the money invested is capably and economically used and that it shall continue to be a profitable investment.

And not a man of them but knows that the path to those equitable profits lies in service—punctual, courteous and swift—to the traveling and shipping public.

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bon Voyage ...to EUROPE

Are you insuring the "bon" in your voyage? Not alone the essentials but that infinite number of details of comfort and convenience? Are you cognizant of what we can offer you with our 87 years of experience, our connections and our unique proven Organization with its 175 conveniently located offices —100 in Europe alone? Why not make your visit to the old world an assured, lasting pleasure, by telling us about your desires and plans, the time and funds you can devote to a European trip . . . if you prefer travel by train or the more intimate method of seeing Europe by motor; or if you wish to be in the latest vogue and use the fast airplane services; if you wish to travel socially with congenial companions or with your family or friends . . . or individually, as the mood impels. Whatever your requirements as to itinerary, expense and form of travel we can fill your needs. It costs you nothing to consult us, to scrutinize our multifarious programs or to let us work out your own independent, individual itinerary.

The World's Foremost Travel Service

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ALAS! THE PRINCE'S SALMON WAS ONLY A GRAYLING

FISHERMEN are a very peculiar tribe, it seems to a royal observer. Indeed, "Heaven knows whether their 'fly in the cap' is not a 'bee in the bonnet,'" he exclaims in the course of an article in *The Sportsman.* The writer is Prince William of Sweden, a familiar visitor to this country. Under the title, "Angling for Salmon on the Arctic Circle," he tells of an early experience in the mountains of Lapland. At the outset we gather that the Prince had never been much of an Ike Walton, not even sharing President Coolidge's mild propensity for catching trout with a worm. In fact, he confesses:

> To put a worm on the hook and watch the wretched thing squirm and writhe was not one of my favorite occupations. I leave that dubitable pleasure to those who have taken up fishing as a vocation.
>
> "Foolishness," somebody told me. "Who said worms? I'm talking of artificial bait—flies and trolling spoons, and such things. All you have to do is to enter the nearest hardware store and tell the clerk what you want."
>
> I followed his advice. I sought out a shop which deals in footballs, shotguns, rubber boots, running-trunks, dumb-bells, and other instruments of torture for people who believe that they can become athletes. The gentleman in attendance exhibited his enormous stock of rods and reels, dip nets and lines. He volunteered to make a suitable selection for me, claiming that he knew exactly what tools I would require for the landing of a twenty-pound salmon.
>
> I praised my good luck for having discovered somebody with an experience so broad and thorough, and left the store weighed down by a bulky package.
>
> That night I took the northbound express train, and woke the next morning in the province of Angermanland, where I stopt off for a brief stay with a friend—not the chap who had invited me to go fishing with him, but another fellow. As soon as we had stowed away our breakfast, we began to talk about salmon, and my host asked me to let him have a look at my rods and line. He was supposed to be quite an expert. My package was opened and disclosed a bright and strange array of trolling spoons of shining metal, with eyes of glass and tails of bits of red wool. The similarity between this bait and the fish which it was supposed to resemble was, indeed, highly apocryphal. To me, they seemed to be some fantastic charms for a farmer's watch chain. Then there were two slim rods and a nickeled reel, on the box of which was printed the legend that the contents were manufactured with the precision of a watch. On the side of this particular contraption was a crank, and when I turned it a faint, rattling sound could be heard.
>
> "There must be something wrong with this," I suggested, and began to think a string of ugly thoughts about the hardware store in Stockholm.
>
> "Nonsense," said my friend. "That's the brake, don't you know. Anyhow, I doubt whether you can use it. The line is too short. And look at the spoons they've handed you. What trash! You don't expect to get any fish with those, do you? You had better use mine. I've been up in the mountains, and I know what makes the rascals bite."
>
> That sounded encouraging, but I became quite disappointed when he exhibited his collection of spoons. The glittering, oval-shaped metal disks could not have fooled a child.
>
> "These don't look like small fish," I protested. "The salmon must be an uncommonly stupid animal with no trace of judgment."
>
> "They rotate, of course," he said. "But how about your flies?"
>
> It happened that I was the proud possessor of a beautiful little leather-bound book, which I had received some years back from an Englishman. It contained a collection of flies, which, to the eye of the layman at least, appeared absolutely natural. In an ingenious manner the artificial insects were suspended on small springs. All sorts and shapes of flies were represented. The wings shone in all the colors of the rainbow, the antennæ pointed in all directions, the hind parts hung deftly over the deceitfully hidden hooks. Every one was a masterpiece of imitation. One might well-nigh expect them to fly.
>
> But the man from Angermanland remained disdainful and unconvinced. "No good," he scoffed. "Why, they're just playthings. There isn't a single black Zulu in the whole lot, nor a black-and-silver. Better use my flies."
>
> I pulled on, and soon joined the man who was to be my host during the fishing expedition in the mountains.
>
> We traveled by automobile, by train, and again by motor-car for twelve consecutive hours ere we arrived at the picturesque little village of Arjeplog, with its red houses and pink church. In the uncertain twilight the small community looked like Schlaraffenland, out of Grimm's fairy tales. We took a peek at the town, the town took a peek at us, and then it was time to go to bed.
>
> Early the next morning we all embarked on the *Iris*, which lay at the quay, with her steam up. She became heavily loaded with baskets of food and household articles needed for our temporary stay in the mountains.

The trip, from the standpoint of beauty, was memorable; thus the prince tells of it:

> The waters of Hornafvan lay windless and blue, and reflected the wooded mountains over which swept the shadows of the gay summer clouds. The many islands swam like an archipelago of dreamed fairy castles; here and there a loon lifted from the surface and disappeared with heavy wing-beats. The lake is not very wide, but about thirty-six miles long, and when you find yourself at one end of it, you have an unbroken horizon before you.
>
> In the afternoon the *Iris* pointed her bow toward the shore, where could be seen the hut which was to be our residence. The place is idyllic, well-sheltered against the storms, yet offering a wide, unobscured panorama.
>
> Tette, my host, is at this moment critically examining my paraphernalia.
>
> "This line won't do at all," he says, and tests it between his hard hands, with the result that the whole thing snaps in two. "You get a real salmon on this, and he'll take the whole thing with him. And look at these spoons! Terrible! Nothing but Devon will do, let me tell you. Take mine. They are over there in the drawer."
>
> He produced some trollers which had a faint semblance to small fish. They looked, in fact, like small fish that had swallowed diminutive pokers—if I may be pardoned

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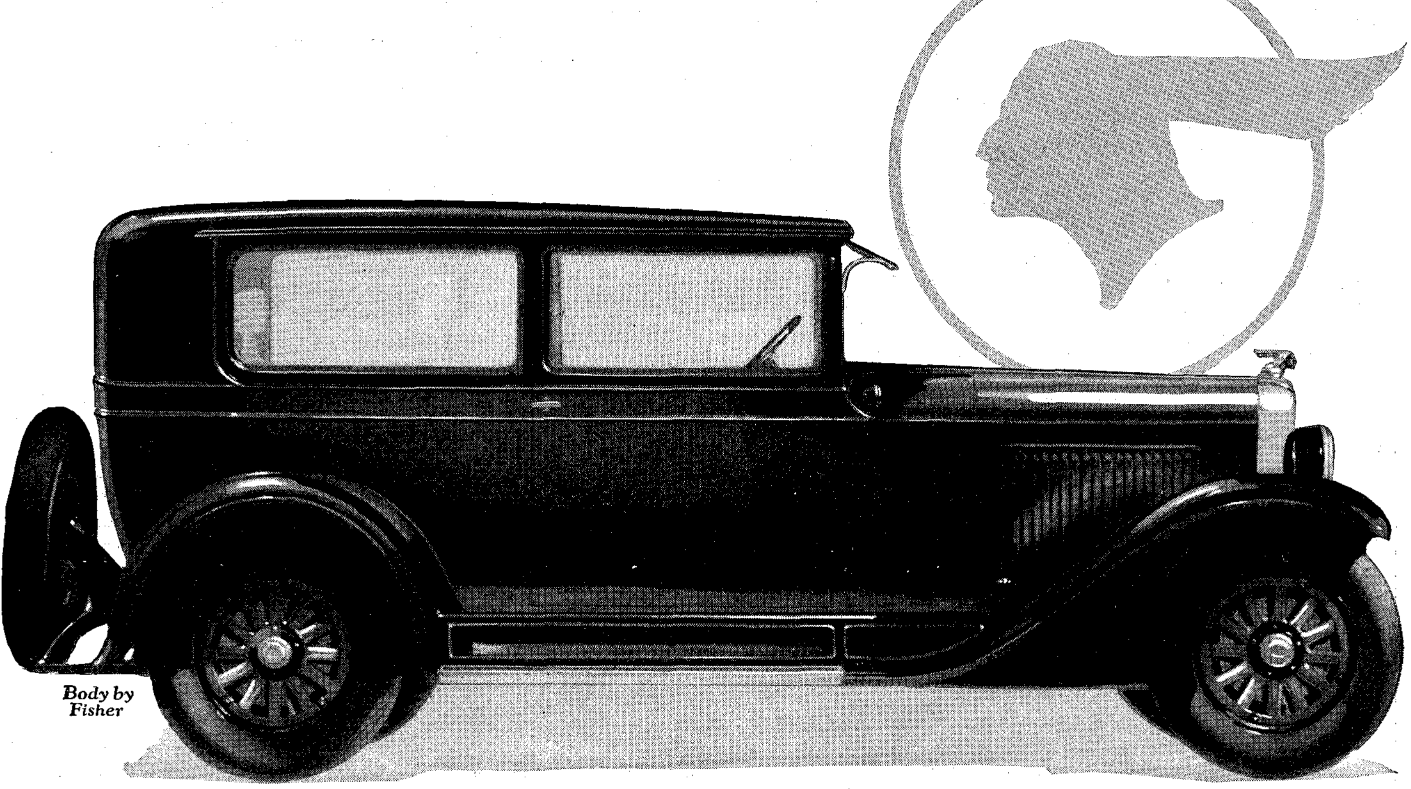

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the expression. They were stiff and straight with hooks attached to both ends. It did not take me long to get one of these stuck on my trousers leg, from which it was removed with the aid of a penknife.

"And how about the flies?" I was asked. "Let me see. What fool told you that you can get salmon on black-and-silver up here? He must be from Söranskog. No, you must have March brown and Hardy's favorite. Let me fix them."

He procured a pair of pincers and some other surgical instruments and began immediately, and with an arduous zeal, to suck on half a dozen snells, to make them soft and pliable. Then he tied some knots and cut with his scissors and swore a little to himself, until the cobwebby affair was at last completed. The thin strings danced and became entangled at the slightest movement. The flies jumped around and hooked themselves stubbornly in my shirt when they did not choose to stick into my fingers. At last I managed to untangle myself, and we were ready to get under way.

The stream shouted in a deep bass, the foam danced, and the chill waters swept by in rapid swirls. I stood on a stone, trying to throw my obstinate flies to some point far out in the wild eddy.

"Where's your dip-net?" cried Tette from his stone. "Forgotten it? Take mine, then."

I jiggled the rod, and the hooks immediately fastened themselves on my coat. Another jerk, and they promptly became attached to my cap. At a third attempt, the hooks grasped eagerly for my rubber boots, as if they had been a school of salmon. I began to grow irritated at their impertinent behavior. What right have artificial flies to choose their own ways? They should, of course, go in the direction of which they are thrown. Else one might as well tie a real fly to the line and let it flutter where it pleases.

I tried again. This time I had better luck, and the cursed things got into the water, at least. Encouraged by this success, I reeled off more line at each throw, and for a while felt that everything was coming on beautifully. But only a moment later the whole crowd of these blasted flies had nestled in the top of a birch-tree high above my head. Everything was unbelievably entangled. It proved necessary to cut down the tree to recapture the runaways. I knew now, however, how to go about it, and beat some elegant twirls with my circus whip. The end of the line neared the coveted rock; soon it reached it. Mr. Salmon ought to bite now, and I looked around with some anxiety for the dip-net. How a fifteen-pound salmon is landed was something I had not the slightest idea about, but I was sure I should find a way. A minute, pregnant with restless waiting, passed. Nothing happened. Yet another minute slipt by. My rod did not move. I then proceeded to wind the line quietly, prepared at any moment to feel the vicious tug of the salmon. When at last the end of the line came in sight, I saw that my flies were lost. I understood that they had been torn away by the all too energetic cracks I had made with the rod. I began to understand by now that this was no occupation for me, and moved to another part of the stream to try my luck with the trolling spoons.

Aside from the fact that the line showed a tendency to get jammed, and my thumb developed a nasty cramp from regulating the brake of the reel, everything went off quite nicely until the Devon spoon got stuck in the river-bed. It is still there. I put on a new one and continued. After some energetic casting about, I felt the first tug. The reel unwound itself in a singing hurry; something splashed in the water just above the rapids; a series of impatient jerks passed through line and rod. I began to wind the reel, but was forced to stop now and then when the opposition became too strong. I tugged; the salmon tugged.

This is called playing with the fish, and is considered the height of sport. At last he became tired and gave up the fight. It was no trick at all to land him and end his life with a swift knife cut. It was a beautiful salmon, I thought, glittering like silver, and finely shaped. It wasn't so big as I had expected, but a good specimen just the same. In a proud and joyous mood, I grabbed my fish and joined the rest of the party to show the capture I had made. My friends had already congregated around a crackling fire over which they were broiling some small trout. Compared to my catch, their puny little fish seemed just so many morsels.

"Look here," I cried to Tette, while yet far away. "Here's a real salmon, my boy. Seven or eight pounds, at least."

He came to meet me, and seized my hand with warmth and sincerity. "My congratulations," he said. "Not so bad for a first catch. A nice little grayling. A pound or two, I should say."

It was obviously impossible for me to claim having captured a member of the family of *Salmo salar*, but I refused to have its weight reduced. I therefore said, "You have no idea how heavy it is. This grayling, or whale, or whatever it happens to be, weighs at least ten pounds. I'm willing to bet on that."

Instead of accepting my wager, he produced, after some rummaging in his bag, scales on which he verified his assertion. Quite right! The grayling weighed just about two pounds. All I could do was to swallow my displeasure and join in the devouring of the freshly broiled trout. They constitute, indeed, a dish which is hard to beat.

In such a manner began a glorious week in the mountains, from which the prince brought back a multitude of charming memories. "I managed to catch quite a number of fish, too, once I got used to the intricacies of the game," he adds, and continues:

I found that the salmon were as independent and undependable as women. One day they would remain in the shelter of a large stone and not even cast a glance at my hooks. The next, they would greedily devour what was thrown to them. Whether these fits of temperament were based upon a lack of character or on periods of surfeit, I was never able to ascertain. Perhaps the reason can be found in my handling of the rod. In all fairness, I must state that the various species and makes of flies seemed to produce just about the same results. The Devon trolling spoon, however, was superior to the rest.

My initiation into the guild of fishermen was soon complete. I could speak with assurance about rods, reels, and bait, and knew enough not to label a particularly favorable catch as a "feather," but, rather, as a "fly in my cap."

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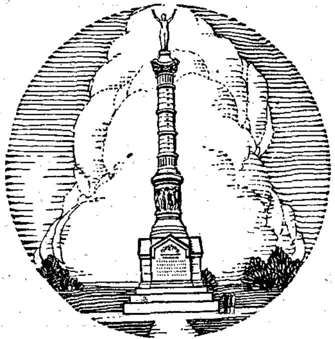
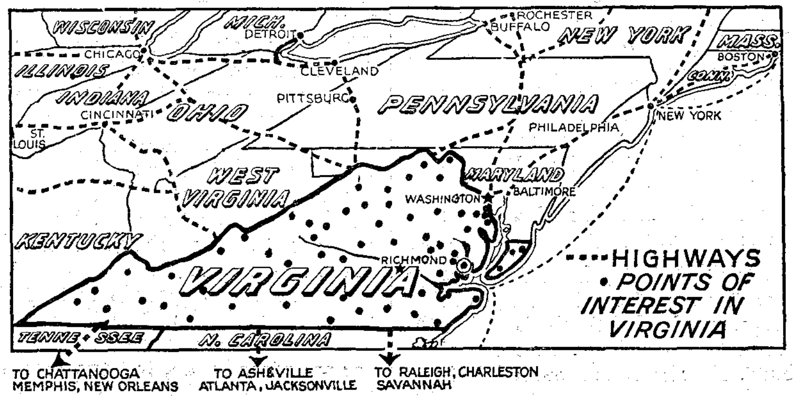


Government Monument, Yorktown



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

SAVING CARL AKELEY AFTER HIS BOUT WITH AN ELEPHANT

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Thus casually, as if reporting the discovery of a new variety of bird, native helpers told Mrs. Delia J. Akeley in the heart of Africa that her husband, the late Carl Akeley, famous explorer and hunter, had been seriously mauled by an elephant. Mrs. Akeley, who recounts her part in the rescue for the first time in *Collier's*, prepared for immediate action. She says:

After the first shock of the awful news my plan of rescue was quickly formed. First I tried by patient questioning of the guides to find out just what had happened in the forest. Bill again interpreted:

"Guides say elephant stop behind bush. He ketch master. Guides 'fraid. They run 'way. They come here."

This meager bit of information was all they could give me. I wrote a letter to the nearest white official, asking him to send a doctor to us as quickly as possible.

Then I chose twenty of the strongest of the porters to accompany me. I did not ask if they would go—I calmly chose those who were to go.

Then I made a crude sort of stretcher with many lengths of cotton sheeting. It was not a very comfortable conveyance for an injured man, but the jungle offered no choice.

It was nearly midnight when the stretcher was finished and I sent the guard to arouse my porters.

It was necessary to call the men twice.

Impatient to be on the way to her injured and possibly dying husband, Mrs. Akeley found still other serious problems to solve, as she explains:

They approached the fire, sullen and grumbling. The first arrivals squatted on their heels and, humping their shoulders under their cotton garments, huddled close together over the blaze while the tardy ones stood behind them and received the full force of the biting wind.

When I went into my tent to get my gun, Bill followed me, and after a little hesitation began pleading with me not to start until daylight. Lowering his voice, he told me that the porters were in a very ugly mood and did not want to go. He said they were afraid of "engai," the spirit of the mountain, and of the elephants, and that the guides could not find their way through the dense jungles in the dark.

Bill whispered that the men were going to kill me if I forced them to enter the forest at night, and to hide the evidence of their crime from the officials, they were going to leave my body to be eaten by the hyenas, which are the sextons in that part of the country.

Thinking that the boy was afraid and trying to intimidate me, I told him he might remain in camp and look after J. T. Jr., the monkey. Then he told me the whole truth. While the porters were discussing the journey, and plans for my death, the two guides, the only ones who knew where the camp in the forest was, had become terrified and run away.

Picking up my gun, I walked with a

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pounding heart out to the camp-fire. Steadying my voice, and putting as much authority as possible into it, I announced that everything was ready and it was time to be off. Not one of the men moved or spoke, but I read my answer in their black, scowling looks.

In sheer desperation I began to laugh at the men. I called them women, for whom they had little respect. I imitated their sullen looks and huddled up bodies. I called them children and imitated a child crying for its mother. I kept on with the foolish performance until finally I saw their faces relax. Then some one laughed, it became contagious, and before they had time to recall their grievance I shouted, "Tayari" (Ready), and, putting my hand on the shoulder of the big Swahili who was the leader, I pushed him gently ahead of me toward the loads.

Finding the guides was ticklish work. After visiting a number of villages and terrifying the inhabitants we came to an isolated hut where we found the wife of one of the runaway guides. When I threatened to take her with me she led us to a tunnel in the wall of bush behind her hut. Getting down on our hands and knees, Bill, the askar and I crawled to the other end of it, and there we found a tiny hut and in it our two guides fast asleep. We tied the protesting men together with a rope which I was carrying for the stretcher.

Then when we were ready to start I learned to my dismay that some of the porters had remained in the last garden we had visited. I went after them. When about half-way a hand suddenly grabbed my coat.

Panic-stricken, I clubbed my assailant with my gun and ran back to the waiting men.

I dared not tell them what had happened or let them know that I was afraid, for I did not know who my assailant was.

By the time we formed into line and were ready to start again it was two o'clock in the morning and as black as an African night can be. There was rain and occasional showers of hail, and we had no light but a smoky lantern.

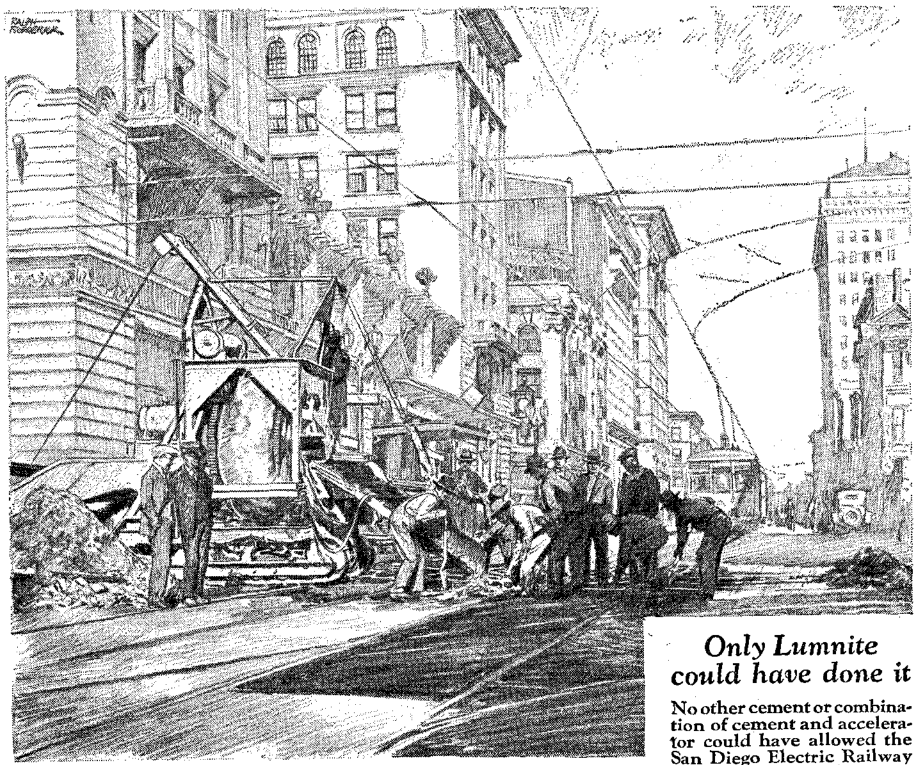
We struggled on hour after hour over logs and boulders, stumbling, falling, and rising again, with the rain falling like shot on the leaves, and strange animal sounds coming from all directions.

The greatest danger was the chance of meeting wild beasts on the narrow trail. Escape would have been impossible, Mrs. Akeley tells us, with this word for her men:

Yet only twice did the men hesitate or attempt to bolt. The first time was when a heavy-bodied animal went crashing away through the jungle, causing a panic. The most frightening time came just before daylight, and when we were well up in the big forest. We were sloshing and slipping and sliding along through the mud, with nerves keyed to the breaking-point, when suddenly, just ahead of us, the trumpeting squeal of an elephant rang out, and was followed by the ripping, slashing, and crashing of a tree.

Caution as well as fear kept us huddled together breathless on the narrow trail, until the crashing and trumpeting drifted away and finally became silent. Even then I was reluctant to move for fear some of the elephants might have left the herd and strayed in our direction.

About eight o'clock we came to a circular clearing. Here, to my horror, the



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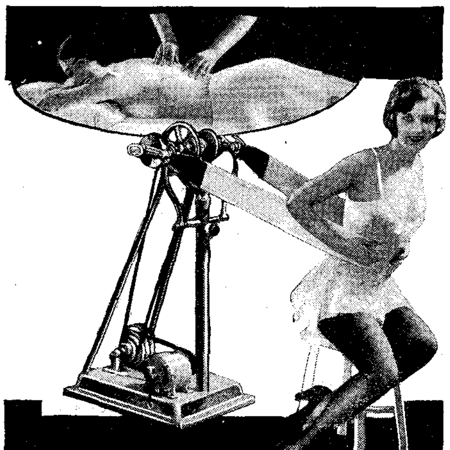

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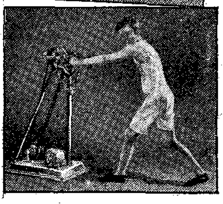

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

guides admitted that they were lost, and stubbornly refused to go on.

Almost frantic, I got down on my hands and knees and circled the clearing, spreading the vines apart and inspecting every inch of ground in the hope of finding the imprint of hob-nailed boots on the soft earth, but the rain had washed away all trace. Beaten and almost exhausted after the terrible ordeal of the night, I sat on the wet ground, and the tears which I had been fighting so long blinded my burning eyes, and the bitterness of failure entered my heart.

Suddenly in the midst of my grief I recalled my gun, which was resting across my lap, and jumping to my feet I startled my followers by firing three shots in rapid succession. Then we stood still and listened. In a moment there came, like a voice from heaven, an answering shot, and, followed by faithful Bill, I dashed off, guided by the sound of the gun, which was fired at intervals by Mr. Akeley's gun-bearer.

On the muddy ground, sheltered only by a porter's tiny tent, I found him. He was a shocking sight, with his head cut and swollen almost beyond recognition and covered, as he was, from his head to his feet with caked mud and blood, just as the elephant had left him. But he was alive—and we were in time!

The guides, Mrs. Akeley found, had reported the accident correctly. She tells of it in more detail:

The elephant had stopt behind a bush, caught their master, and pinned him to the earth between its tusks. By a miracle the tusks must have met some resistance in the ground, the roots of a tree or a stone, which prevented the terrible mountain of bone and muscle behind them from actually crushing Mr. Akeley to death.

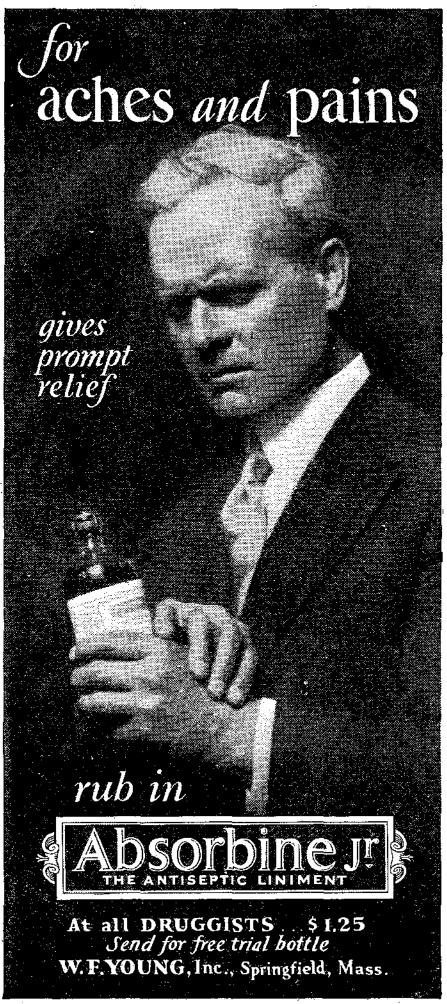
There was every indication that after leaving Mr. Akeley unconscious and to all appearances dead, the elephant had searched, in vain, for his native companions, who naturally had run away.

While I cut the soiled and ragged clothing from the bruised and swollen body and was busy with antiseptics and adhesive tape, the men cleared the jungle and set up our tent.

Besides the wounds on his head and face, some of his ribs were cracked and broken, and his legs, from his hips down, seemed paralyzed. That he was not killed outright, or maimed for life, was truly a miracle. For many men have been mauled by elephants, but few have lived to tell of their experience.

The following day Dr. Phillips, a young Scotch medical missionary of the Tuma-Tuma mission, arrived. Mrs. Akeley's message to the white official had been carried through. After medical attention they prepared to remove Mr. Akeley, his wife resumes:

The journey out of the forest, over the steep and treacherous trails, occupied three days. I shudder to think, even now, of that awful time and the narrow escapes the stretcher-bearers had from falling over the precipices and being swept away when crossing the swollen streams with their helpless burden.



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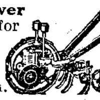

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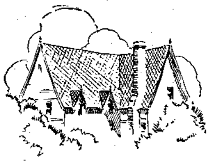
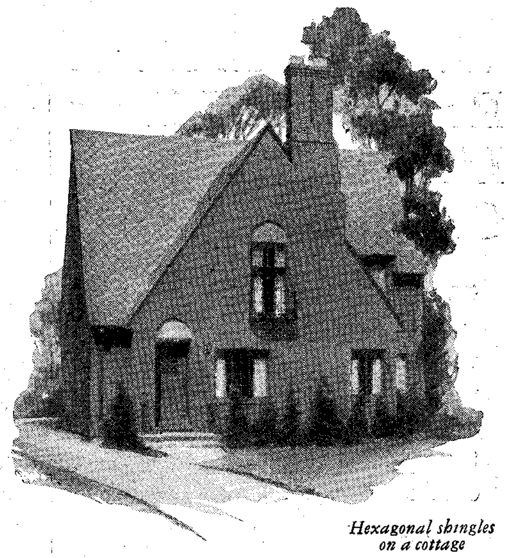


To enhance its value, to reduce upkeep costs, the small home should have a roof which is permanent, fireproof and beautiful



Hexagonal shingles on a cottage

Your home is probably the most important investment of your lifetime. If, as is the case with most of us, yours is a place of modest proportions, it is particularly necessary that you do everything possible to keep it attractive, to enhance its value and to prevent useless expense and annoyance.

One of the first points by which your house is judged is its roof. A trim, neat-looking house may be spoiled by a cheap, flimsy roof. A house of rather commonplace appearance can almost be made over by a new roof constructed of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

In the pictures we print here we do not show you the warm, harmonious colors, the pleasant blending of shades. You may see these by looking at our colored advertisements appearing in Liberty or Collier's and many monthly publications. Our free color guide also shows the beauty of these everlasting, fireproof shingles. Send for it today.

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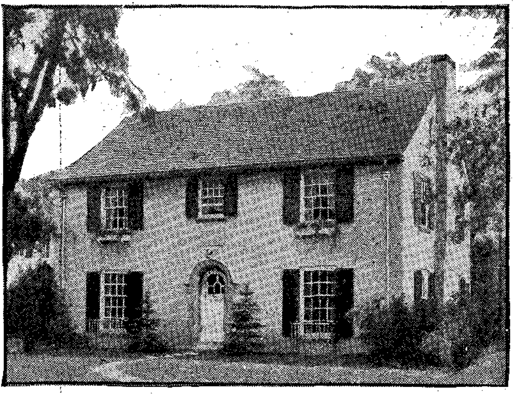
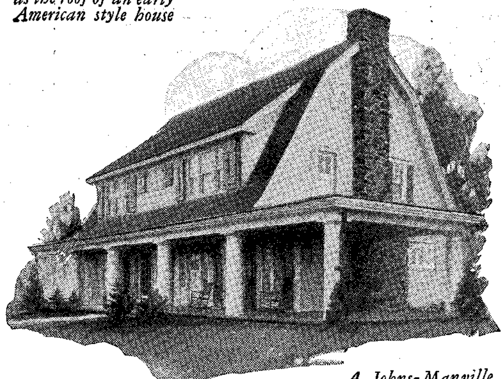


Colorblende Shingles as the roof of an early American style house



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A WAR REPORT ON THE GREAT FIGHT WITH THE BUGS

FASTER than Paul Revere dared gallop through the New England night, a Middle-Western farmer drove his automobile along a country road. That afternoon he had walked proudly through a flourishing corn-field, but, upon examining a fine, plump ear, his satisfaction had disappeared. At his destination, an agricultural station, he talked with a man who said three words to him—"European corn-borer." "There was in the entomologist's voice," says Boyden Sparkes in *The Elks Magazine*, "horror more acute than if it had been merely a poisonous viper." Quite recently, Mr. Sparkes informs us, a bill was rushed through both Houses of Congress in the face of an emergency. It provided an appropriation of $10,000,000. "That," he comments, "is a huge sum," and continues:

> Ten million dollars to fight a bug! Is it so much? We spend forty millions for a single battle-ship, and call it preparedness. Before we have finished with the European corn-borer it is likely to cost us more than all the European soldiers with which our armies and navies have ever had to tussle. Corn-borers, leaf-hoppers, hosts of destroying organisms, red spiders, Japanese beetles contending with us for the right to exist. Billions of spiders or your children. Can you find drama there?

Science's warfare with insect pests has its tensely dramatic moments of victory, one of which Mr. Sparkes describes:

> The detective wore a white smock like those in which surgeons are attired before they enter an operating room. For months he had been trying to identify mysterious vandals responsible for the destruction of uncounted acres of lettuce all over the country. But now the detective's great moment had come. He had trapt some of the enemy host; had them imprisoned in a glass-walled cell from which they could not escape. The scene of this melodramatic occurrence was a greenhouse in Yonkers, New York.
>
> The detective was a scientist; the form of vandalism he was concerned with a withering plant disease known as "yellows," which may be compared to yellow fever or malaria in man. The enemy agents responsible proved to be members of a numerous and fast-multiplying species of insect, tiny leaf-hoppers that, it is suspected, carry within themselves a virus that is as deadly to many kinds of plant life as yellow fever is to humans. Mosquitoes, it will be remembered, act as hosts to the organism responsible for outbreaks of the deadly yellowjack.
>
> The finger-printing of the agent of this plant disease, so costly as to be a great source of human misery, is as fascinating a tale as any that have come from Scotland Yard or other police agencies, and it is tremendously more significant than such yarns.

At the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, studies have been made of the virus diseases which affect, among others, peach trees, potatoes, corn and sugar-cane and which, in case of a great plant epidemic, "might cost us much of our vaunted prosperity, literally billions of dollars," as Mr. Sparkes comments, proceeding:

> As a first step in the hunt, those charming little flowers, asters, were selected as bait for the trap of the scientists. Asters were chosen because they are most susceptible to "yellows," but other forms of plant life were used as well. With a greenhouse chamber filled with potted plants, Dr. L. O. Kunkel, plant pathologist of the institute, went to work. Diseased and healthy plants were employed, being carefully isolated from each other during the early stages of the investigation by wire mesh cages.
>
> Day after day, attired in his white smock, the scientist worked in the greenhouse chamber that served him as a laboratory. Observers might have seen a likeness in his activities to those of a shell-game worker at a country fair, fooling the yokels as to the location of a tiny pea, by rapid shiftings of walnut-shells; only this scientist kept a faithful record of each change. Healthy asters in pots were shielded from direct contact with sere and yellow victims of the plant plague. Afflicted specimens of sugar-beets and lettuce were placed in proximity to healthy specimens—in a contagious ward. Insects which had been permitted to hop about and feed on sick plants were transferred, with becoming tenderness, to other cages where there were only well plants. After months of this sort of maneuvering there came a day when the scientist knew positively that the way in which "yellows" was transmitted from sick plants to healthy ones was by means of the lively little leaf-hoppers that feed on such plants. Leaf-hoppers are mobile. This fact alone served to explain how the contagion spread from one field of lettuce to another.
>
> The leaf-hopper was the host of the parasite, the submicroscopic protozoan or virus causing plant yellows, just as a certain rat flea, so dreaded by health authorities, is the host of the organism that causes bubonic plague.
>
> The moment the scientist's suspicions concerning the guilt of the leaf-hoppers became a conviction, a new task was fixt for the entomologists of the institute and of the country. They now must determine upon the least expensive and most efficient way of destroying leaf-hoppers, without, however, causing damage to the plants upon which leap-hoppers are to be found. Probably this enemy will be fought by some kind of gas attack.

After mentioning the taxes we pay for protection against invasion, fire, and theft, Mr. Sparkes remarks, "But the less tangible enemies that threaten humanity itself seem too remote for the majority to feel concerned about them," and then goes on:

> The trouble with the imaginations of most of us is that we live in cities. The only time we encounter corn is when it is laid steaming on our plates, dripping with melted butter. Our contact with sugar is only when we lift it in crystal lumps with silver tongs from a sterling bowl. As for wheat and potatoes, we meet them, too, only at the table transformed by a series of manufacturing processes into crusty loaves of snowy bread, or disguised by a bath in boiling olive oil that paints them golden brown. These things come to us from green grocers whose bills are an annoyance about twelve times a year. The unseen enemies that have tried to devour or otherwise destroy that life-sustaining food before it

How *many new foods are there?*

SCIENCE has neither created nor discovered new foods. We still live on the grains, meats, fruits, vegetables and milk which people ate centuries ago. Astonishing progress has been made, however, in providing these essential foods in plentiful supply. We have also learned how to select them and to use them in their safest and most wholesome form.

Consider the Item of Milk

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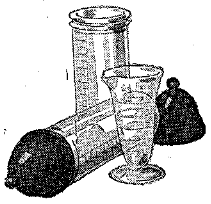

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

reaches our tables cause us no qualms of fear. But there is a man who could shake almost any one's blind faith that there is always going to be enough to eat for all of us. He is Dr. William Crocker, the director of that Institute for Plant Research where the leaf-hopper was tagged as the party responsible for yellows.

"In less than fifty years from now," said Dr. Crocker, not long ago, "we may expect to have 195 millions of people in this country. That estimate is a reasonable one, based on normal growth. When we have that many people, we must produce 75 per cent. more food. Insects and plant diseases are taking a toll of 10 or 15 per cent. of all the food we try to raise, in spite of our attempts to control their ravages by existing methods. Were it not for those methods, insects and plant diseases together would rob us of 60 per cent., probably, of our crops. So, too, do these pests, which may have existed for eons unobserved in some lonely spot, sometimes abruptly attack the tediously developed and nurtured crops of mankind."

Then the writer throws in this anecdote:

> Once I was sent by a newspaper to interview Henry Ford in his Dearborn, Michigan, plant, and discuss with him another sort of famine. In short, I asked him what the world would do for automobile fuel when the predictions of geologists had come true and men had exhausted the hidden reservoirs of petroleum.
>
> "Shucks!" retorted Mr. Ford scornfully, "see that little patch of ground out there? about an acre, eh? Well a man can grow enough potatoes there in one year to make alcohol—fuel—to plow that field for a hundred years. That's no problem."
>
> We are apt to forget in cities what Henry Ford, scientists, and business men know, as do most farmers—that the energy that comes to us from the sun in the form of light is fixt for us in a usable form by the green leaves of plants.
>
> "The green leaf of a plant," Dr. Crocker will tell you, "is the world's most wonderful chemical factory and power-house, without which there would be no important life forms."
>
> Because of this fundamental fact the wonder is that there are so few institutions in the world devoted to plant research—and plant diseases.

Mr. Sparkes returns to the work of Dr. Crocker among plants with the observation that "it is enough to cause blushes of shame to crimson the cheek of any male person who in high school decided in favor of zoology on the ground that only girls might keep alive a semblance of interest in botany." Science, in its dealings with plants, he tells us further, is traveling with long strides, learning to control the processes of nature. It is speeding up the maturing of some plants in such almost miraculous fashion that Mr. Sparkes is reminded, thus, of a familiar spectacle of the vaudeville stage:

> Kellar, the prestidigitator, used to have a "wow" number in his performance. He would set a large flower-pot on a small table, tap his highly polished wand against

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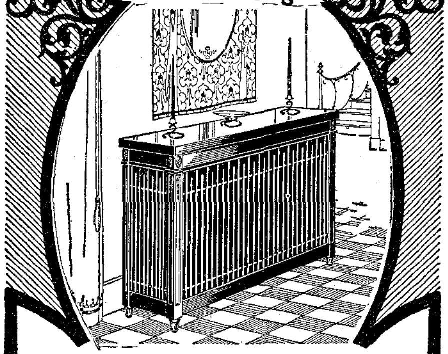

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the pot and then cover it with a cloth. Almost imperceptibly the cloth would begin to rise. Gradually the speed of an unseen growth would increase until with a magical rush the distended cloth would have been pushed about four feet above the pot and swollen to the size of a small barrel. Then, as the orchestra blared and the drums rolled, Keller, in the manner of a high-priest, would lift the cloth and reveal a hot-house orange tree richly laden with yellow, globular fruit.

Please do not ask me to tell how he did this trick. I don't know, but scientists are on the track of some of nature's secrets which may enable them pretty nearly to do actually what Keller only seemed to do.

A CANNIBAL CONSIDERS HIS ECCENTRIC WHITE BROTHERS

THE naked cannibal was puzzled. He told the visitor to the South Seas that he could not understand why whites dress in the daytime and undress at night. "In the night, when it is cold," he said, "we people put our clothes on; and in the daytime, when it is hot we take them off." It sounded very logical. In a word, Jack McLaren, the traveler, tells us in the continental edition of the London *Daily Mail*, the white man is just as peculiar to savages as savages are to the white man. Mr. McLaren continues his chronicle of what strikes the islander as queer in Europeans and Americans:

> In a remote Solomon Islands village, close to where the recent murder of two white men took place, a man asked me was it true, as he had heard, that in white men's countries the people quarreled and stole so much that strong men called policemen continually walked the streets to keep the peace.
>
> In his own village, he said, there was little quarreling—except with other villages or with intruders—and hardly any stealing at all. He said he had thought that white men would have known better than to behave like that.
>
> Another savage thought it strange that whites rejoiced and made holiday only at specified times—such as Christmas and Easter.
>
> His people, he said, jubilated just whenever they felt like it, which, incidentally, was very often indeed. He thought that our capacity for enjoyment must be extremely limited, in that we had to have special times and arrangements for it.
>
> In New Guinea a native told me that the meanest person he had ever heard of was a white man he had been told about during a brief visit to a mission station.
>
> This man, it appeared, discovered that a mighty flood was coming, whereupon he built a large boat with a house on it, placed on board all his pigs, fowls, and dogs, and with his family sailed away and left the rest of the people to drown. The name of this mean person was Moses, he thought, and the boat was called Moses-Ark. Perhaps I had heard of it.
>
> In some of the South Seas settlements there are cinemas, but the films shown are usually very old and scratched; wherefore the natives have a firm belief that in white men's countries it is always raining! I have heard natives declare that the white men in the South Seas are there because they could not endure the everlasting rain of their own country.

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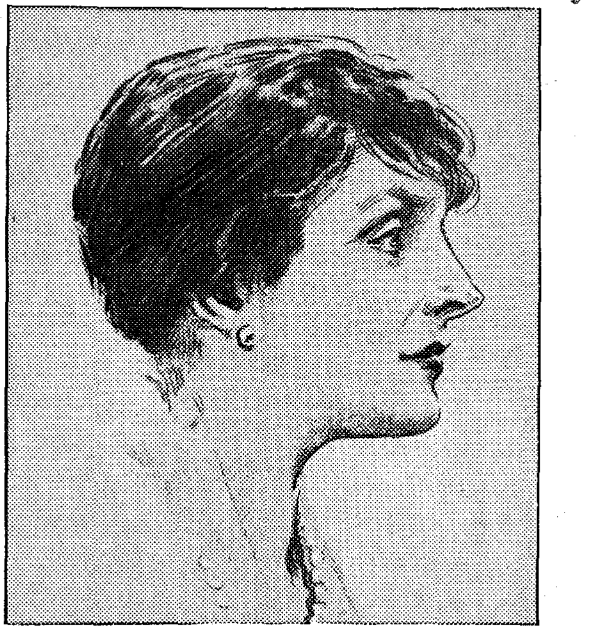

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Portland, Me.—Loring, Short & Harmon; Porteous, Mitchell & Braun.
Portland, Ore.—J. K. Gill Co.; Meier & Frank Co.; Hyland's Book Store; A. W. Schmale.
Pottsville, Pa.—The Cotterel Co.
Prescott, Ariz.—Acker's Book Store; Peterson, Brooke & Steiner.
Providence, R. I.—The R. L. James Book Co.; Preston & Rounds Co.; Callender McAuslin & Troup Co.
Pullman, Wash.—Students Book Co.; Watts Pharmacy.
Quincy, Ill.—O. F. Miller & Co.
Raleigh, N. C.—Williams Co.; J. E. Thiem.
Reading, Pa.—Eagle Book Store; J. G. Hintz.
Richmond, Ind.—Bartel Rohe & Rosa; Nicholson & Bro.
Richmond, Va.—Bell Book & Staty. Co.; Hunter & Co.; Miller & Rhoads, Inc.; Presbyterian Com. of Pub.; Lamar & Whitmore; L. P. Levy Co.
Roanoke, Va.—Caldwell-Sites; Roanoke Staty. Co.
Rochester, Minn.—Mabel Ulrich's Book & Print Shop; H. S. Adams.
Rochester, N. Y.—Scrantom's Inc.; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.; Clarence W. Smith; E. W. Edwards & Son.
Rockford, Ill.—D. J. Stewart Co.; Rockford Office Supply House.
Rock Island, Ill.—Augustana Book Concern; L. S. McCabe & Co.
Rockland, Me.—Fuller-Cobb, Inc.; Huston, Tuttle Book Co.; Knox Bookstore.
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Rome, N. Y.—John H. Wilson.
Rutland, Vt.—The Tuttle Co.; G. E. Chalmers.
Sacramento, Cal.—W. F. Purnell; Weinstock, Lubin Co.; Levinson's.
Saginaw, Mich.—Kelsey's; Connery-Palmer Co.; M. W. Tanner D. G. Co.; Swinton Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Schroeder Bk. Store; Smith's Bookstore; Mannschreck's Bookstore.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney's; Famous-Barr D. G. Co.; Doubleday Doran Bookshop; Conrad Witter; Presb. Board of Pub.; Eden Pub. House; The May Co.; Concordia Pub. House.
St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Book & Staty. Co.; The Golden Rule; Crist Book Shop; Emporium Merc. Co.; Mabel Ulrich's Book & Print Shop.
St. Petersburg, Fla.—Pinellas Ptg. & Staty. Co.; Palm Book Shop.
Salem, Mass.—The Book Shop; Jerry Costello.
Salem, Ore.—Patton Bros.
Salina, Kan.—Thos. F. Porter & Co.
Salisbury, Md.—White & Leonard.
Salt Lake City, Utah.—Deseret Book Co.; Theater Book Shop; Pembroke Co.; Callahan's; Dwyer's; Shephard's.
San Angelo, Tex.—Holcomb-Blanton Ptg. Co.
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske's Dept. Store; Nic Tengg; Wolfe & Marx Co.; Powers.
San Diego, Cal.—Carpenter's; Hutton's; Batterton's; Arey-Jones Co.
Sandusky, O.—C. F. Denzer Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—"The White House"; The Emporium; Holmes' (3 stores); Elder's; Neal Stratford & Kerr; Robertson's; City of Paris D. G. Co. Book Dept.; J. W. Stacey; Newbegin's.
San Jose, Cal.—Hill's; Winch & Marshall; Curtis M. Lindsay.
Santa Ana, Cal.—Santa Ana Book Store.
Santa Barbara, Cal.—Osborne's Book Store; Copeland's Book Shop.
Santa Fé, N. M.—Santa Fe Book & Staty. Co.
Santa Rosa, Cal.—Corrick's Book Store.
Savannah, Ga.—Silva's Book Shop.
Schenectady, N. Y.—Union Book Co., Inc.
Scranton, Pa.—Reisman's Book Store; Scranton Dry Goods Co.; The Book Shop.
Seattle, Wash.—Archway Book Store; Lowman & Hanford Co.; The Book Mart; Shorey's, Univ. Book Store; Frederick & Nelson; Linholm Book Store.
Sedalia, Mo.—Scott's Book Shop.
Selma, Ala.—W. S. Butler.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—C. H. Hopkins.
Sheboygan, Wis.—H. C. Prange Co.
Shreveport, La.—Hirsch & Leman Co.
Sioux City, Ia.—T. S. Martin Co.
Sioux Falls, S. D.—Christenson & Dempster.
South Bend, Ind.—The Book Shop; Robertson Bros. Co.
Spartanburg, S. C.—The DuPre Book Co.
Spokane, Wash.—John W. Graham & Co.
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Stockton, Cal.—Tredway Bros., Inc.; Quinn's Bookstore.
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Superior, Wis.—Roth Bros.
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Tacoma, Wash.—Martin's; Rhodes'; Pirret's; The Book Exchange.
Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Book & Staty. Co.; Shaw-Clayton Staty. Co.
Terre Haute. Ind.—A. Herz.
Texarkana, Tex.—Presbyterian Committee of Publication.
Toledo, O.—Lasalle & Koch Book Shop; Lion D. G. Co.; Franklin Ptg. & Eng. Co.
Topeka, Kan.—Zercher's; Hall's.
Trenton, N. J.—Travers Book Store; Stoll Blank Book & Staty. Co.
Tucson, Ariz.—Moore & O'Neal; Hester Hunter's Bookshop; Wyatt's Bookshop.
Tulsa, Okla.—Tulsa Book Shop; Boatright B. & S. Co.; Miller's Old Book Store.
Twin Falls, Ida.—Clos Book Store.
Tyler, Tex.—R. E. Bryan.
Urbana, Ill.—Engineers Co.-Op. Society.
Utica, N. Y.—John L. Grant; Utica Office Supply Co.
Vallejo, Cal.—Smith's Bookstore.
Valparaiso, Ind.—M. E. Bogarte Book Co.
Vincennes, Ind. — C. S. Miller Drug & St. Co.
Waco, Tex.—Sanger Bros.; Pfaeffle's; Smith's.
Wallace, Ida.—J. W. Tabor.
Walla Walla, Wash.—Clark's Book Store.
Washington, D. C.—"Brentano's"; Woodward & Lothrop; Wm. Ballantyne & Sons; W. H. Lowdermilk & Co.; S. Kann Sons Co.; Luther M. Cornwall; Paul Pearlman; The Big Book Shop.
Waterbury, Conn.—Davis & Nye.
Watertown, N. Y.—C. R. Allen Co., Inc.; Edson E. Robinson, Inc.
Watertown, S. D.—D. F. Jones Drug Co.
Waukegan, Ill.—Allen's Book Store; Pearce's Book Store.
Webb City, Mo.—Webb City Book Store.
West Palm Beach, Fla.—Halsey & Griffith.
Wichita, Kan.—Goldsmith Book & Staty. Co.; C. A. Tanner & Co.; F. G. Orr & Co.; Allen Bk. & Shoe Co.; Innes Co.
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Wilmington, Del.—"Butler's, Inc."; Greenwood Bookshop.
Wilmington, N. C.—C. W. Yates & Co.; Northam's Book & Staty. Co.
Winona, Minn.—The Williams Book Store.
Winston-Salem, N. C.—W. H. Watkins.
Worcester, Mass.—Davis & Banister; Denholm & McKay Co.
York, Pa.—Regal Co.; Wagner's Bookstore; L. P. Gross.
Youngstown, O.—Geo. McKelvey Co.; Strouss-Hirschberg Co.
Zanesville, O.—Edminston Book & Staty. Co.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

NEW HAVEN PAYS A DIVIDEND

"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING," gratefully sighs a New England editor, contemplating the brief announcement which appeared in the papers a few days ago—"New Haven railroad directors declare special dividend of $1 per share on the common stock, payable April 10, to stock of record March 9." This is the first payment on New Haven common stock since 1913, and it is received with enthusiasm by the New England press. The fact, remarks the Boston *News Bureau*, "stands monument-high as a sign or a symbol." It may be thankfully accepted, we read in the Springfield *Republican*, as a symbol of the New Haven's regeneration and, "incidentally, as an indication of that economic vitality in New England which with increasing confidence is being counted upon to make our major railroad enterprises ultimately self-supporting, as well as home-controlled." The majority of New Haven stock is owned in New England and, observes the Boston *Post*, "the dividends are very welcome to the patient stockholders." Of course, continues the Boston paper, many stockholders of 1913 have died or sold out, "but thousands of others scattered throughout the New England villages and farms still hold on to the stock that was, in many instances, handed down to them from previous generations." The announcement will be welcomed, we read in the Hartford *Courant*, "not only to stockholders, but to many others who realize what the New Haven road means to this section." The Providence *Journal* finds the declaration important "both practically and sentimentally." All these papers notice that the directors do not commit themselves on the resumption of regular dividends on the common stock, but there is a tendency to believe that payments at the one dollar quarterly rate are likely to be kept up. This, of course, is very small compared with New Haven dividends of a generation or so ago. The common stock, as the Boston *News Bureau* recalls, "paid dividends from 1873 to 1893 at the rate of 10 per cent.; in 1894 9 per cent. was paid; from 1895 to March, 1913, inclusive, 8 per cent. was paid; in June, 1913, dividend was reduced to a 6 per cent. rate, and in December, 1913, was passed. Nothing has been paid since."

It was because the New Haven had been regarded as the investment par excellence in New England that the suspension of dividends was such a blow to "thrifty New Englanders," who, says the New York *World*, were "the innocent victims of high finance and of the misdirected ambition of President Mellen to monopolize New England transportation." Then, "to the fruits of the Mellen policy were added the difficulties incident to the war and the war's aftermath." The New York *Herald Tribune* points out that the New Haven was handicapped as compared with other roads in recovering from war conditions, because it had such a comparatively small proportion of the profitable long-haul freight business. It had been weakened as the result of the "unfortunate series of expenditures entered upon by the management in a fruitless attempt to monopolize the transportation facilities of the New England region"—

> As if these difficulties were not enough, the New Haven, at a time when it was scarcely able to meet its fixt expenses, found itself facing a heavy bond maturity in 1925, and with a debt to the Government overhanging it amounting to around $90,000,000. The ingenious financial exploit by which the first of these financial problems was met—the sale of a large issue of bonds directly to the New England business men, bankers, and the public who used and needed the railroad—will take its place among the most spectacular achievements in railroad financing in this country, not only because of its unqualified success, but because of the fact that it definitely marked the turning-point in the affairs of the New Haven. Since that time the huge government debt has been extinguished, partly through the sale of new long-term bonds, but principally through the sale to common-stock holders of a $49,000,000 issue of preferred stock. New Haven's recovery may not have been as rapid as that of some of the other railroads, but since the meeting of the 1925 crisis, it has been insistent and steady.

It was a long, hard struggle for the present management "to pull the property out of the mire," observes the New Haven *Register*. And *The Journal-Courier* of the same city has this to say of the present operating heads of the road:

> They have been managing the railroad as an operating machine, and not undertaking to seek prosperity by activities distinct from operation.
>
> The old days of railroad management have gone forever. New standards of control and direction have taken the place of the standards which were essentially corrupt, but illustrative of the period in which they flourished. It is no longer in part the business of a railroad to seek the control of halls of legislation on the mad theory that success there complements success in actual management of operation. It was inevitable that that policy should eventually embarrass rather than strengthen the corporation. Under this new conception of management, which is being so impressively illustrated by the New Haven, the foundation is being securely laid and the assurance given that the future will be more and more reenforced by the effect of it. We felicitate both the management and the stockholders on the improved outlook for the property.

Reminding us of the New Haven directors' care to point out that this is a special dividend, the Boston *News Bureau* thinks that there is a strong disposition in Wall Street to regard this as a quarterly basis, if future earnings justify. It comments:

> The $1 dividend will call for payment of $1,571,179. It might be pointed out that in 1927 New Haven earned net income applicable to dividends, including that on the preferred stock which drew dividends from October 1, of $10,432,661. In the three years ending December 31 it earned total net income of $26,700,000, equal to nearly $17 per share on the common stock.
>
> The mild winter weather conditions to date should contribute in large measure to relatively good net earnings for January and February, thus giving a very good start to the new year.
>
> Aside from this there are other factors which may assist New Haven's net income this year, namely possibility of further refunding operations, notably as relates to the $23,000,000 6s put out in 1925 and carrying a 2 per cent. sinking-fund, at a saving in fixt charges. There is ahead also the possibility of some return on its Connecticut Company investment, and on its holdings of Boston & Maine common stock.

While it pays emphatic tribute to the New Haven's "immensely bettered operating record and financial showing," the Springfield *Republican* notes that the directors by failing to restore the stock to a permanent dividend basis have also failed to improve its investment rating:

> Instead of advancing when the dividend was announced, the company's common stock registered a net loss for the day of 1¾ points on the New York Stock Exchange. This clearly showed that the stock had been heavily bought speculatively on the possibility of a dividend. The demands for a dividend had come almost exclusively from brokerage and speculative interests. Evidently there will be renewed uncertainty and excitement regarding dividend action in advance of regular meetings of the directors for some time to come.
>
> It is, of course, particularly desirable that the New Haven's present favorable earnings be used to build up the corporate surplus, and thus reenforce the company's credit and safeguard interest payments and preferred dividends. The common-stock dividend may prove an omen of enhanced rating for New Haven securities, or it may prove a mere flash in the pan.

NOT SO HARD HIT BY THE LATEST FRENCH TARIFF

THE new Poincaré tariff now before the Chamber of Deputies was naturally examined with interest by representatives of American business in France in view of all the stir made by the treatment of American products in last fall's tariff revision. It will be remembered that our State Department charged that the French rates adopted last fall discriminated against American goods. But the new rates do not seem to contain any such discrimination. They cover only about 5 per cent. of all dutiable items and, as the New York *World* notes, being intended primarily to help French agriculture, they apply to relatively few exports from the United States. As *The World* informs us:

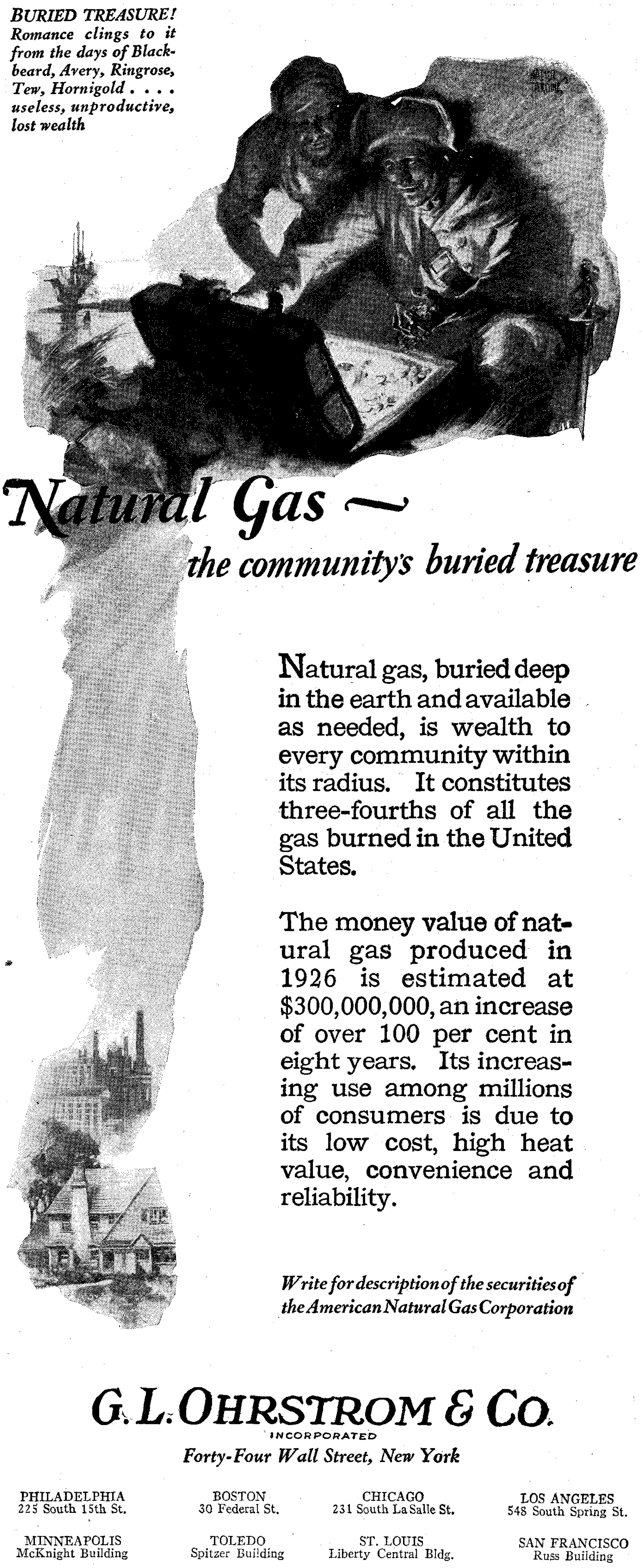
> The higher rates for meats, lard, and fruits are probably the ones in which this country will be most interested. It is pointed out here, however, that the increases will only offset the lowered value of the franc, and that the duties are in effect no higher than they were in the prewar period. While providing these increases, the bill will also operate to the benefit of some American industries by either lowering or leaving unchanged the rates on tractors and agricultural implements. In a measure designed avowedly for the protection of a French industry, American nterests on the whole fare very well.

The one notable exception, we read in a New York *Times* dispatch from Paris, "is foodstuffs, a very considerable business n which has been built up by American firms during the last five or six years. California fruit growers, and more particularly prune shippers, are hardest hit, and n future may find it very difficult to do much business in France."

But in some respects the French tariff is actually beneficial to American exporters. For instance:

> On the matter of tractors alone a reduction of sufficient size has been made to permit $500,000 worth of Fordson tractors o be brought into the country, after having been held up in French ports for more than four months, due to excessive arbitrary customs appraisals. There are 20,000 users of American tractors in France, and the spokesman of this formidable agricultural army has been loud in demanding elease of the American farm machinery.
>
> Then again, the Poincaré bill removes entirely the tariff on American seeds. It ppears that thousands of French farmers have tried American wheat seeds with notable success, and desire unrestricted nportation with which to follow up their nitial successes.
>
> Another governmental move to please he farmer—and, generally speaking, all onsumers in France—has been a reduction f the tariff on American and other foreign ugar from 290 francs per 100 kilos to 100. Until now the United States has exported o sugar to France, but it is believed that he favorable duties will result in imorts of a considerable quantity of this commodity.

It is stated in the bill, we read in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, hat the increases on agricultural products


BURIED TREASURE! Romance clings to it from the days of Blackbeard, Avery, Ringrose, Tew, Hornigold . . . . useless, unproductive, lost wealth

Natural Gas — the community's buried treasure

Natural gas, buried deep in the earth and available as needed, is wealth to every community within its radius. It constitutes three-fourths of all the gas burned in the United States.

The money value of natural gas produced in 1926 is estimated at $300,000,000, an increase of over 100 per cent in eight years. Its increasing use among millions of consumers is due to its low cost, high heat value, convenience and reliability.

Write for description of the securities of the American Natural Gas Corporation

G. L. OHRSTROM & CO.
INCORPORATED
Forty-Four Wall Street, New York

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Annual Statement

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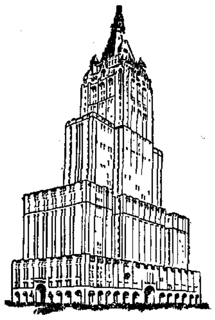


HOME OFFICE BUILDING
Now being erected on site of famous old Madison Square Garden

1927 A PROSPEROUS YEAR

New insurance paid for in 1927	Over	$927,000,000
Insurance owned by policy-holders on December 31 . . .	Over	$6,285,000,000
Number of policies owned by them		2,381,186

1927 PAYMENTS to POLICY-HOLDERS and BENEFICIARIES

Paid to living policy-holders .	Over	$90,500,000
Paid to Beneficiaries in Death Claims	Over	$48,500,000
Dividends (included above) .	Over	$53,000,000
Paid policy-holders and beneficiaries since organization .	Over	$2,640,000,000

CREDIT and DEBIT SUMMARY on DEC. 31, 1927

Amount of the Company's obligations (liabilities) and the funds held to meet them, showing a surplus or general contingency fund of

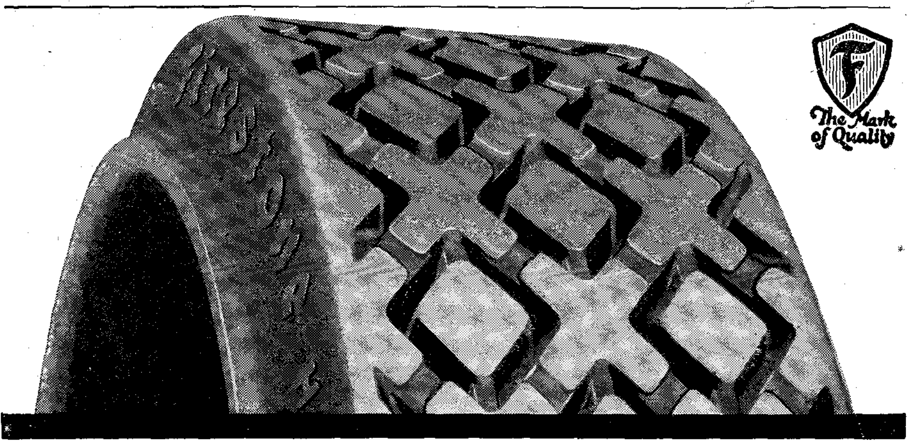
$115,227,812.30

ASSETS

Real Estate owned and First Mortgage Loans on Farms, Homes and Business Property.	$503,308,744.93
Bonds of the United States, Other Governments, States, Cities, Counties, Public Utilities, Railroads, etc.. . . .	628,437,285.07
Policy Loans, Cash and Other Assets.	269,330,791.52
Total Funds for Policy-holders' Protection.	$1,401,076,821.52

LIABILITIES

Reserves—ample with future premiums & Interest to pay all insurance & annuity obligations as they become due.	$1,215,522,705.25
Dividends payable to policy-holders in 1928.	59,886,112.00
All other Liabilities.	10,440,191.97
Total Liabilities.	$1,285,849,009.22
General Contingency Fund. . .	115,227,812.30
Total	$1.401,076,821.52



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Non-Skid Hi-Type

—Leader in Low Cost Trucking

What Firestone Non-Skid Hi-Type Tires will do for your trucks, has already been established. Records are available for virtually every kind of hauling work, carried out under practically every condition of road, load and operation. All-season traction and non-skid safety—exceptional cushioning due to large rubber volume and depth of tread design—strong, dove-tail steel base—tough, slow-wearing rubber—all are features your trucks need to keep going the year 'round and show a steady profit. The complete range of sizes from 4" to 14" provides single or dual equipment for all medium and heavy duty trucks and trailers. Call on your local Firestone Service Dealer to produce the facts about this economical truck tire and the work it is doing in *your* community.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

"*are proportionate to the value of French* money as compared with 1910—the date of the last similar measure—and it is said that in reality the bill gives the farmers 'no greater protection' than they had then."

Daniel Serruys, the tariff expert of the Ministry of Commerce, who is responsible for the French tariff revision, in a recent speech in Paris said, as quoted in the dispatches, that France is anxious to do every-thing possible to maintain smooth commercial relations with the United States, but expects a similar attitude from the United States. He thinks that both countries ought to try to avoid too narrow a protective policy, remarking: "If the British Empire, Europe, and the United States build up three separate economic units, each shutting out the other, I fea for the future."

MISSING RAILROAD LINKS

THE subject is brought up by the New York *Sun* in connection with the tou of European capitals now being made by the King of Afghanistan. For one of the things His Majesty will take home for consideration is that of building a missing link in a great international railway project. At present, it seems, there is no railroad in King Amanullah's country. The building of one was a matter of diplomatic discussio a quarter of a century ago, continues *Th Sun*:

> Iron rails laid on this sandy upland fo a distance of 500 miles joining the terminu of a branch of the Russian State line on th northern border of Afghanistan with th Indian railway system on Afghanistan' southern frontier would close the last ga in direct rail connections between the English Channel and the Bay of Bengal, an the railroad man's dream of a throug train from Calais to Calcutta would b on the point of realization.
>
> When iron rails across the land of th Ameer of Afghanistan were proposed towar the end of the last century, the scheme wa looked upon as a vision of an idealist Afghanistan was then a pawn in the centr Asian diplomatic game between the Britis and the Russian empires.

The railroad idea was dropt after th signing of the Russo-British convention o 1907, and comes up now "as a reminder o the bitterness of the struggle of two grea empires for a hold in Central Asia and a indication of the changes that have com in the last quarter of a century." *The Su* goes on to remark that this is not the onl missing link in railroad projects of the las century:

> Turkey before the world war was charte with railways for foreign developmen There are still missing links in the Bagda road, the vaunted German enterprise, whic Turkey itself is finishing. Last summ Turkish officials were in America buyin

material for the building of lines planned twenty years ago, and now the Angora Government is laying its own tracks to mines, and building the gaps in roads connecting its own towns. After the World War Cecil Rhodes's great Cape-to-Cairo project lay for a long time a line of broken links in tropical Africa. A bridge recently finished over the Zambesi has brought into existence on the East African coast a strong new feeder to the projected main line. The road through Uganda has been completed, and the Belgians are building through Angola a railroad which may be a feeder from the western coast. The Cape-to-Cairo road may not be the great continuous line which Rhodes planned, but it will be, when all its gaps are filled and its feeder built, a great continental railway.

And on this continent—

A step toward the finishing of the Hudson Bay Railroad, which has been for twenty-five years a live issue in Canadian politics, was made a few months ago when the ancient port of the Hudson's Bay Company, known as Fort Churchill, was apparently definitely chosen as the terminus of the line. The United States has a vast tract of land of its own which has curiously been overlooked by the railroad builder. In the State of Texas west of Kerrville, and spreading westward to Alpine, is a domain of 50,000 square miles, one-fifth the State's area, in which there is not a mile of railroad. Altho Texas last year was a leader in railroad building, it left untouched by the iron rails a territory nearly equal in area to the eight States, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Vermont, Massachusetts, Delaware, and Rhode Island.

OUR BEST-ADVERTISED PRODUCT

THAT "the automobile is the best-advertised product in the world" may now be asserted without a qualification, remarks *Advertising and Selling*, "now that Henry Ford has been converted to advertising." What makes this statement incontestably true, we read on, is the fact that not only are motor-cars themselves extensively advertised, "but practically every part and material that enters into the construction of an automobile is also advertised." The New York advertising fortnightly goes on to set down briefly why the manufacturers of automobile parts—some of which the general public never even sees—consider it necessary to advertise:

(1) Advertising has established prestige for automotive parts, and it has made these parts known to the public. This gives the equipment maker an advantage in selling to the automobile manufacturer. It keeps the latter from buying on price alone and from substituting unknown equipment at will.

(2) Using well-known parts helps the automobile manufacturer to sell his cars. Motorists have come to expect trade-marked equipment. They would be disappointed and would probably become "unsold" if they found unknown tires, starting and lighting systems, shock-absorbers, spark-plugs, springs, bodies, on the automobile they intended to buy.

This explains why the General Motors Corporation is advertising most of the fifteen or sixteen automotive equipment

Prevent Investment Losses

—through failure to present promptly for payment, bonds which have been called, in whole or in part, *first* by receiving our "Monthly Called Bond Service" which covers all important issues of called bonds and *second*, by checking it carefully with your personal investment list.

A request on your letterhead addressed to any of our offices will put you promptly on our mailing list
It is insurance well worth having

Ask for FOLDER — D 3

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ESTABLISHED 1888

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Members of the New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit Stock Exchanges

Associated System
Founded in 1852

32,000 Customer-Investors

Over 51,000 persons have invested in Associated securities, of whom 32,000 are customers and employees. This represents a growth from less than 1,000 shareholders in 1919 to the present number.

Customer-ownership, fostered and developed by public utilities, has grown to such proportions that it has given a new meaning to "public" in public utility.

Public Utility Management Has Two Responsibilities

Not only do the utilities serve the public but they are in a large measure owned by it. This in turn has added a new responsibility to management. It must provide

Adequate service to its customers
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Customer-ownership is helping slowly to revolutionize the investing and savings habits of thousands of persons. It offers sound securities with good yields which customers may purchase on a partial payment plan.

The management of the Associated Gas and Electric Company is fully aware of this double responsibility to its public in providing dependable service and sound securities.

ASSOCIATED AGE GAS & ELECTRIC 1852 SYSTEM

Associated Gas and Electric Company
Incorporated in 1906
Write for our Annual Report "L"
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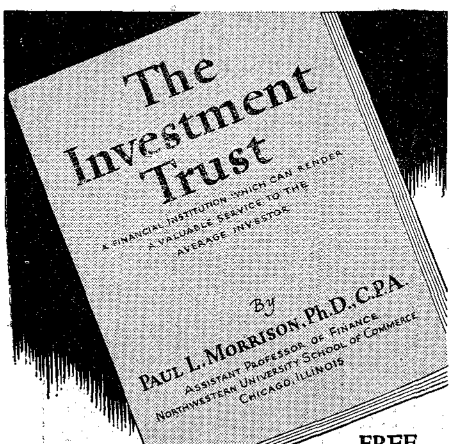
The Investment Trust
A financial institution which can render a valuable service to the average investor
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Paul L. Morrison, Ph.D., C.P.A.
Assistant Professor of Finance
Northwestern University School of Commerce
Chicago, Illinois

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TO RESPONSIBLE
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How YOU can
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

and accessory parts that it owns. Tho the corporation is assured of a vast market for these equipment parts in supplying its own cars, still it finds it advisable to keep the names of these parts before the public.

It does not dare do otherwise. It can not afford to offer a shock absorber, for instance, that is less known than the shock absorber that is being offered by a rival car manufacturer.

So long as the automobile business continues to follow these broad-visioned policies there is no danger of it being dislodged from its position as the best advertised industry.

ESSENTIALS OF INVESTMENT SUCCESS

INVESTMENT success is defined by a writer in *Forbes Magazine* "as the use of available capital in such a manner that the principal is kept intact except when voluntarily withdrawn, and that the income, either in the form of annual dividends and interest or in the form of appreciation in price over a period of years is greater than would be provided by placing the money in a savings bank where very close to the maximum of safety and freedom from personal responsibility are purchased at the price of a minimum of yield." This writer, Mr. Ray Vance, goes on to tell the prospective investor or speculator in stocks and bonds what he considers the essentials to success, setting them down in order of time sequence rather than importance:

Capital. You may inherit it. You may make it through exceptional efficiency in some other line of effort. You may save it out of a meager income. You may even borrow it. But, obviously, you can not conserve a non-existent fund by learning wisdom in the purchase of securities, nor will the most brilliant speculative ideas bring any real profit to one who can not back his ideas with real cash.

A definite idea of what the owner of the capital desires or needs. Welsh rarebit is a nourishing food, but you would hardly feed it to an infant. Neither would you serve spinach as a dessert course for a banquet. Yet two securities, each of which is legitimately described as "sound," may be as different in their usefulness as these two articles of food. You can not begin selecting till you know the use to which they are to be put.

An expert knowledge of the means by which these ends may be accomplished. By this I mean an expert knowledge of the characteristics of various types of stocks and bonds and of the price movements which they are likely to have.

A personality which includes both the ability to form sound judgments and such a discipline of temperment as will provide enough courage to take reasonable action, together with enough self-control to resist impulses toward unreasonable action.

Modern Helen.—VODIVILLIAN—"Did she inherit her beauty?"

SECOND WHEEZER—"Sure; her old man left her a drug-store."—*Brown Jug.*

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

bruary 15.—Herbert Henry Asquith, Earl of Oxford and Asquith, British Prime Minister from 1908 to 1916, dies at his home in Berkshire, England, in his seventy-sixth year.

ebruary 16.—Charles E. Hughes, American delegate to the Pan-American Conference at Havana, pledges the cooperation of the United States in forwarding peace among the Latin-American countries, and says that the United States desires to see force eliminated from the Western hemisphere.

ebruary 17.—Consideration of the question of outlawing intervention is postponed by the Pan-American Conference to the seventh conference, five years hence, and the question of compulsory arbitration of disputes between the nations of America is referred to a conference, to be held in Washington within a year.

February 18.—Charles E. Hughes denounces the resolution offered by the delegate of Salvador at the Pan-American Conference criticizing the United States policy of intervention, and asserts that the United States has given its "arms and its blood for the independence of the American republics, and will always be ready to do so." The resolution is withdrawn.

Sir William Tyrrell, Under-Secretary of State of the British Foreign Office, has been appointed Ambassador to France, to succeed Lord Crewe, it is announced.

February 20.—Japan proposes to the Committee on Arbitration and Security of the League of Nations Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference to revise her arbitration treaties, so that disputes concerning her territorial integrity and political independence may be submitted to arbitration.

The Sixth Pan-American Conference ends with the signing by twenty-one nations of the "Acta" listing the accomplishments achieved.

DOMESTIC

February 14.—The House approves an appropriation of $12,790,000 for the Prohibition Bureau.

February 15.—The Senate adopts, 46 to 31, the resolution turning the investigation of the "power trust" over to the Federal Trade Commission.

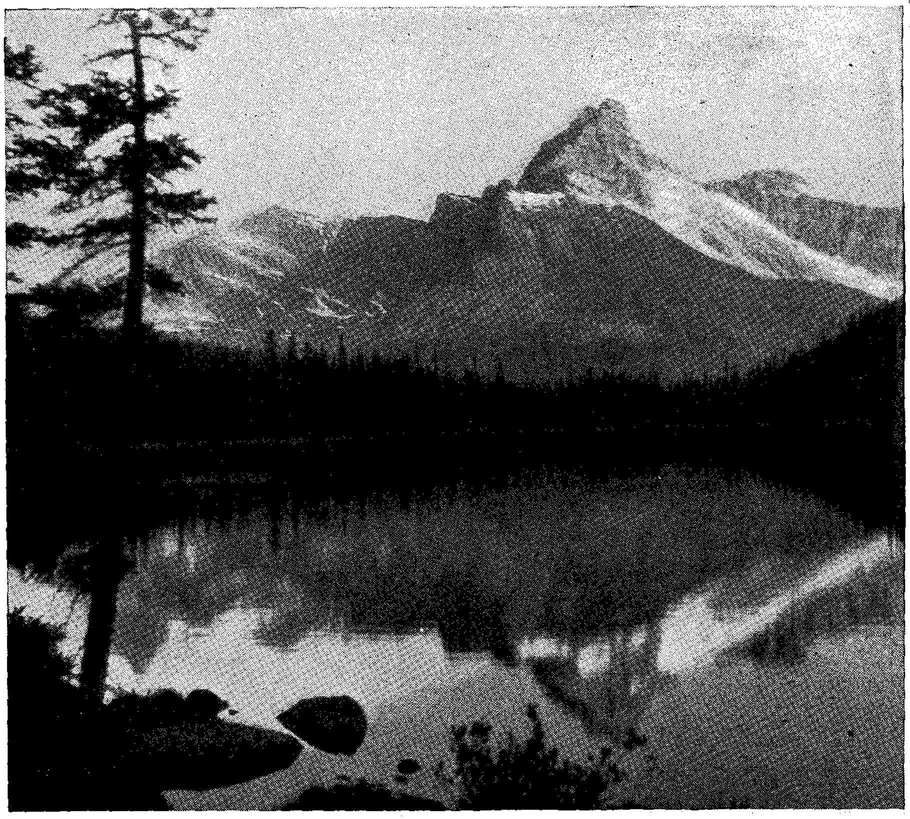
Rear-Admiral Charles P. Plunkett is retired from the active list of the Navy on reaching the age of sixty-four.

February 16.—Under the statute of limitations the trial judge orders the acquittal of Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana, charged with concealment of an alleged attempt to bribe Governor McCray when Governor Jackson was Secretary of State.

The House Flood Control Committee recommends an appropriation of $473,000,000 for flood-control.

February 18.—Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee, former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, denies that any of the bonds of the extinct Continental Trading Company were received in 1922 and applied to the deficit of the Democratic Committee.

February 20.—The House passes the Green bill to extend for two years the time limit in which veterans may apply for bonus certificates, and sends it to the



Hair *facts*? Hair *fables*?

Take your choice

There are readers (but probably not of this magazine) who believe anything in print.

So, perhaps, there is a place (but not in this magazine) for the advertising counterpart of the old-time medicine show where the Professor sold a magic fluid guaranteed to cure everything from gout to baldness.

But we believe you prefer simple straight facts—so will give you some:

Doctors have been studying the care of the skin and scalp for a great many years. And, for one thing, they long ago learned that one of Nature's most effective remedies is pine tar—pine tar from pine woods where the very air crackles with health.

But in the early days there was a difficulty; pine tar alone could not conveniently be applied to the scalp. So 60 years ago Daniel Packer began to incorporate pine tar in a soap—Packer's Tar Soap. Ever since, physicians have been recommending Packer's—largely because of the healthful pine tar in it.

If you talked to a doctor today about guarding your hair, he would probably tell you something like this: In the care of the average head of hair there is just one real secret. Wash it frequently with a fine soap like Packer's and—massage the scalp.

A hair soap, of course, should yield a mountain of lather—at the double-quick. Packer's does! And a great many men tell us that the piney fragrance of this willing Packer lather makes a shampoo fun—really!

So, if you suspect magic promises but wish to give your hair as fine and intelligent care as it can get, outside of special treatment by your doctor, we suggest that you get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap in its metal box and begin to give your scalp the benefits of weekly scalp shampoos.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book presents the most scientific thought on the care of the hair; suggestions for the care of dry hair, oily hair, falling hair and dandruff. Fill in coupon, clip and mail.

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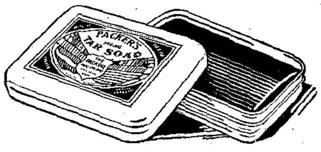

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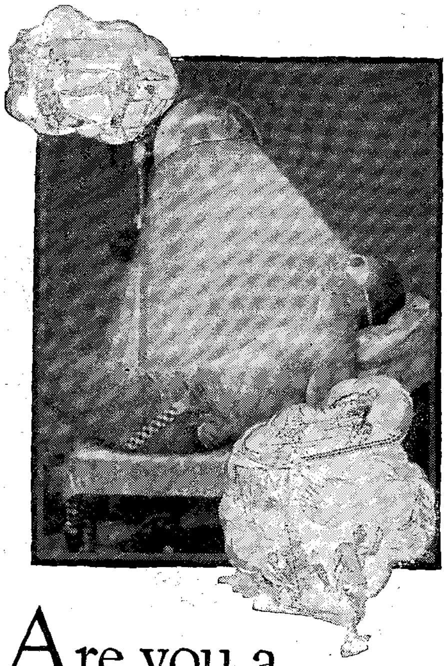

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The craving for light is as natural as the craving for food. As a matter of fact, it is the complement of food, aiding the assimilation of substances that the body needs for health.

It follows that the great majority of people, shut away from sunlight the whole day long, suffer from a literal light-starvation. Brief holidays in the open are but an inadequate expedient . . . enforced travel to sunnier climes an expensive remedy.

To approach the ideal of prevention, the beneficial elements of sunlight must be brought into the home . . . and made regularly available at the turn of a switch. This is accomplished through the home model of the *Alpine Sun Lamp*.

It brings to you a rich flood of Ultraviolet at the high therapeutic intensity which for years has been used by physicians in the treatment of bodily disorders. Employed under proper regulation, irradiation under this light will afford all the robust abounding vitality and the physical fitness that would be derived from living in the sunlight under most ideal conditions. In short, Ultraviolet is rapidly becoming accepted as one of the necessary compensations against the artificial conditions of modern life.

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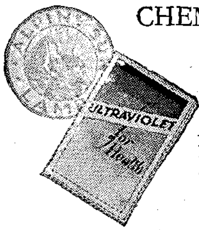

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Galloping Grief.—Teams rolled down the father's face and he sobbed convulsively.—*Portland (Me.) paper.*

Hot Dog!—Lost—Full-grown dark gray police dog named "Ted." Reward if returned to —— Food & Relish Co.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Star Play.—ALICE—"How do you like the Shakespeare Club?"

VIRGINIA—"Wonderful! Why, I made three grand slams at the last meeting!"—*Judge.*

Social Note.—Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves.—*Virginia paper.*

Bargain Day.—ELOPERS—"Five dollars for a marriage ceremony! We haven't that much, Judge."

MODERN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—"Well, I can give you a trial marriage for two dollars."—*Life.*

Janes with a Punch.—What could be more conducive to colorful romance than the Western prairies, cavalrymen and cowboys? And with a cast of virile men and beautiful maidens to portray these rôles.—*From a Shubert playbill in Philadelphia.*

Stacks of Mazuma.—

He makes piles of money, yet he
With the wealthy does not rank;
He makes piles and piles of money—
He's a teller in a bank.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Need for Apology.—PRINCETON—"The idea of letting your girl tell everybody she has made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that about me."

HARVARD—"No, but I heard her tell Smith that she had done the best she could."—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Getting in Its Deadly.—

PAL MARRIAGE
BRIDE PRAISED
BY BEN LINDSEY
Twelve and Half Per Cent. of
Denver Deaths Due to
This Disease
—*Head-lines in the Denver News.*

Time to Explode.—"What are you children doing? I thought you were playing together."

"We are playing at fathers and mothers."

"But you don't need to make all that noise."

"Yes, we do—she has just asked me for money for a new hat."—*Passing Show.*

Might Match for It.—One day when unexpected company came to dinner, little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters. The child was flattered at her share in this sacrifice to hospitality, and apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her portion. Holding it up on the spoon, she inquired in a stage whisper:

"Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Deserves a Medal.—Solomon Bingha negro, was fined $15, or five days, wreckless driving.—*Miami Herald.*

Four-Legged Sharpshooter.—Two co and iron policemen were shot and a wom was injured by a State trooper's horse. *Pittsburgh dispatch in a Louisville paper.*

Cock-a-Doodle-Ba-a-! — Individual Pedigreed Single Comb White Leghor Cockerels from high producing, tra nested ewes and dams.—*Owego (N. Y paper.*

Call Fido.—DINER (finally)—"Anyhow waiter, I wont eat such food! You'd bette fetch the manager."

WAITER—"That's no good, sir. H wouldn't eat it!"—*London Opinion.*

Nosy Person.—"Have you a good land lord?"

"Excellent. His only fault is an over whelming curiosity; he is always asking when I am going to pay my rent."—*Boston Transcript.*

Not Much Kick.—"She is not," interposed her counsel, Attorney Melvyn Cronin, "she is comforted by the knowledge that gentlemen prefer blondes and that she is a bona fide blonde."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Notty! Notty!—THE GIRL—"I found that book you lent me frightfully dull, Professor. I thought you said there was a naughty problem in it."

THE PROFESSOR—"My dear young lady! I said 'a knotty problem'!"—*London Opinion.*

Job for a Chartered Accountant.—"Did you hear the joke about that film actress?"

"No, what was it?"

"Her secretary didn't keep the records straight, and now she finds she has had two more divorces than she's had weddings."—*Goblin.*

Lend Your Nose.—

Mr. Gerald Allen, Jr.
Personal Escorter

Tots and kiddies took to school and returned prompt in perfect condishion if received that way.

Military disiplin. Rates 25c a weak. Speshiol rates to twins. Refined conversashion. No extra charge for nose wipin'. All I ast is a trial. *Choteau (Mont.) paper.*

Doing Her Stuff.—The busy theatrical manager had not expected a caller so late in the day, yet he called "Come in!" in answer to the rap on the door.

"Well," he said to the poorly drest woman standing there, "what do you do—dance, sing or what? I'm busy. Let's hear you sing first."

The woman looked embarrassed and made a very poor attempt to sing the first few lines of "Annie Laurie."

"Rotten!" said the manager. "You can't sing at all!"

"I know that," said the woman meekly, "and if you are about through I'll start scrubbin' the floor. That's what I'm here for."—*Progressive Grocer.*